WHY THE JEW IS PERSECUTED *by* DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

MAR. 6,
1937

Liberty

5¢

SPRING TRAINING SECRETS *by* Walter Johnson

I DON'T GIVE A HOOT ABOUT ALL YOUR CLINICAL COLD TESTS...
"...what will Listerine do for MY Sore Throat?"

WHEN your life is being made miserable by a cold, your interest in scientific facts about this disease is apt to be at low ebb.

You want relief and you want it rapidly; and highest medical authorities say that neither can be promised with absolute certainty. *For no single remedy,* whether it be vaccine, vitamin, drug, or treatment, *has ever been proved infallible.*

Why Gargle With Listerine Antiseptic?

Beginning in 1930, we opened an annual series of Clinical Cold Tests under medical supervision. This repeated research uncovered results which were definite and clear-cut: *Those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had* fewer colds *...and got rid of them* faster*... than non-garglers!*

Note that this does not mean that every gargler escaped colds entirely; or that you can. But note also that it does establish, as a scientific probability, the fact that you can materially cut down your chances of catching cold... and materially reduce the severity of the colds you do catch... by repeated daily gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

It is wise, therefore, to guard against the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat by guarding against infection. Listerine helps you do so by sharply reducing on the surface of the mouth and throat, the germs associated with such illness.

During bad weather or after exposure, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at least several times a day. At the first threat of rawness in the throat, gargle every two hours. Prompt action may "abort" the cold and save you much needless suffering. If the condition continues without relief, be sure to consult your doctor.

LISTERINE
LISTERINE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

All surface germs which it reaches are almost instantly destroyed by full-strength Listerine Antiseptic. It kills not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau 4602 Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

A Habit That Is Good For You

For years, long before Listerine Antiseptic was ever advertised in national magazines or newspapers, many millions of bottles were purchased solely on the prescription of physicians. Dentists likewise directed patients to use Listerine in case of oral disorder.

No one can say how many millions of these people have continued the regular use of Listerine as a daily hygienic habit. For, what else gives such a satisfying feeling of well-being in the mouth as Listerine? Just a swish, and the taint of food debris and smoking disappears. Tongue and teeth seem washed clean. Musty mouth gives way before the good clean taste of Listerine.

This rinsing and gargling is good for you, too, because full-strength Listerine reduces surface germs to minimum. The actual bacterial reduction, in one series of laboratory tests, averaged 92.9 per cent fifteen minutes after using Listerine.

One caution: When you ask for Listerine Antiseptic, be sure you get Listerine, if you want *the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste.*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Enjoy moderate and sensible living...

and–you'll never feel your age

"HELLO—BREAKFAST!" Records from the Adirondack Research show that Mr. E. E. Hale ate his regular hearty breakfast each morning after moderate drinking of Crown Whiskey the preceding evening. Mr. Hale, 32, is a graduate of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Avoid late hours, rich foods, overstrain, worry. And if you drink, be sure it's the form of whiskey that is best for you.

HOW can you tell about whiskey kindness? Maybe the 5740 individual records now in our files will help you. They represent 41 days of research work with a group of everyday men by a world-famous psychologist.

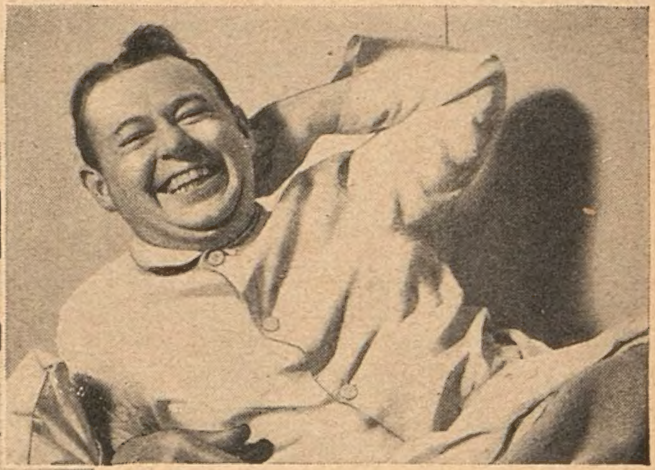
He found that a normal evening's drinking of fine blended whiskey such as Seagram's Crowns did not appreciably affect minds, muscles, sleep, or appetite the following day.

At the bar, and at home, follow this welcome guide to whiskey kindness. You, too, will prefer Crowns for kindness, and for rich mellow taste.

Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Executive Offices: New York

Seagram's Crown

BLENDED WHISKIES



FELT AS WELL AS USUAL NEXT MORNING. Statements from Mr. Hale's daily notebook—one of the records in the Adirondack Research—show his mental and physical condition not unduly affected on days after drinking normal amounts of Crown Whiskey the preceding evening.

• • •

CROWNS DID NOT AFFECT NORMAL MENTAL ACCURACY. Each morning before breakfast, the Research Group took 6 well-known, standard examinations for mental and muscular speed and accuracy. On mornings after drinking Crowns the preceding evening, minds and muscles performed with usual efficiency. Mental scores averaged 97.2% of normal.

Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
Seagram's
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey

90 PROOF

Seagram's Crowns are Designed for Better Living

SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.
SEAGRAM'S SEVEN CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 37½% straight whiskies, 62½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.

MARCH 6, 1937 **Liberty** VOL. 14, NO. 10

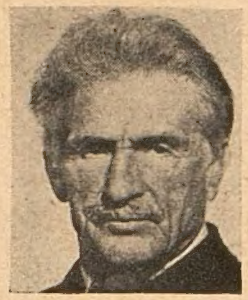
BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

Sit-Down Strikes Costly to Workers

LAWS appear to be necessary in a civilized community to insure justice to every citizen. But we can be ridden to death by overmuch law. We can be stifled and even destroyed by such restrictions. The very means we adopt to save ourselves may become yokes that choke us to death.



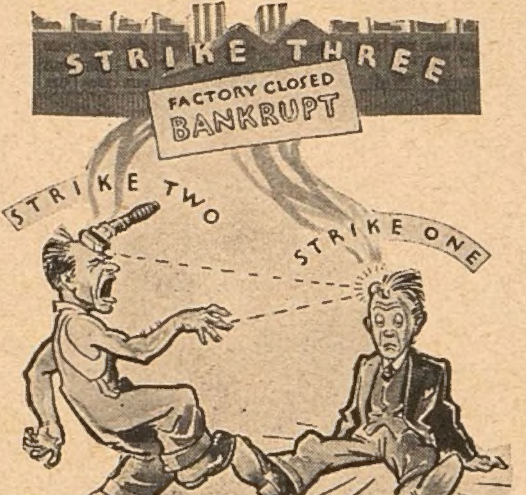
BERNARR MACFADDEN

Strikes have been beneficent in many instances. They have secured recognition of the rights of labor that were justly deserved. But strikes can become a serious menace to the interests of the workers.

The sit-down strikes recently inaugurated by John L. Lewis are a questionable procedure. Capital must operate at a profit; otherwise it is wiped out. Workers cannot labor without wages. But if the rights of capital are violently infringed it will automatically disappear, and the thousands, even millions, of jobs which it supplies will be gone forever.

No one questions the necessity of giving workers their just rights. They must be protected against capitalistic injustice. But when they are engaged in what we call mass production, every job requires an investment of from five to ten thousand dollars. Capital must supply this money, and if the employers' property is confiscated, temporarily or otherwise—which, it has been maintained, is the situation in the sit-down strikes—the workers will ultimately pay a large share of the costs of this infringement of legal rights.

Furthermore, we have accepted the democratic principle that the majority shall rule. The charge has been made that some of the recent strikes have been forced on the workers by a truculent minority of ten or twenty per cent. Such a situation is inconceivable in a government that guarantees justice to all citizens.



The acceptance of a principle that employees and employers are really partners in a business enterprise is badly needed in these hectic times.

A business organization should be like an army welded together from top to bottom by loyal soldiers of business for the particular purpose of promoting and developing an enterprise to the best advantage of both workers and employers. Executives who have through years of toil built up a great business are sometimes paid salaries that seem out of proportion; but their pay is usually regulated by their earnings.

If the workers own or take over a business they must have capable executives to manage it, men who have learned to guide business policies through long years of experience. And the cost of such management is sometimes but a few cents to each worker. If inexperienced executives replace those who have acquired a knowledge of the details necessary to control an organization intelligently, there is little chance for such a business to survive. Bankruptcy is usually close at hand. And then the jobs of all workers are jeopardized.

The situation in some businesses may be so bad that a sit-down strike is morally justified; but strikes are good, bad, and indifferent. Most of our labor leaders have the interests of their followers at heart. They stabilize jobs, secure better wages, and often improve working conditions.

But there are fiery agitators who would lead the workers to destruction. Such men are often interested in becoming labor dictators or in personal aggrandizement, and care little for the interests of their followers.

The cost of the present strikes will total hundreds of millions, and a large share of this loss will ultimately be borne by the workers. There should be frequent meetings to discuss the problems of the strikers from every angle. Their interests must be protected. When they destroy their employers' business, their jobs are gone permanently.

To turn away the present trend toward prosperity, to lose wages and permanently destroy jobs in an effort to improve working conditions, is ruinous to both capital and labor.

Bernarr Macfadden

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PARK AVENUE *Crime* in CALIFORNIA

How a Liberty Article Nipped a Swindle in the Bud and Brought the Swindler to Justice

by JACK MERRILL

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

SECRETS of NEW YORK'S HOMICIDE SQUAD

Val Greer [A] and the green-goods artists who swindled him. Count Boris Dobrynski [B] and Professor Seperkowski [C]

PARK AVENUE CRIME . . .

Murder in Cemetery Lane

by A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

The Inside Story of a Bizarre Adventure: the Case of the $50 Bill, the Swindled Bootlegger, and the Trail of Two Dead Men

Eugenia Maurey, the count's "wife"—or so he testified, thereby landing in Sing Sing.

Liberty's article that caused the arrest of Zimmerman, alias Thorne (shown at right).

THIS is the story of Liberty and a $5,000 swindle—and of how the first smashed the second.

Late in 1936, business took Earl Merritt, Brawley business man, from his home in California's Imperial Valley to Stockton. There Merritt, a reputable lettuce packer, met an acquaintance, H. R. Burton.

Burton was excited. He'd seen a " miracle man " in operation—a German chemist named Zimmerman. He asked Merritt to come along with him to see this scientific wizard work. Merritt, skeptical, went.

What he saw stood his hair on end. Before his eyes this German chemist, by a process of chemical transference, made a counterfeit ten-dollar bill that was as good as anything Uncle Sam ever turned out. Even the minutest detail of the manufactured bill—including the serial number, which Merritt had jotted down in advance—tallied with the bona fide bill from which coloring and design were transferred.

" Take both of these bills to the bank," Zimmerman urged. " See if both are not accepted as genuine."

Merritt knew both would be, unquestioningly. As a job of counterfeiting, it was perfect; as a " proposition," Merritt had no desire to become involved in it.

He returned home, and on December 2, 1936, told his bookkeeper, Ned Nelms, about it. " If I hadn't seen it done, Ned, I wouldn't have believed it," he declared. " Even the serial numbers checked."

Nelms grinned. " Were you asked to furnish five thousand dollars' worth of genuine bills to be duplicated? "

" How did you know that? " Merritt demanded.

Nelms took a copy of Liberty from his desk. On its cover was the title of a featured article in that issue of December 5, 1936. It was, Park Avenue Crime.

Merritt read the exposé of a pair of " money-making " bunko artists who had swindled a New Yorker to the tune of $5,000 by the selfsame process of chemical hocus-pocus and sleight-of-hand switching of bills.

The article showed that no money actually had been " made." Two genuine ten-dollar bills in the same numerical series had been used. One number ended in 8, the other in 3. The 3 had been skillfully changed, in advance, to an 8, so that after the chemical " transference " the numbers appeared to match.

When Merritt finished reading the exposé of this new racket, he laughed—then began to get mad. " So," he snapped, " this Zimmerman's playing me for a sucker! "

He hurried to the office of Postmaster Ica Adams. Adams listened, read the article in Liberty, promised to notify federal agents. Merritt went home, to find Zimmerman and Burton waiting for him. Zimmerman pressed his easy-money proposition again. Merritt pushed the copy of Liberty out of sight in his coat pocket, and stalled. Meanwhile, Adams phoned to Los Angeles.

Four hours later, when Merritt was again alone, his doorbell rang. He admitted a young dark-haired man.

On the next day, December 3, Merritt in his home discussed with Zimmerman and Burton plans for manufacturing huge quantities of the spurious money. Their talk was overheard by the young dark-haired man, who sat in the next room taking notes. When he had taken enough to suit him, the young Secret Service man strode in and arrested Zimmerman and Burton on charges of attempted grand theft.

Zimmerman, giving the name of H. B. Thorne, forty-six, said he was a farmer from Roswell, New Mexico, and denied any attempt to swindle. But a black bag full of equipment was confiscated upon his arrest, and the officers who frisked him found $1,498 in currency that fitted the description of bills taken in a similar swindle from a Culver City man just a few days before Liberty's issue appeared on the newsstands. The Culver City man identified Zimmerman, and a check at Washington revealed that he had a criminal record.

Burton was released, but Zimmerman, alias Thorne, was turned over to Los Angeles County authorities for prosecution on the Culver City charge, which involved actual loss of money.

Thus the newest bunko game failed miserably.

Commented Sheriff Ware of Imperial County: " If more articles like Park Avenue Crime were printed, there would be more protection of the public, fewer swindles. "

Replies Liberty: " As fast as the smart boys think up rackets, we'll continue to expose them."

THE END

Why the JEW

"What Can Be the Explanation of the Special and Secular Hatred Conceived for the Jew Among European Peoples? The Malarial Insect Whose Poison Infects Healthy Creatures with the Fever of Jew Hatred Is Buzzing in Our Ears Today with the Same Vicious Hum and Deadly Poison as It Ever Did in the Days of Torquemada"

A Remarkable Article by
Britain's Wartime Prime Minister

David Lloyd George

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

SURELY the Jews are the most remarkable race that ever dwelt on this earth. When they were a poor people of peasants and shepherds dwelling on a rugged plateau covering ground no more extensive than Wales, they produced the most sublime literature that ever issued from the pen of man. When they were a despised province in a great empire, they founded a religion which finally conquered their conquerors and is today the accepted faith of the most powerful nations on earth. The very fact of their survival as a separate race, under the adversities and tribulations through which they have passed, demonstrates their inherent vitality and indomitable spirit. To quote the words of Walter Scott, describing the maltreatment of the Jews in England during the Middle Ages: "There was no race existing on the earth, in the air, or the waters, who were the object of such an unintermitting, general, and relentless persecution as the Jews of this period. . . . Norman, Saxon, Dane and Briton, however adverse these races were to each other, contended which should look with greatest detestation upon a people whom it was accounted a point of religion to hate, to revile, to despise, to plunder and to persecute."

But the Jews have endured all these experiences for thirty centuries, and still they are five times as numerous and many times more powerful than they were in the greatest days of their national glory. Their escape from complete annihilation is probably due to the fact that persecution was never simultaneous in all countries. When greed and bigotry combined to maltreat the Jew in one land, he always found refuge in another. When Jews were massacred by the myriad in Germany because they were supposed to be responsible for the Black Plague, hundreds of thousands found refuge in Poland. In Central Europe German disunion often helped the hunted race to find shelter at hand. For when one German princeling got bitten with the anti-Jew rabies, the objects of his mad fury escaped across the frontier of his limited domain to the territory of a neighboring prince, who, for a consideration, gave them a wretched but sufficient refuge.

We have had an illustration quite recently of fleeing from the face of danger to more tranquil regions. When Hitler drove the Jews from all the high places which their genius had won for them in Germany—France, Britain, America, and Holland opened their gates wide to the exiles of Nazism. The Red Sea has always opened its waters at the critical hour for this persecuted people.

They claim to be the chosen people of the Deity. There is certainly warrant for the claim in so far as it refers to one period in their amazing career. They were selected by Providence as the medium for the delivery of the greatest spiritual message ever sent from on high. No one can read the story of the Jewish race without understanding why it was specially deputed to convey to mankind this most exalted but at the same time most challenging truth. Witness its spiritual insight, the stern simplicity of its upbringing in its greatest days, its tenacity, and its inexhaustible capacity for sacrifice on behalf of any truth once committed to its charge.

But the most unaccountable mystery in the history of the Jews is the persistence, the source, and the intensity of their persecution throughout the ages. Their oppression comes mainly, if not entirely, from nations who worship a Jewish prophet and who accept His great saying that "Salvation is of the Jews." Jewish scriptures are read publicly every week to congregations in every land, throughout the vast dominions of Christendom, and to children in their schools. And yet these nations have all in turn persecuted the people from whom these great spiritual gifts emanated.

What makes it all the more inexplicable is the contrast between the treatment accorded to the Jews in Christian countries and that which they have received under Moslem rule. The warlike followers of Mohammed extended the fullest religious freedom to the Jews, who regarded both Christ and Mohammed as false interpreters of the God of Israel. Neither Saracen nor Moor interfered with the religious worship of the Jewish communities in their midst. They profited enormously by this statesmanlike attitude. In science and in art the superiority of the early Moslems is attributable to the Jews. Christian countries were impoverished by the way in which, under the influence of the clergy, they suppressed and limited Jewish activities.

What can be the explanation of the special and secular hatred conceived for the Jew among European peoples? The malarial insect whose poison infects healthy creatures with the fever of Jew hatred is buzzing in our ears today with the same vicious hum and deadly poison as it ever did in the days of Torquemada.

Religious bigotry is responsible for some of the most brutal attacks made on the Jew in European countries. But the antagonism to Israel was not exclusively or mainly religious. In Germany today there is a definite propaganda against religious fanaticism from whatever quarter it emanates. It is deemed to be inimical to that national fraternity which is the ideal of Nazism. Nevertheless, this objective is accompanied by a deepening and intensification of hatred against the Jew.

THE root of the trouble is to be found in the determination of the Jews throughout the centuries not to lose their identity as a separate and distinct people in any land where they dwell. They seem to insist on preserving their individuality as an Oriental nation. Englishmen are a mixture of many races; still they are one people. Out of an infinitude of races the United States is producing a type which is 100-per-cent American. But a Jew remains a Jew throughout the ages. He is just as much a Hebrew today in his sentiment, in his pride, and in his racial loyalties as when he was driven from Palestine.

Dispersal has not disintegrated this national solidarity. It has consolidated it. The Jews refuse to be good mixers. When they were bondsmen in Egypt they were not as other slaves. It was in the days of their Assyrian exile, over 2,000 years ago, that Haman said unto king Ahasuerus, "There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from all people; neither keep they the king's laws; therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them. If it please the king, let it be written that they may be destroyed."

This isolationism has been at the bottom of many a

is PERSECUTED

Wide World photo

U. & U. photo

Kosher butchers in Berlin. Left: The ancient Wailing Wall in Jerusalem.

pogrom. The Jews are not exclusively responsible for it. The medieval ghetto was not a Jewish device. It was resorted to by the nations among whom the Jews dwelt. They were nowhere allowed to hold or cultivate the land or even to live in the countryside. The medieval guilds forbade them to learn or practice any of the more honorable crafts. They were not even permitted to fight for the country which gave them a grudging, squalid, and not always a secure shelter.

Under these circumstances, the calumny which imputes cowardice to them is the basest of all slanders. When their aid was sought they have invariably wrought and fought bravely for the lands which accorded them just treatment. The French Revolution conferred equal rights upon the Jews, and Napoleon confirmed the revolutionary decree in this respect. The result was that no Frenchman fought more gallantly for the tricolor than the emancipated Jews of France. For generations they have enjoyed the full rights of citizenship in the British Empire, and they have requited this treatment by a loyalty and patriotism which never shone out more conspicuously than during the World War. The most brilliant and successful general in the British army during the Great War was an Australian Jew—General Monash.

They are accused in Germany of conspiring to establish a Communist state. It is true that the fundamental principles of Russian Bolshevism are derived from the writings of a great Jew economist—Karl Marx—and that probably the Bolshevik Revolution would have been crushed but for the genius of a Jew—Trotsky—who is the greatest improviser of revolutionary armies since Danton and Carnot. But these critics of Judah forget that the Jew has in the past endured more in countries like Russia, Germany, and even Britain (before antisweating legislation was introduced) from social inequalities and industrial bondage than any other race. No country is entitled to claim loyalty unto death from a people to whom it denies the elementary rights of humanity. A Jew fairly treated is a loyal citizen in all lands.

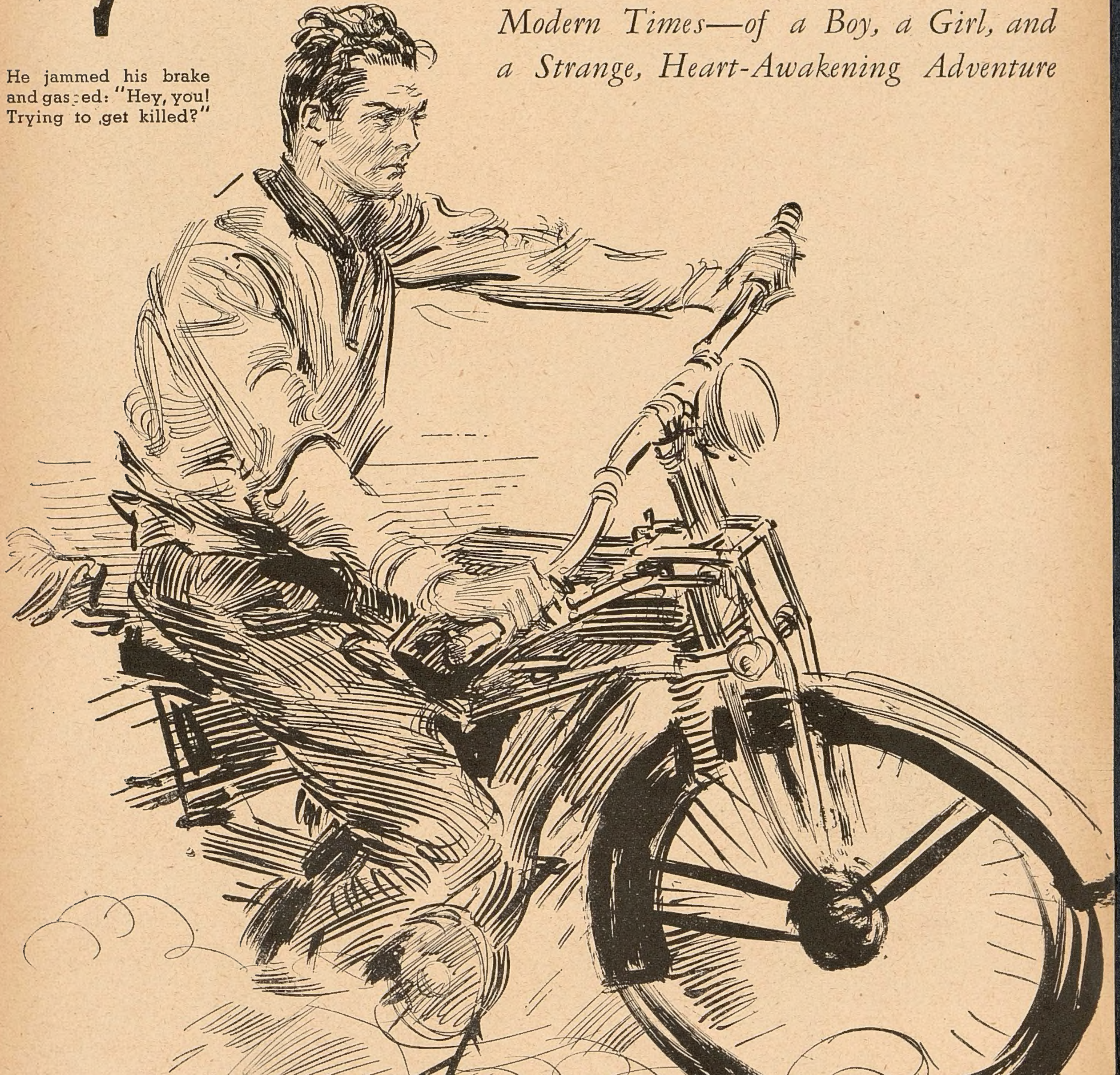
Many devout Jews maintain that Israel is a separate religion and not a separate nation. The greatest statesman raised by Judah in modern times, Dr. Weizmann, has realized the difficulty and endeavored to handle it with a courage, skill, and wisdom the results of which will be enduring, and will enable the Jews once more to make a contribution to the work of civilization as a separate community dwelling in their own national home. His solution finds a precedent and a justification in the case of another oppressed race—the Irish. Ireland is now free to fashion its own destiny. Its sons and daughters have full liberty and opportunity to build up an Irish state. Here their special qualities, characteristics, and genius will make the special contribution of the Irish race to the civilization of the world.

This is how I understand the idea of a national home for the Jews in the country which they made holy ground.

THE END

Afternoon ON A

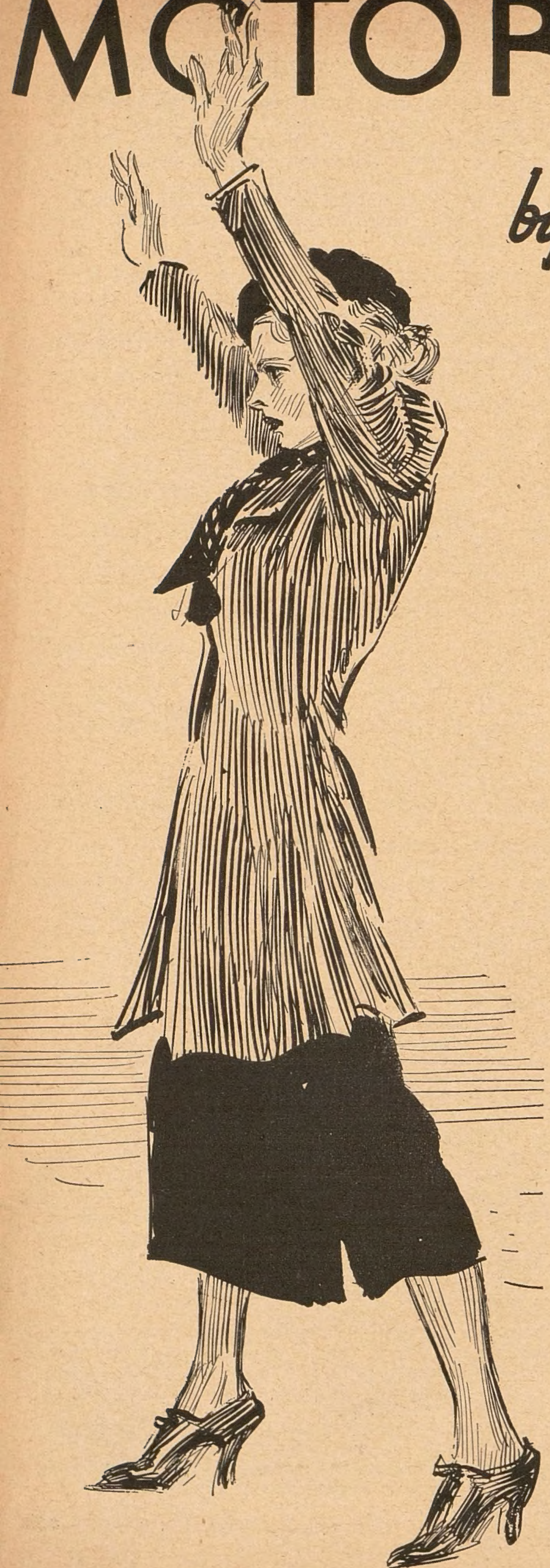
A Tense, Challenging Story of These Mad, Modern Times—of a Boy, a Girl, and a Strange, Heart-Awakening Adventure



He jammed his brake and gasped: "Hey, you! Trying to get killed?"

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

MOTORCYCLE



by Rupert Hughes

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

FIRST, just a throb in the air; then a quickening pulsation, as if the town had a heart and it was beating with excitement. People lifted their heads and listened. Perhaps something really interesting was going to happen in Wakefield—which even the real-estate men had long since given up referring to as Wide-a-Wakefield.

But the oncoming drumbeat made itself known as just another motorcycle, putt-puttering along a drowsy street till it came to a halt in front of a rusty old house. The widow Green lived there with her daughter, Kitty, who simply waited there for her one suitor to make her his wife. But the expectancy of marriage was low in Wakefield and Homer Blake seemed never to get quite far enough ahead of the needs of his own widowed mother to take Kitty away from hers.

The noise of the motorcycle had drawn Kitty to the front steps before Homer's machine stopped spatting. She called to him:

"Why, Homer Blake, what's that thing you got there?"

"A motorcycle. Can't you see?"

"I can see. And I heard it was a motorcycle. But how did you come by it?"

"Ten dollars down. Installments for the rest of my life."

She ran to him to give a low voice to her anxiety:

"I thought you were saving up your money for—for us to get married on."

"I am. But we've got to get around a little, haven't we? This is cheaper than a car and twice as handy."

"But *I* could have ridden in a car."

"You can ride on this, honey. See the back seat?"

"Homer Blake! Do you imagine for one moment I'd be caught dead on one of those things?"

"I hope not."

"Why, they're not respectable. Of all the sights I ever saw, I think these women that go whizzing round sitting on the back seat of a motorcycle are the worst. I suppose you'll expect me to wear pants next."

Suddenly he rather hated respectability and Kitty's oldfangled prudery.

"Pants or no pants, even a wife has a right to a little fun now and then."

"You call that fun? Shooting through space on one of those devil-bugs! Getting covered with dust and grease! And like as not getting killed or crippled!"

"I believe you're afraid of it."

"I'm so scared I'm proud of it."

He did not see the wistfulness in her eyes. She had schooled herself to penury and self-denial until she had almost lost the power to wish for bright expensive things. But she bridled in self-defense:

"Maybe it takes a little courage to do without things, too; and stay home and keep house and work hard and save money and lead a quiet life."

"I get you," he admitted, but without enthusiasm for such stodgy valors. She jolted him further:

"Looks like you'd have to give up one of us, Homer: that machine gun or me."

"That sounds pretty bossy for a beginning."

She began to cloud up and gradually cry—right out there in the street.

“I'm not bossing you. I'm begging you. I love you! If you loved me you wouldn't want to keep me in a cold sweat of terror every minute you're out of my sight.”

That reference to his own preciousness, together with her tears and her twisted features, ended his resistance. He muttered:

“I'm sorry I bought the damned thing. Say the word and I'll take it back.”

“Then you'd always hate me for being a spoilsport and a stupid, dull, stick-at-home dub.”

Nothing drove him more frantic than her way of refusing every wish as soon as it was granted. He made one last plea:

“Come on and take just one little spin on the back seat. You might like it.”

She shook her head, regretting both his daring and her timidity. He sighed.

“Well, I'm certainly not going back to the shop and say, ‘I'd like to keep it but my wife-to-be won't let me.’ That would make a nice sap out of me. Do you want everybody laughing at me?”

“Do you want me crying my eyes out for fear you'll be brought home dead?”

“Well, if you're going to run my life in every little thing it's a good thing that we found it out in time. So I'm on my way. If I get killed I'll send you a postal card.”

“All right, go on and get killed. You can find plenty of girls glad to risk their lives with you.”

“That's an idea, too. I'll keep my eyes open. Well, good-by, Miss Green. Nice to have known you.”

He walked off astraddle for a few steps, then, with a hateful ha-ha-ha from the motor, lifted his feet to the rests and glided away. Kitty noted the number on the license plate, 1313. It confirmed her forebodings. She had lost her lover, her husband, her hope. She had only a lonely old house to cry in and die in.

But Homer was ecstatic in the spell of a swiftness as effortless as an angel's winged progress. And it was good to be free of a girl who had no spirit of daredeviltry, no eagerness for high adventure. He had dreamed of glorious dashes through the fleeting countryside, and of picnics in the woods and on river banks and in far wild scenes brought near. Kitty—what stupid, cowardly, heartless things good women could be! Damn virtue and virtuous women! He'd get him another—a real newfangled girl.

HE let the cycle fly when he struck the open country. Before long he passed a broken-down abandoned automobile, and a sharp curve disclosed a girl standing right in his path and signaling him to stop. He jammed his brake and nearly burned his shoes off on the road. Almost more terrified than if he had run her down, he gasped:

“Hey, you! Trying to get killed?”

“It ain't necessarily so,” she hummed with a smile that ought to have been prettier than it was.

“If I hadn't had good brakes—you wouldn't be quite so handsome.”

“Thanks! You're right handsome your own self.”

“If you'll step back a little I'll be on my way.”

“My car broke down, so I'm going with you. Did you pop your dame off the back seat at the last bump and not notice?”

“This is a new car and nobody has sat on that seat yet.”

“Well, it's time somebody did. Take me for a ride, fella, won't you?” Seeing that he was immune to her flirtatious wiles, she put on another face.

“Give a poor girl a lift. I got to catch a train at Centerville. I got to!”

“Centerville is a little too far for now.”

“Well, take me as far as you can.”

“Climb on!”

He was so resentful toward Kitty that his heart began to warm toward his invisible passenger. There was a girl! She wasn't afraid of a motorcycle—a real high-spirited modern girl. He sang out to her:

“All right, back there?”

Her voice came over his shoulder, a little harsher than he had expected:

“Spittin' dust, but still with you. Is this all the faster this thing can go?”

The cycle responded with a leap. He chortled:

“Still with me, back there?”

He raced the engine and tore through the wind that his speed raised. Automobiles passed with a loud pphhtt! Dogs yipped and faded. Chickens squawked. People yelled at him. Their voices were snapped off as if they had gulped them down. He kept his horn incessantly a-squawk, feeling something of a fool defying death for the privilege of playing the show-off to a stranger. Yet he could not be sane.

SUDDENLY a child stepped right in front of him, stared at him in a paralysis of fear, and screamed only when he had evaded her with a swerve so quick and sharp that his wheels slithered and squealed and almost laid the cycle on its side.

He was sick with horror and dropped the cycle down to as low a pace as it could keep without falling.

“I'm afraid you'll have to lose your train,” he said.

His uninvited guest answered this with a command like a knife in his back:

“Hit her up. I've got to make it!”

Did every woman on earth think she could order him about? He answered coldly:

“Even to oblige a total stranger, I'm not going to take any more chances of being a murderer.”

“Well, I'm one. And you're my next if you slow down. You're going straight on to Centerville!”

This was so peremptory that he tossed back:

“Say, you, who's running this bus?”

“I am! You thought you were taking *me* for a ride, but it's *me* taking *you*.”

He stopped the cycle short, and without even looking back at the nervy vagabond, waited for her to climb down. Something jabbed him in the small of the back, and her tone was ice:

“Keep going, or I'll blow a hole through you.”

“Think I can't tell a finger from a gun?”

“Give a look and tell me. Is this a finger or is it a gun?”

He craned his neck for the difficult glance.

“Gosh! Throw that away! It might be loaded.”

“You're damned talking. It is loaded. Move on, fella, and move fast.”

“Aw, you wouldn't really shoot.” His laugh was sickly. But she answered in deadly earnest:

“No? Well, you wouldn't be the first guy thought that. I can't run a motorcycle myself, or I'd dump you and go on alone. Get going, or by—”

A sudden blast of the motor drowned her oath. A mile or two fled under the wheels before Homer's cold spine was so used to terror that curiosity returned as a greater torment. He ventured to shout back:

“Say, who are you anyway?”

“Molly Miller.”

The handle bars wobbled, the cycle skidded. His voice skidded.

“Not Molly Miller—the—the—”

“I see you read the papers.”

Her name was as terrible as that pistol, its muzzle deep in his back. He tried to laugh.

“It's no joke, then, about you killing a man?”

“Well, he didn't die laughing.”

“It was that paying teller at Boontown.”

“Too slow on the paying.”

There was a rasp in her chuckle. He did not like it—or her, or her courage. There was contempt in his voice despite the brazen tone he had to give it to lift it over the roar of the engine. He called to her as if she were as far away as he wished her:

“A couple of cops got killed there, too. Was it you or your gentlemen friends who—”

“Keep your mind on the machine.” She ground the pistol muzzle so deep in him that he could feel the end-sight. “Pep it up!”

For a while only the engine chattered, then he said:

“You looked like a nice ordinary girl the last time

I saw you. How'd you come to be a—a murderer?”

“C'm' up and see me s'm'time,” she simpered as well as one can who must yell, “and I'll tell you my story. It's a long one.”

“It's a long way to Centerville,” he shouted. “How can anybody—a girl, of all people—deliberately steal other people's money? And as for taking other people's lives!”

This angered her into a compulsion of self-justification. She shrieked:

“I didn't begin it. My rights were stole off me before I was born. They killed my father in a factory accident. Rotten employers! What did they care?” She went on feeling sorry for herself in a loud voice:

“My mother was poor. She had to work too hard to take care of me and my brothers and sisters. So she had to let me play in the streets. Then she married a man, a no-good, and he was crippled and—he drank.”

Homer admitted at the top of his lungs:

“Tough luck! But lots of orphans have had hard-working mothers and stepfathers. They didn't all shoot policemen. Lots of 'em have made good. Lots of poor people would starve sooner than steal.”

“And a lot of good it does them! A crooked judge—a cheap politician—sent me up to reform school. Reform! Hell! They only taught me what little I didn't know before that. Then threw me out and told me to go straight.”

“Did you?”

“How could I? All the nice kids were told not to play with me. I had to go with the tough boys or stay home.”

“Did your brothers and sisters take up crime too?”

“Nah! They're tame ducks.” She managed to sneer fortissimo. “Work their fool heads off. And what do they get out of it?”

“What you going to get out of it? Jail? Death?”

“Ah, shut up! You talk like a judge that sent me up to the women's pen. That did me a lot of good, too!”

“Just what would have done you any good then—or since?”

“If I'd ever had enough money.”

“Who ever had just enough money?”

“A lot of the high boys stole theirs just like I did. Only they took millions.”

“And the next paying teller who doesn't shove the money fast enough—you'll kill him too?”

“You don't think I got time to hang around and wait for the cops to come?” Her laughter at that was loud and long.

“So you slammed them behind the coffin lids. Nice business you're in!” He tried to make her see it as he saw it. “That paying teller had a wife and two kids. Those cops had families. They were paid for protecting the town. They'd protect you if you went straight.”

“Ah, whyn't you join the Salvation Army and get a drum? You trying to convert me?”

“I'm trying to understand you.”

AHEAD of them the road was empty. The engine lapped it up as a softly purring cat sips cream. She lowered her voice to it: “Where's the mystery about being a crook? Everybody's a crook.”

“Maybe, in small ways.” He could think and talk in the quiet and reason with her—as if they sat on a flying sofa. “You don't work. You don't try to earn your board and keep. You just go into a savings bank and say, 'Gimme all the money that other people have worked for and saved. I want it.' Here's me going along about my business, not harming anybody. You pretend you're a poor girl in distress just long enough to—well, kidnap me. I've got a mother; she's dependent on what I work for. There's a girl I was going to marry. Would that stop you from taking my life like I was a rat? No! You're too—too damned selfish.”

He had to laugh at himself for so incompetent a word. But it seemed to make her uneasy. She said:

“I won't hurt you if you play straight with me.”

This was a little too much of an outrage on the language. He howled.

“Play straight? Play straight with a crook? Say, who-all are you, anyway—you and your other crooks? Who-all are you that your money and your freedom are more important than other people's lives?”

He was in such a fury she tried to quiet him.

“Pipe down, fella. I got a gun here. If I didn't have it, you'd turn me in.”

“Oh, no, I wouldn't. I'm too yellow.”

“What you mean—yellow?”

“I mean yellow. No matter how low any crime is, we fools think there's always one thing lower, and that's telling on it. Nobody's got the guts to obey the law or make other people obey it.”

As if in gigantic derision the air was torn by the long slash of a police siren. The girl huddled closer to him. Ahead of them was a tiny car growing larger every instant as it roared toward them. Homer gave himself up for lost now.

THE police car drew near. Heads were thrust out of it. Men shouted: “Stop!” But Homer pushed on. Molly told him:

“They're turning round to follow. Hold her steady—I've got to shift some to shoot.”

“Good God, you going to kill more cops from my cycle?”

“Don't you start anything, or I'll put a bullet in you, if it's the last thing I do. Steady, now, while I aim.”

He heard the shot. She fired again, again. But other bullets came from the rear, went whining by, knocking up spots of dust like rain. Homer's back squirmed. There came one loud metallic *spang!* then her metallic laugh.

“That one hit your license plate. I hope they knock it off. Step on the gas. They're gaining.”

They rounded a curve. She shouted: “That sharp turn to the right. Take it.”

He barely made the turn with a great skidding and sloshing in a billow of dust. The police siren grew fainter and fainter. Molly was triumphant.

“They went on by. Keep going. We'll see where this leads us.”

It led them along an old farm road with sun-baked ruts that wrestled with the wheels. Suddenly it ended in another concrete highway. A signboard pointed to Centerville. At his passenger's word, Homer turned into that. All at once a siren was heard ahead, and again at command Homer turned into another lane, into another highway, back along the road they had traversed. The country seemed vocal with sirens. Homer laughed aloud.

“Of all the damn-fool games of hide-and-seek I ever played! A cop will shoot me if a gun moll don't.”

The pursuers were everywhere now. The gang she ran with had been traced across four states, and the government's police were working in complete co-operation with state and county and town. All the devices of the latest science were in play. The sheriff had sworn in deputies; the police of the county's one big city, Boontown, were out; the police of Wakefield and all the other towns. Rural telephones described the fugitives and gave the number of Homer's motorcycle, which the men in the first police car had discerned and broadcast.

From every house they passed a telephone message went in to some central. The radio stations were sending out bulletins. In the sky were planes that circled and signaled.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Thatcher Colt, legendary Police Commissioner of New York City, believes that in his brief fiction tale Mr. Rupert Hughes has done more than tell a lively yarn. The girl in this story is not a mere fancy. To our shame, let us acknowledge that we have such girls in life. At once the name of Bonnie Parker comes to mind, only because one can never forget her career of savage crimes and her frightful death. But the times are full of such girls. There is not a gunman, mobster, or gangster who has not his sweetheart, and generally she is quite as ready to pull the trigger as is her man.

Every police line-up shows at least seventy per cent of its criminals under voting age, and for each one of these arrested criminals you can add a girl. Authorities and social agencies are earnestly studying this problem, but we will never begin to solve it until all the people of the United States realize its extent and dangers and take an active interest in helping to deal with it.

Thus this miniature melodrama of Mr. Rupert Hughes's, engrossing as it is, also serves an exciting purpose, because what the girl on the motorcycle has to say represents a dangerous and common point of view.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

From these last uncanny spies Molly took refuge in a thin forest. She was frightened utterly now. And Homer was sure she would put a bullet into him finally if only for the fantastic pleasure it would give her fanatic soul. She had lost her nerve, was drunk with fear, with hatred of the law. Tears streaked her dusty face.

"If I get out of this, I'll go straight, so help me." She broke and wept in a frenzy of repenting her sins.

With that gun's one eye always on him, Homer could not feel much tenderness for her, but he was almost crazy himself, and ready to say anything to stop her maudlin sobs.

"Oh, it can't be all your fault," he said. "You could never have gone straight if you'd wanted to. You were just born crooked."

She snatched at this hint of fellow feeling for her woes.

"I'm just a poor fool that went too far, and now they've run me to ground. They'll kill me like a rat. And they'll kill you before you can convince 'em you're innocent. Oh, why did I ever—ever—" The rest was lost in the blubbering of a very forlorn young woman. She was weaker and cried harder than Kitty. She was quick at killing but a bum sport for taking it.

"You better not cry so loud," Homer whispered suddenly. "I think I see a line of men coming through the trees. Maybe—if you'd lay flat and I waved a handkerchief from behind a tree—maybe they'd listen to reason —after a shot or two at us."

Her twisted wits got even this all wrong.

"Why, you dirty double-crosser! You're figuring to turn me in and get the reward."

"I wasn't thinking of that."

"Oh, no? You go to Sunday school and all, I'll bet. But I'm worth five thousand dollars to you. That's the price on my head. And wouldn't you like it? Well, you're not going to earn it off me. They won't get me on the hot seat—or the end of a rope. I don't see anybody moving through the trees or out on the road. Come on, you!"

"You're not going out in the open?" he pleaded. "Surrender and throw yourself on the mercy of the court."

"Mercy of the court, my eye! Get that motor going or I'll drill you. I'm saving two shots, one for you and one for me. Turn into this highway. See the river? If we can get across on that bridge maybe we could— Hurry! There's a car coming right after us."

Once more that siren wail. Overhead a huge low airplane. A sharp curve round a thick woods disclosed a big wide bridge across a narrow river. But there was a barrier across the bridge and a brace of policemen waited beside a car with machine rifles ready.

Molly cried: "Stop! Turn around!"

He shouted back: "Too late! But here we go!"

IN the face of the guns, Homer turned the wheels away from the bridge entrance to the rough steep hill alongside. Before the officers could fire, the cycle was behind the granite of the bridgehead, scuttering wildly down a slope toward deep swirling waters.

Caught on a snag root, it threw its riders, overturned, and lay sputtering and kicking its wheels, while Homer and Molly went rolling over the ledge into the stream.

Homer was river-bred and came to the surface clear-headed and clear-eyed. As he searched the surface he saw a swirl of eddies, then a white frantic face. With a few strokes that lifted him out of the water, Homer reached her, clutched her by one outflung wrist, and dragged her ashore among the bushes at the base of the concrete pier.

Pushing back her sopping hair, Molly said:

"I lost my gun in the river. I got to take what they hand me. No, they got to shoot me to get me."

The two officers, Mourt and Phips, came down the two sides of the bridge with a proper regard for their own safety. The first to find them was Mourt, but Molly unconsciously shielded Homer from Mourt's aim. Mourt called, "Reach for the clouds, yous two."

Four hands went high as Molly screeched, "Don't shoot! I got no gun."

From the shelter of the pier, Mourt laughed. "Maybe so, maybe no. But shift a little. I want that guy you got with you."

"He never had a gun. Before God, he didn't! Don't shoot him! I don't even know the guy's name."

"Move over, moll, or you go with him. Dead or alive is my orders."

"I swear he's innocent!" she screamed. "I won't let you kill him!"

"All right. You asked for it. It'll save the county a lot of money."

She braced herself for that death in the back which Homer had been expecting all afternoon.

But at that moment Phips appeared at the opposite edge of the pier. Unaware of Mourt's presence, Phips called: "Hey, girlie, move over. This gun scatters, and I only want your friend there."

Molly saw him close one eye to aim. She flung herself across Homer's body, bearing him down into the weeds. He felt the blow of the bullets across her back, and her warm blood running over her shoulder along her throat to the ear that was close to his lips. He mumbled, amazed:

"You took my death."

"I wanted it myself," she whispered. "Don't let me live."

THE two officers ran in and yanked her away from Homer. Seeing her blood on him and how helpless he was as he lay supine, Phips said:

"Just make one move, you! I know you."

"Then you know I'm innocent."

Instead of firing into him, Phips bent and snapped handcuffs on his wrists. Molly, drooping in Mourt's grasp, threw her head back to sputter blood, and protest:

"Don't you know anything, you big flat-footed flatheads? I had a gun on him all the time."

Phips ignored her plea and said to Mourt: "We'll lose her if we don't slam her in the car and shoot her to the hospital."

He staggered up the slope with her, while Phips urged Homer ahead of him with prods of his gun. They stowed Molly in the back seat of a small automobile with no undue delicacy, and Mourt told the officer at the wheel:

"Step on it, Mullarkey. She's leakin' like a sieve. Me and Phips'll wait for the chief here, with this guy."

The car had to fight its way through a throng of cars flocking to the bridge. Homer turned to Phips:

"What'll they do to that girl?"

"Well, if she don't die on the way to the hospital," Phips explained, "they'll patch her together and—oh, give her life, or twenty-five years. Depends on how good a lawyer she gets. A girl as pretty as that will never hang. But you—you won't get off so light with your ugly mug and record. Have a cigarette."

It was odd to be smoking with both hands manacled. But Homer felt as safe in the hands of justice as in a church. He did not waste his time trying to convince the policemen of his innocence. His thoughts were on that strange creature who had streaked into his life and out.

"You're right. That girl's pretty and she's smart. She's got a good heart, too—in some ways. And is she brave? But why do you suppose she had to go the way she did?"

"You'd ought to know. You was both bad eggs from the start."

"But why is anybody bad from the start? There must be some reason!" Homer fretted as if he were on a fly-paper of mystery. "All these bad boys and bad girls—they've got good streaks as well as bad—like everybody else. And courage—geez! The wrong kind maybe, but it's courage. Why, that girl was like a soldier in a battle —bullets flying. The little hellcat was brave as any saint —brave as Joan of Arc, if you ask me."

"I seen Joan in the movies once," said Phips. "I don't remember her totin' a gun."

But Homer was obsessed by the riddle of good and evil.

"The best we can do with great girls like that is jail 'em. And what does that get you?"

"Well, we do the same with people who got contagious diseases, don't we?" said Mourt, who was wondering whether Homer were "plain nuts" or not. "We quarantine 'em till they get well, don't we?"

" But hospitals turn their patients out cured—mostly. Jailbirds come out worse than they went in, with a lot of new diseases. Looks like we're on the wrong track. But what's the right one? "

From all directions all sorts of vehicles were flocking to the bridge. The radiotelephones had described the end of the hunt. One huge swift car came to a stop with a snarl of brakes; several officers piled out. One was the Boontown chief, Shiras. Mourt and Phips saluted him. His first question was:

" Where's that girl? "

" I rushed her to the hospital, chief."

" Good work. This fellow? "

" He's the guy helped her get away."

" He's bleeding, too."

" No, that's some red off the girl. She took what was coming to him."

" Well, he's the last of the bunch, and the only one that's not hurt or croaked. Too bad to take him in so healthy-looking."

Policemen do not love criminals who have killed policemen, and Homer began to feel a little less safe than before in the hands of justice. He told the chief just what had happened. It did not sound very convincing under those cold eyes.

By now a great crowd had gathered. They looked at Homer hungrily, muttering. It would cost thousands of dollars to try him, and then most likely a fool jury would set him free.

Why spend so much money on a killer when it was so easy and economical to throw him in the river, or string him up to one of the convenient bridge girders? More than one motorist brought forward a towrope that would serve.

Chief Shiras was pleading with them not to stain the fair name of the county with a lynching. And he was promising that he and his men would shoot down the first who tried to take his prisoner away.

THROUGH the eddying muttering crowd a slim and wiry figure forced a passage. At the inner edge, she cried: " Homer! Homer! Are you killed! "

She ripped free from the hands that clutched her, and darting to him threw her arms around him, to his intense embarrassment. She answered his questions before he could ask them:

" All the radios in town were telling about the motorcycle they were chasing. I just knew in my bones it would be you. Finally they said the license number was thirteen-thirteen, and then I did know. I ran out and stopped a car that was full of Wakefield policemen. I've been with 'em all over God's earth, running after you."

By now one or two of the Wakefield officers with their shabby chief had managed to squeeze through the crowd. The Wakefield chief knew Shiras, and speedily established the identity and good repute of Homer. Phips reluctantly unlocked his handcuffs, to the ill-concealed regret of the mob.

By this time Homer's motorcycle had been impounded as an exhibit in the case of the people against Molly Miller, alias etc., etc., *et al.* It was found to be in perfect running form, having been built for taking somersaults without sharing damages with passengers.

In the meanwhile Kitty was quizzing Homer:

" Is that terrible woman going to die? "

" Looked like she was all shot to pieces, poor thing."

" Poor thing? Homer, did you fall in love with her? "

" I'd just as likely fall in love with a—a black leopard, but I don't know—"

" Something told me I ought to have gone riding with you. Then you wouldn't have met her."

" I'm kind of glad I did. It takes a girl like that to make a fellow really appreciate a girl like you."

His eyes and his voice were alight with fire:

" You're the bravest of them all. I've seen what a crook's afraid of and what she's not. Crooks can't keep their hands off what isn't theirs. They like to hurt others, but they scare easy and cry easy. They're afraid of work and being alone. They're afraid of honest people. They're afraid to wait and save. It's you good people who are the brave ones. And I never knew till now."

Kitty was trembling under this avalanche of praise shaken out of a timid lover by an hour or two on the edge of death. He had learned there to understand and love what he had expected to leave forever. Kitty could only burble: " Why, Homer Blake, how you run on! We better hurry home. We'll be late for dinner."

" Well, you get back in the car you came in. I've got to run this machine back to the store. I'm ready to give it up now."

" I'm going with you."

" But I'm going on the motorcycle."

" So am I going on the motorcycle. Start the thing."

This was the final wonder of a devastating day.

He straddled the saddle and waited for Kitty to mount the rear seat. She was awkward, and plainly not very brave. He started off slowly to humor her cowardice. But when they were out of sight of the crowds, she clasped her arms about his waist and laid her cheek against his left shoulder blade, behind his heart. She shrieked, in a motorcyclist's murmur:

" Nice, isn't it? "

" You don't mean you like it? "

" I'm beginning to love it! Is this all the faster it goes? "

It was the second time that day he had heard those words. He could not see that Kitty's skirts were flying about her scandalously. She was squealing with delight in the furious speed. She fairly staggered Homer by shouting:

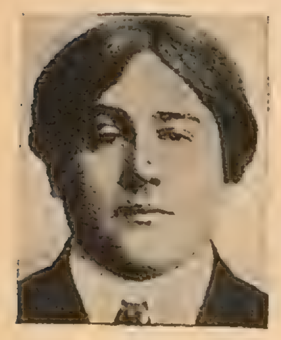
" Can it go faster yet? "

" How's this for high? "

And now in the place where Homer's wings would grow, if he ever got wings, was a guardian angel, invisible, inescapable. He and she would take their home with them wherever they ranged or rested. And now once more passing cars went pphhtt!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—If it's "adapted from the Hungarian," chances are good the prolific writer of The Devil had something to do with it. From the early photo near by, can you identify a dramatist born five years after two cities became one?

2—Who in the Bible worked seven years to earn a wife?

3—The Golden Horn is an inlet of which strait?

4—Is this statement correct: Alcide Benoit pleaded guilty to murdering Michigan State Trooper Hammond, and was hanged?

5—What do geologists consider to be four to five billion years old?

6—Who tried some forty years to become President of the United States, died $40,000 in debt, and won renown as a speaker?

7—What is the PIRA?

8—Who lives at Long Barn, in a village about thirty miles distant from London?

9—Who wrote The Amateur Emigrant, The New Arabian Nights, and The Black Arrow?

10—What is peculiar about the feet of a hummingbird?

11—A shako is a covering for what?

12—What did the United States get from Denmark for twenty-five million dollars in 1917?

13—How many dry quarts are in a bushel?

14—What part of a bee causes the hum?

15—In Boston, baked beans were originally and chiefly eaten on which day of the week? Why?

16—Does whisky sealed in bottles " improve with age " ?

17—The first Rockefeller came from what country to America in 1793?

18—What radio star signs off with " Good night, you-all! " ?

19—Where in Georgia was a mint operated?

20—Who, born at Oologah, Oklahoma, made millions laugh?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

In Plain AMERICAN, *TO HELL WITH THESE DEBT-SETTLING FOREIGNERS*

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

It may be expressed in other terms, but this is the greeting which awaits the gentlemen from the nations of Europe who are coming on missions, called unofficial, to tour our country, lecture us on our duty to Europe, and get us into the next war.

Those of us who desire good relations with other countries wish they wouldn't come. The American people had their duty preached to them once before. This time they know the answers in advance.

We shall be told again that civilization is at stake, and that the Europeans are the custodians of civilization; that whatever Europe undertakes, in Europe, in India, in the Mediterranean, is really for our benefit, and in gratitude we should pay the bill. If she bestows her protection without first asking whether we want it, that's because she knows best what is good for us.

We shall be reminded that all of Europe is the source of our culture, and is ready to export more culture to us, in return for cash, the possession of which makes us, she regrets to say, rather mercenary.

What the missions will not tell us is that nations, like individuals, envy the prosperity of others, and that, compared with Great Britain or Europe, our country is prosperous. We shall not be told that foreigners dislike everything about us except our money. We have learned that for ourselves. A current anecdote in New York is of a titled lady, our guest last month, who put a large group at ease with a comment on the woman who had been her hostess the day before—"Very queer, isn't she! So American!"

The missions will not warn us that for whatever aid we furnish we must expect no thanks. But we know it from experience. Not only were the Allied nations ungrateful for our help in the last war, but before we were out of France the propaganda departments circulated maps and diagrams showing that their part in the victory was greatest and ours was least.

Some officers told us to our face that the Allies could have won without us. Many retired statesmen still publish in their memoirs criticisms of our leaders, of our equipment, of our men.

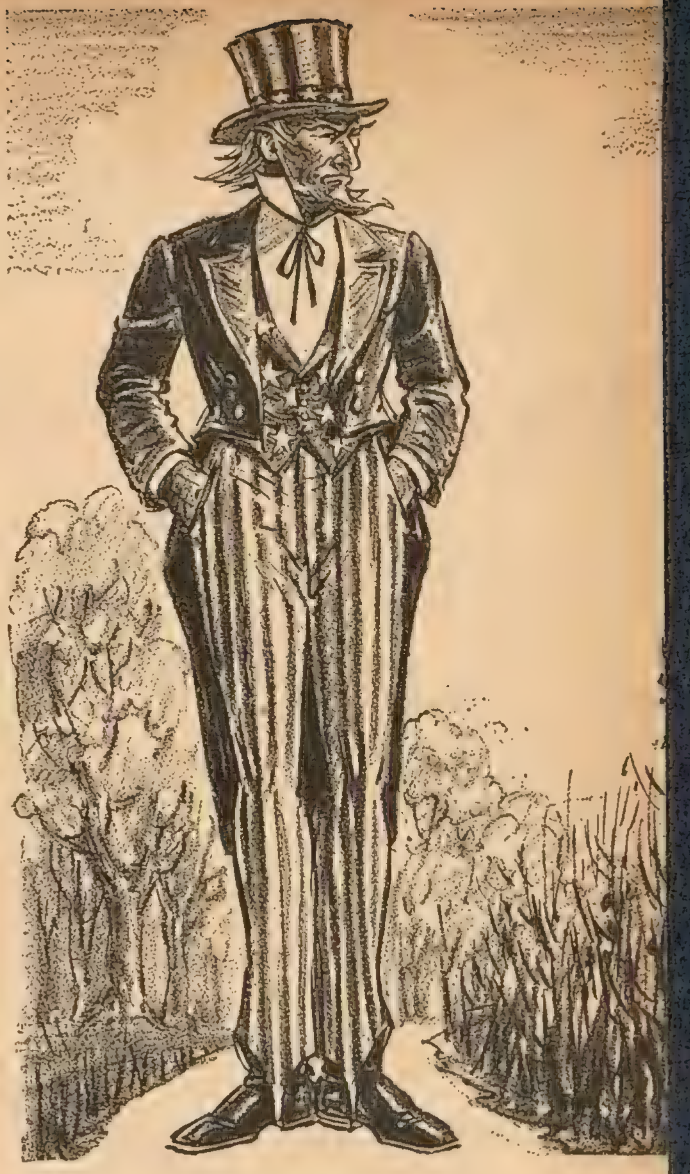
The newspaper accounts of these unofficial missions from overseas hint that the debts will be discussed. Of course they will be! Nothing else these gentlemen may say will touch their real purpose. By act of Congress we have shut down on further loans to defaulting nations. The missions will tell us that this is a mistake.

If the European nations could pay their debts, or sincerely wished to, there would be need of no unofficial missions to prepare the American mind—unless they fear we might faint with surprise. If defaulting nations now talk of paying, it's because they contemplate another war, and could use our resources and our men. Great Britain surpasses them all in the art of persuading other peoples to die for her. She had others besides Englishmen to stop Napoleon at Waterloo. She had India and Japan and China and her colonies and the rest of us on her side in the Great War. The victory, when it came, was hers. The friendly outsiders went home to their natural condition of inferiority. The debts died. England owed nothing.

The situation is ripe, therefore, to start the game all over again. The argument that America owes something to Europe got us into the mess before. It's as true now as it ever was. Why not try it again?

If they think they can wheedle out of us another gift of money, of war materials, of man power, they must take us for fools. If we permit them to discuss the debts without paying, and by that trick are cajoled into giving them what they want, we are even bigger fools than they think.

So long as the defaulting nations believed they would have no further need of us, they explained by sound economic principles that the debts simply couldn't be paid. What they received from us, they said, was in goods, not in cash, and repayment therefore must be not in gold but in other goods. If we would buy their manufactures in sufficient volume, of course the debts could be liquidated. Also our home industries would be liquidated, but that was something for us to worry about.



Any revival of overtures from Euro

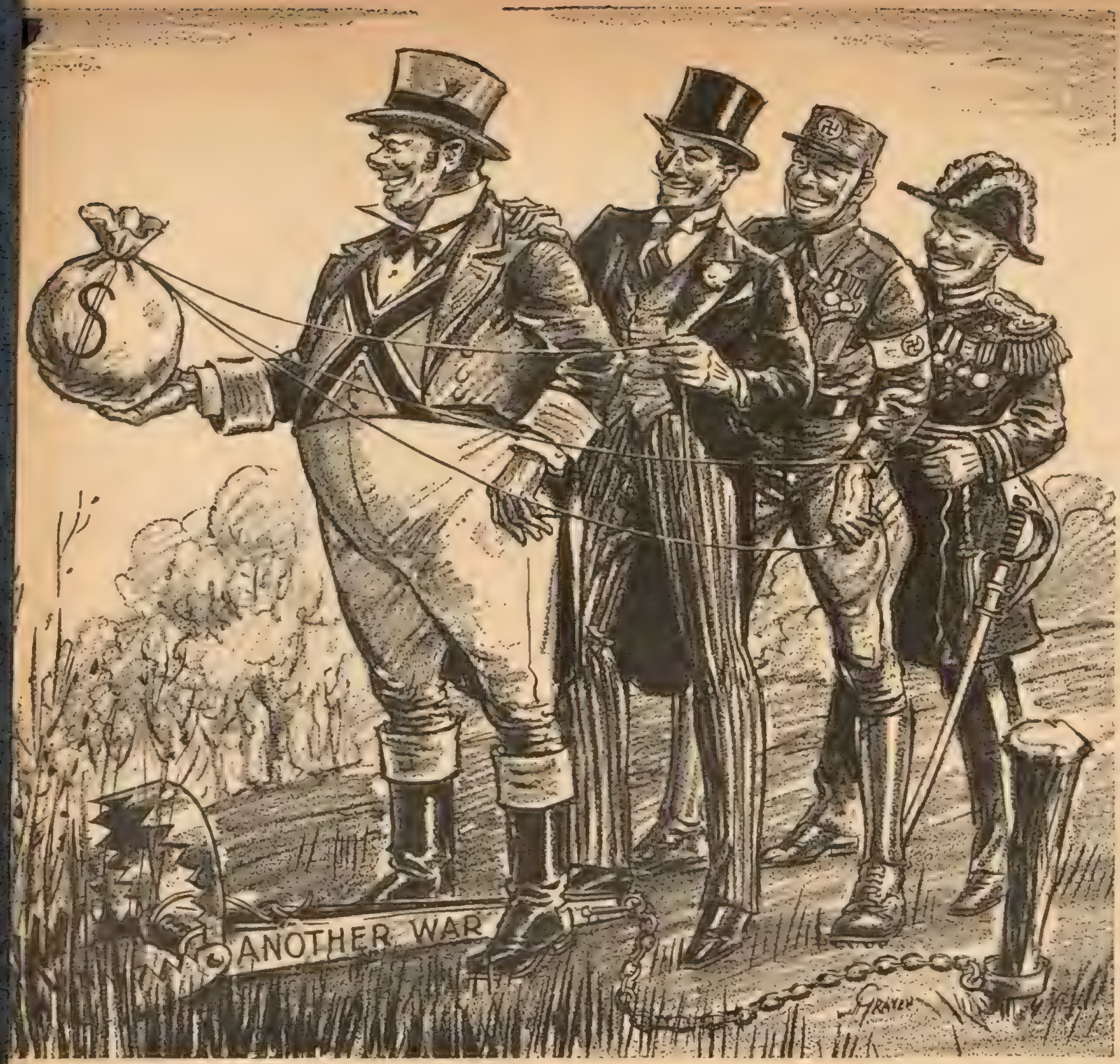
I'm one of those who accept Europe's argument, with certain reservations. The impossibility of settling in gold would be more evident were it not for the honorable conduct of Finland. I could believe that the defaulting countries can't pay in money, if they didn't continue to make loans to other European countries for military or diplomatic purposes. But their statement that the debts cannot be paid is a matter of history, and I wish they wouldn't depart from that position. Most Americans, I believe, feel the same way. We hope, as one of our army officers expressed it to me, that our country will never reduce the bill by another cent, and that Europe will never pay another penny. The burden in taxes will remind us of our big mistake and teach us to attend to our own affairs.

To those who hold this opinion, any revival of overtures from Europe about debts which Europe says can't be paid looks like the planting of a trap.

If the ghost of the war debts must walk again, we shall be forced to rake up some aspects of the question which we have tried to forget. For example: Let's assume that by sound principles of economics the debts can't be paid. When were those sound principles discovered? Before our money was borrowed or afterward? Did our friends, when they promised to pay the loans, expect in ignorance to do so? Or did

by JOHN ERSKINE

Mincing No Words, This Eminent American Novelist Presents a Point of View Very Widespread, Though Not Universal, in the United States . . . In Fairness, We Shall Shortly Publish an Answer to This Article Representing the Foreign Point of View



about debts which Europe says can't be paid looks like the planting of a trap.

they know all along that their promise would mean nothing?

Having raised an awkward question, I shan't try to answer it. Few of my fellow Americans ever try to answer it. We merely learn from it. If the foreign missions should urge further financial aid to Europe, in credits or loans, we'd say: Let those Americans give their money away who wish to do so, but don't let them believe they are subscribing to a loan. They are making a gift, and they will never see their money again.

Even if the war debts were repaid and new loans asked for in good faith, we might well hesitate to grant them. The gift of gold, the sale of arms will in the end cost some of our young men their lives. The gentlemen of the unofficial foreign missions will probably tell us that once a European war starts, we shan't be able to keep out of it. But the point is, they don't wish us to keep out of it. Whether they realize it or not, they are asking for blood. We are first to supply food and war material, then we are to use our army and navy to protect the credits and investments, then we are to throw the full weight of our man power into the scales, then we can bury our dead and pay the general bill.

And for what? Will they tell us what war Europe has next in mind? Or why there must be a war at all? Most Americans notice that the European appeals to us are a bit one-sided. If we asked Europe to treat us as they wish us to treat them, they would call us insolent. If we suggested that they pay their bills, they would call us Shylock. In our international affairs they show no disposition to aid us, and when we are in trouble they do not conceal their satisfaction. During the depression the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, presenting to Parliament a budget which balanced because the debt to us was omitted, took occasion to congratulate his people on being better off than we were.

I DOUBT if Europe would welcome an unofficial mission from us to explain our point of view. But if we could retaliate in kind, our delegates might begin by making them a present of the debts, once for all, on condition that they limit their wars in future to those they can afford. No nation should kill beyond its means.

Our delegates might then say that as a people we think wars are out of date. That is not very original of us; their common people probably think so too. Our delegates might say, more precisely, that the most pacific of us would defend our land against invasion, but the administration which tried to send American troops abroad again would probably have a rebellion on its hands.

To make our philosophy clearer, our delegates might remind any who would listen that the people of the United States were once Europeans, and came over because for one reason or another they'd rather be here than there. It's no use to talk to us about the superiority of Europe. Every American family at some time tried Europe, and at some time moved out.

Because we were all in a sense colonists, we have our own opinion of the attitude which Europe takes toward those of its children who had the energy and the enterprise to seek their fortune in fresh soil. Europe would not have gone in for colonizing if the theory hadn't been current that the colony, however helpful to the mother country, will remain docile and subordinate. The American Revolution disturbed that theory, but the English won't admit to themselves that the Revolution has taken place. Plenty of Englishmen still grow up with the feeling that though we are the vulgarians of the family, we still belong to them. All that we need is a group of friendly missionaries to set before us the vision of a higher life.

I hope our delegates wouldn't lose their heads and claim that our way of life is all it should be. Yet we still think the missionaries will have a hard time converting us to a completely European point of view, Great Britain and Europe being what they now are. What is left of free thought, free speech, free press seems to be on this side the water. When the English were getting rid of their king, their papers kept the news from the people until the American press made further secrecy impossible. The Prime Minister spoke about it as though the American press were noticing what wasn't polite to look at.

Perhaps the Europeans haven't yet been told of the mission they are sending to us. Perhaps our conversion was to be brought about surreptitiously. Perhaps it is indiscreet for us to discuss it out loud.

THE END

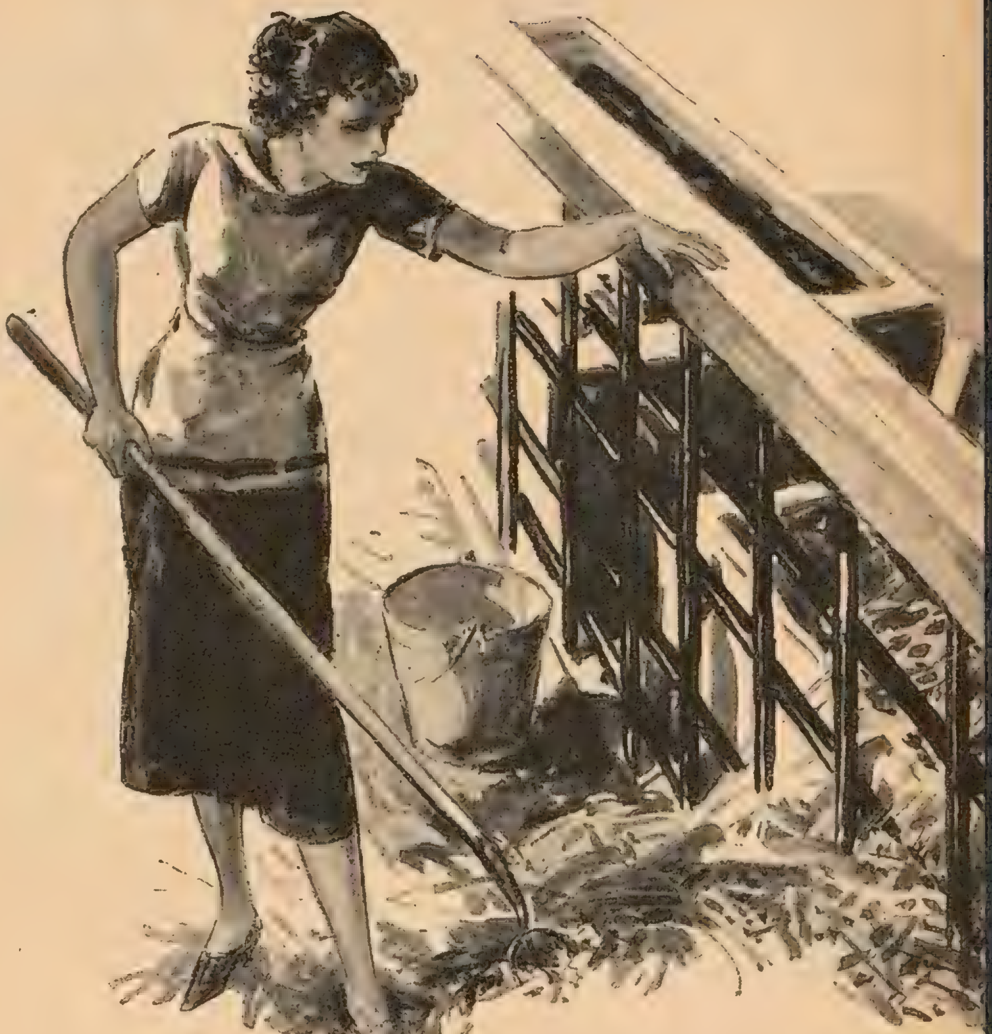
WEDDING DAY

by

JUDY VAN DER VEER

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATION BY HAROLD DENISON



ANNIE came wide awake with the sun staring through the window; she was quiet awhile, wondering why she had drifted so quickly from sleeping to waking, thinking of half-clear, troubled dreams. And the thought came to her that it was Antone's wedding day, but not her own as she had so often thought it might be.

With the September sun already hard and bright, it was going to be a hot day; she saw that not a leaf or red berry stirred on the pepper tree outside her window. Thinking of work to be done, she pushed back the covers and slid out of her nightdress, looking for a minute with something of curiosity at her thin white body that might have been given to Antone. She covered it with her clothes and went downstairs to put on the coffeepot and start the oatmeal cooking.

Antone must have been wide awake hours ago. Would his father make him help with the milking, just like any other day, or would he be allowed to idle this one morning of his life? Perhaps, while the sun was still coming up, he had walked across the field to look at his newly built house that stood brightly clean beside the houses of his married brothers. Antone's father was the thriftiest of all thrifty Swedes; he had started a dairy farm with three or four cows, he had raised four blond sons, and now his dairy was the finest and best in the valley. And when time came for each son to take a wife, the old man had a pretty house built just across a field from the home house, so that all his boys were kept on the farm to do the dairy work.

Oh, often Annie had visited at the homes of Antone's brothers and admired the polished wood and the soft-colored walls and the quiet expensive-looking furniture. She had thought of herself and Antone in a house like that, and thought about the way she would always keep the hardwood shining and the furniture new-like. Neighbors had joshed her about it and said, "Won't you think you are somebody when you are living in one of those fine houses on the dairy!" And she had shaken her head and pretended she had never thought of such a thing. But she and Antone had "gone together" ever since she had been in her early teens, and if occasionally they had had quarrels, every one knew that true love never runs smooth.

Strange how Antone's wedding day should be such a quiet breathless day, the sun looking intently down—as if everything were listening for Antone to make his vows. Annie hadn't even been invited to the wedding; it was to be in the city in a church somewhere, and she didn't know what time it would be . . . not even if it would be in the morning or the afternoon or at the beautiful golden time of day when the sun is lighting the west side of the hills. She would have felt strange at that marriage service; and when the preacher would say something about speak now or forever hold your peace, she would feel like jumping up and crying that it was the wrong woman standing there.

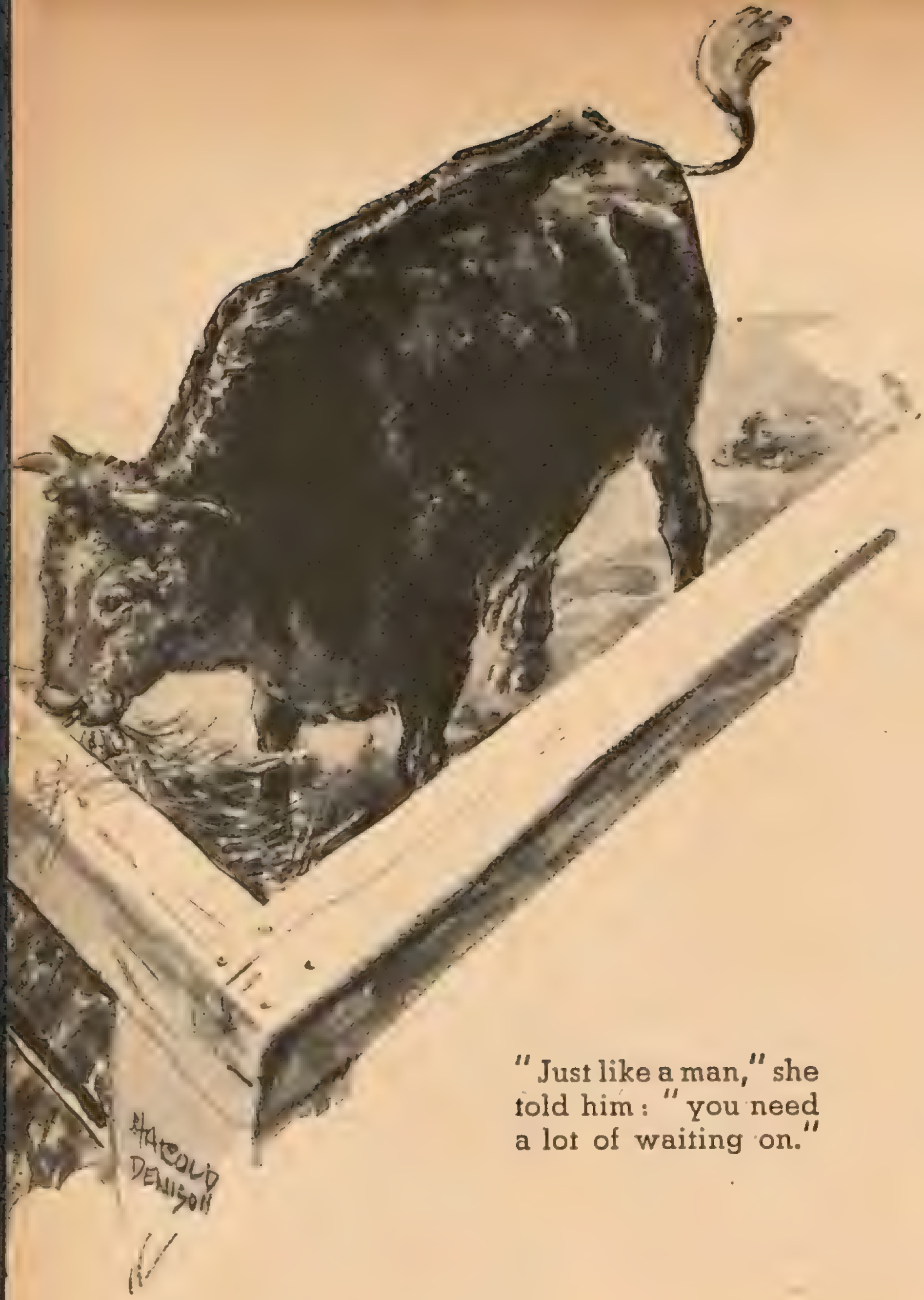
Indeed it was the wrong woman. Annie had never seen her but she had heard about her and knew she was not the woman to be a dairyman's wife. She who had lived in the city all her life, how would she like the stillness of the country? Would she get up before light on rainy winter mornings and cook coffee and fry corn-meal mush? Well, maybe she was used to hard work of a kind.

She was a waitress. A pretty, cheap sort of girl she must be. An appealing feminine person who would be afraid of cows and horses, and wouldn't help dress the meat of a butchered bull calf. Probably she was good at drinking cocktails and smoking cigarettes and dancing; she wouldn't nag at Antone for sometimes getting drunk, as Annie had done.

The cows were waiting for Annie at the barn, and in the calf pen the little heifers were bawling for their breakfast. Annie moved in a sad dream, pitching down hay, milking. The cows were hungry for hay, as September pastures are dry and bare, but every day they were sent out to pasture so they would lick up a few straws of brown grass and dry clover burrs and wouldn't need quite so much hay. Only the young bull stayed in his high corral; he couldn't go out, for no pasture fence would hold him when he heard a neighbor's cow bawling for a mate. He was anxious for hay, and rumbled in his throat, rubbing his forehead on the ground and pawing dust over his thick shoulder. Annie tossed him his hay and watched his thick tongue gather up the slender straws. "Just like a man," she told him: "you need a lot of waiting on." And she wondered if now she ever would have a man of her own who needed waiting on.

Thinking of the bull reminded her that one of his first calves was due to be born any day now, and after she carried the milk to the house she walked out in the brown pasture where the heifers stayed. Seven of them came eagerly toward her, hoping to be let in by the barn where

Liberty Presents a Stark and Lovely Little Masterpiece of Writing . . . The Story of a Love that Was Lost



"Just like a man," she told him: "you need a lot of waiting on."

they could smell hay. There should be eight, and Annie was suddenly excited, knowing that if one had gone off by herself it would be to hide away and bear a calf.

She hunted among the willows by the rocky creek bed, and soon she saw the little Jersey moving about, brushing her tortured body against the willow branches. It was her first calf. Instinct did not seem to help her, for she was fighting against the pains and not working with them, as Nature should have told her to do. Like a horse she was sweating, and flies were biting her, and she turned frightened eyes to Annie and groaned softly.

Most times the heifers had little trouble; usually their calves came in the night, unaided. But this heifer had always been nervous and flighty; she was too highly bred. A pure-bred Jersey is like a temperamental woman, thought Annie scornfully.

SHE talked softly and soothed the creature, for she had "a way" with animals, and soon the beast knelt, bending her knees and pulling her back legs up under her, straining with the pains now. This is what marriage comes to, thought Annie; but that did not dismay her; she would have liked to have had Antone's child; she would not fuss as the heifer had done and as Antone's city woman probably would do. This was the way of Nature, and quite fitting and proper; only sorrow and pain made things worth having.

At last the heifer stood up, and the calf slid to the dry grass. Its mother, with low sounds, turned to clean it off. Now the calf was born she knew how to care for it.

It was a beautiful calf, delicately shaped, like a fawn; with petal-like ears and great deep eyes. It was Jersey colored, like its mother; but it was a bull, and when it grew sturdy and fat it would be hit over the head and butchered for veal. It was a pity, thought Annie, after its mother had suffered so to bear it; but that too was the way of life.

Now her thoughts turned again to Antone. Did he think of her at all this day? How could he stand up and be married to a strange woman without thoughts of Annie coming between them, like stealthy shadows in a half-forgotten house? How could he keep from running away from the church and hurrying up the valley as eagerly as he had done a year ago after his work was finished at night? . . . So many things had passed between them. Quick quarrels and hesitant sweet reconciliations—he was so stubborn you had to manage him carefully. His very blue eyes could smolder until they looked dark, and he had a way of half covering them with his lids and squinting out at you through yellow lashes.

THERE had been a night—a whole year ago—after a picnic, when they had left the others and wandered off to lose themselves in a live-oak grove. They had hidden even from the moon's face. Whispering, "I'm crazy about you, Annie," he sent his big hard hands searching the curve of her virgin breasts, and she had had to turn her head away so he would not know how her breath was coming quick and warm, and she fought his hands lest he feel how her heart was pounding and struggling. Because she wanted him so badly she denied him, for a wise girl knows a man will not want what is easily had, and if he could have her this way he would never want to marry her.

And he had said what was cruel and untrue: "You are like an iceberg, Annie; you can't be a real woman." And she hardly able to breathe for wanting him! Maybe this other girl had let him have her long ago, or kept him thinking always that he could have her soon. Which was the better way?

It was after that picnic that they had quarreled again, and he had gone away; but she knew he would be coming back, just as he had always done. She would put on a clean dress in the evenings and sit on the front porch and wait, and it was a long time before she realized that he wasn't coming back. People told her that he was drinking a lot, and taking a different girl to the Saturday-night dance each week.

Then one day she rode down the valley and saw the timbers of a fourth house beside the houses of Antone's brothers, and she trembled, for it must be for him—all the others were married. She sat on her horse a long time, staring at the skeleton house. Some one should have told her.

And this Sunday, with bells ringing across the hot valley, was Antone's wedding day and not her own.

After the noon work was done, and her father gone upstairs to take his Sunday-afternoon nap, there seemed a time when the day stood still. But gradually the shadows leaned toward the east, and she went out to bring the heifer and the little bull to the barn. She put the bull in the calf pen, where the others nosed it wonderingly, and the young mother stood lowing at it, watching it over the fence. She had better get used to being without it, then she wouldn't grieve so when it was butchered.

It was time now to call the milch cows in from pasture. They came gladly, thinking of hay. What good simple lives they led! It was almost a comfort to care for them, to finish the night work, and know that everything was fed and contented while hill shadows leaned down and the slow stars kindled.

Cooler now, with a little wind stirring up the valley, and after the dishes were done nothing to do but stand on the back porch and watch a harvest moon mount the hills. A beautiful wedding night. Annie crept upstairs and lay without sleeping on her narrow virginal bed.

THE END

Why These Airplane *CRASHES?*

by SWANEE TAYLOR

Are the Pilots Themselves Most to Blame?—A Veteran Flyer Attacks the Problem with Sensational Frankness

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

IT is a galling admission to make, but 99:44 per cent of all air-line crashes are due to pilot error. This is so true that now, for the first time in flying history, aviators are voicing a unanimous opinion. Every last one of hundreds I've talked with agrees vehemently that sloppy flying is the fundamental cause. However, you don't have to take our word for it.

Let's take the six possible places the fault may lie: the Machine, the Instruments, the Weather, the Government, the Management, and the Man.

First, the Machine: There isn't a stick of evidence against any airplane which is operated correctly.

Next, the Instruments: Navigational instruments, when thoughtfully used—and not trusted too much—may well be found blameless. They are merely aids to navigation and make no pretense of infallibility. Besides, even if the instruments do "go out" all at once (something yet to happen), a smart pilot—one who has kept in practice flying by the seat of his pants—can work out of such a predicament with comparative ease.

Next, the Weather: There has been so much loose talk about this that every one is beginning to think that all ships should be grounded in anything worse than a heavy dew. But present-day civilization demands that transportation meet and best the elements, and that goes for the flying machine, the swiftest carrier of them all. In this regard I wish to go on record as having said that aircraft has mastered every climatic condition *except fog.*

Why then, you ask, do most of the accidents occur in soupy weather? Well, we'll take that up later. Meanwhile, it must be stated that the weather-reporting service in our United States is superlatively vile. This branch is woefully undermanned, starved for funds, and generally hampered by official indifference. Most of the observers are enthusiastic volunteers utterly untrained and unpracticed in meteorology. Few of them can tell within 3,000 feet the height of a ceiling, and the total staff handling airways weather is a pitiful little band of sixty-five souls. Again, however, you don't have to take my word. Witness, please, the fact that all the major air lines have their own weather stations!

No, the Weather isn't the culprit.

The Government, however, deserves some attention. When the air lines came into existence we who had taken part in blazing the trail felt that our labor had not been in vain. But the joy was short. The Government jumped in, or on, with both feet. The Post Office Department, through its Postmaster General, arbitrarily drove hard contracts with the several lines. Those who demurred were squelched. Then, with a change in administration, came the cancellation of these contracts. After which followed "investigations," which resulted only in publicity for certain political ambitions. None the less, each "investigation" handed the industry a body blow.

The Bureau of Air Commerce, in the meantime, became torn by an especially vicious inside-politics situation. The President appointed an Assistant Secretary of Commerce, Colonel J. Monroe Johnson, to iron out the difficulties. Instead there arose a squabble between Colonel Johnson and Senator Royal S. Copeland of the Senate Air Safety Committee. Now, Senator Copeland is one of the very few in Congress who know anything about aviation. And he is dead in earnest about getting flying forever out of politics. However, I'm afraid that his colleagues and the brass hats in Washington will be loath to let go of a swelling pork barrel until the people of this country rise up and demand it. Until this is done, incidentally, some killing will continue.

Then, the government clings devoutly to the radio beam. This beam is a thin wall of short-wave impulse which is aimed out over the course. It extends for a hundred miles or so, at best, and spreads in width as it weakens and dies. Of course they have installed an interlocking chain of beam stations, with "check beams" along the airways. But if one of them gets to swinging, there goes your chain's weakest link.

For quite some years seagoing people, the United States Navy, the Coast Guard, and Pan American Airways have relied on stationary shore stations for accurate navigation. This is accomplished by means of two "direction-finder" stations. Not only is the process utterly reliable, swift, and accurate, but it lifts a heavy burden off the shoulders of the already overworked pilot.

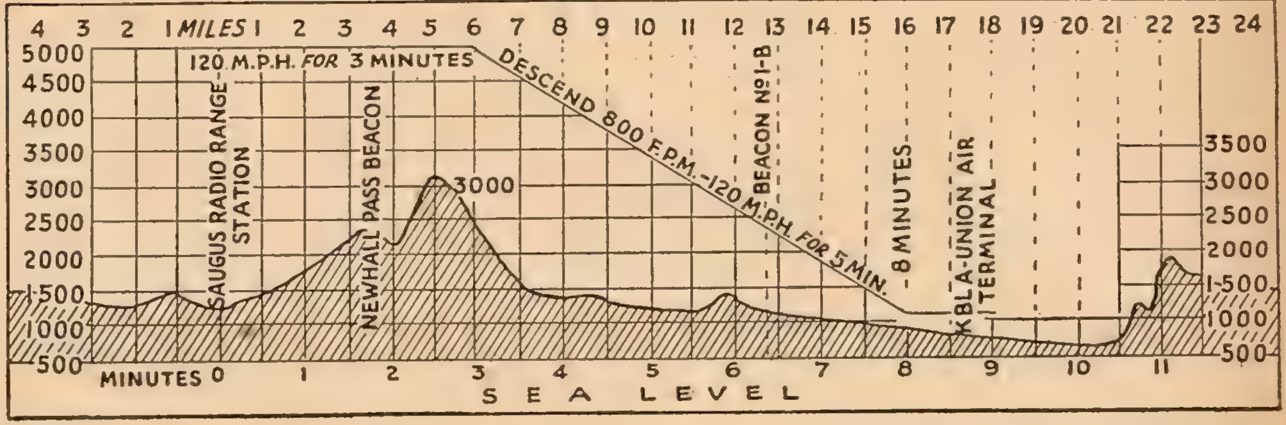
Next, the Management: About the only charge which will stick, in this instance, is that of timidity. The equipment, planes and motors, are the best in the world; the operating policies are very sound; and the cry that the Management is guilty of trying to fly through impossible weather is groundless. For one thing, the Air Commerce Act definitely tells them what they can and can't do.

The timidity spoken of is caused by a tendency to lean over backward, particularly where the Government and the pilots are concerned. As to the pilots, the Management is a mite afraid of what the National Labor Relations Board might say. Therefore, pilots who want to take chances, or falsify position reports, do so without the slightest interference from the company.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

Too far out on the limb to think calmly, he forgets about his low altitude and the mountains.

Below: The TWA Approach System from Saugus to Los Angeles. "You will notice the requirement for the pilot to pass over the Saugus Range Station at 5,000 feet. This gives him virtually 2,000 feet over the highest peak."



And now for the Man:

Los Angeles has been in the crack-up picture of late, so let me call your attention to the accompanying reproduction of the TWA Approach System from Saugus to KBLA (Union Air Terminal) Range Station. This approach to Los Angeles is identical with that employed by all air lines.

You will notice that the altitude approach requirement is for the pilot to pass over the Saugus Range Station at 5,000 feet. This gives him virtually 2,000 feet over the highest peak. And how can a man hit a 3,100-foot mountain if he's flying where he's supposed to fly? It is no excuse if he's off the beam, because one of aviation's oldest saws is that altitude spells safety.

Why should a man be below the required altitude? His only possible excuse is too much work to perform in flight. The pilots have plenty to do, all right. It is too much for one man, or two men. Something frequently has to be neglected, and it's generally navigation. (An unanswerable argument for ground-navigation control.)

Pilots are also made of the same substance as other people. Let's take a *purely hypothetical* yet typical case. A pilot named Joe is scheduled to take out the sundown trip. Of late the weather has been terrible and he's been canceled out on his last two trips. As a result he has been quarreling with his wife about money matters. Tonight Joe is determined to get through at all costs. He'll show her! So out he goes into sloppy weather.

Ordinarily Joe is a conscientious good pilot. But his temperamental equipment is spotty. When he's unhappy both his brain and his reflexes grow numb. Climbing up through the overcast, he breaks through at 3,000 feet and with a deep growl he turns to his logbooks. He has to draw so heavily on his power of concentration that he neglects to follow the beam. The poor copilot hears it fade away but doesn't dare to say a word. They get way off their course long before they hit the bad stuff.

Being off course doesn't bother Joe. He radios a position report that is something like thirty miles, and he gives his altitude as 7,000 feet—a meaningless lie. What the hell, he mutters; he'll pick up the high pile of clouds in about twenty minutes and he'll be over Mount Calamity. Then in another twenty-five minutes he'll see the smudge of smoke in the clouds and that'll be Cleveland.

Joe never gets to see that pile of clouds over Mount Calamity. The clouds he does see dimly contain lots of sleet and snow. Soon he's in the grip of the storm and the compass starts spinning and he loses his direction.

So far Joe has committed a couple of blunders and is in a mild mess. He still can get out safely with just a little headwork. However, he isn't thinking at all.

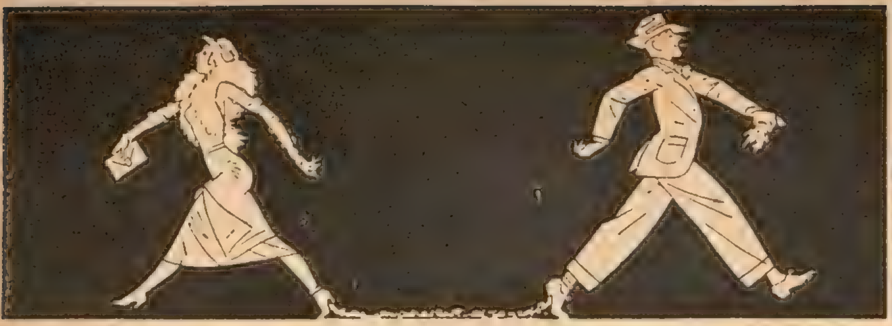
Being off the beam, his first problem is to get back on it. More irritation . . . he'll show her! Of course he knows that all he has to do to pick up some sort of beam, at least a "checking beam," is to fly straight ahead in *any direction* for ten or fifteen minutes. Moodily he glues his eye on the Sperry artificial horizon, to hold her straight and level, and plows ahead.

The rain static is terrific, and all he gets in his ears is a whine. Deep down within him, he knows what to do in such a case: throttle down to around 100 m. p. h. so he won't pick up quite so many raindrops and thus have a better chance to hear the beam signal. It still isn't a critical situation. If Joe will only reduce his speed he can locate himself and lick the storm. Or, if the static is too bad, he has only to climb for altitude and fly straight ahead for less than an hour and he will be out of it.

But Joe is too far out on the limb to begin thinking calmly. He forgets all about his low altitude and the mountains to the south. So he mills around in the storm, cursing the beam and muttering, "I'll show her!"

After a while a mountain peak way south of his course gets in the way. And that's that. And the newspapers go wild with explanations—all save the true one.

THE END



FREEDOM IN MARRIAGE?

It's the Bunk!

A Mere Man Speaks: The More Wedlock Changes, the More It's the Same, He Asks You to Believe

by THOMAS EDGELOW

MEN have always had freedom in marriage. Then the women decided they wanted it, yelled for it—got it! And what have they attained?

Laugh as you will, old-fashioned romantic love was rather swell, rather sweet, and infinitely worth while! It was the only lovely true thing which essentially belonged to women, and when they fling it away from them, what do they get in return? Putting it vulgarly, generally they get a kick in the pants!

Sometime in the mid 1920s Judge Ben Lindsey—or so it is held—invented a thing called Companionate Marriage. It was grand-sounding stuff and it went big with the Sunday editions. Parents not infrequently took up the idea with some warmth. Mummy and dad had been terribly if secretly worried about Junior ever since he started to shave. They knew in their heart of hearts that boys would be boys. Far worse from mummy's point of view, those modern girls most certainly would be girls! With a companionate marriage, Junior could still live at home where mummy could keep an eye on him, and yet for week ends or vacations he could take the second car and go off quite righteously with that nice sweet girl Susie.

Of late, the companionate marriage has changed to what so naïvely today is called "freedom," where husband and wife have each other's permission to forget those vows that included fidelity.

"I would not for all the world let my husband feel tied to me in this day and age," a modern wife confided not long ago. "If George couldn't feel utterly free to go out with his pretty secretary or any friend, I'd be utterly ashamed of myself as a wife. Of course I take the same freedom that I give."

A few days later I bumped into that husband in a bar around cocktail time.

"This freedom stuff in marriage isn't what it's cracked up to be, feller," he said after a bit. "Take tonight as an example. I am tired out and would like to go home to a quiet evening and an early bed. But I can't, because Helen is having a boy friend of hers to the house to dinner and then they are going on to a show and to dance. They would be polite about it, but I should feel in the way. After all, we married with that understanding—no jealousy, no questions asked. So I have dated a dizzy blonde. If I don't yawn in her face at dinner, it will be because I have taken enough drinks to keep going."

"Why not go home and sling this fellow out by the seat of his pants?" I asked him.

"Because I'm not a piker," he said. "Excuse me. There's my dinner date." And he hurried across the room to greet a very pretty girl who had just come in.

I don't imagine it will be long now before I hear that George and his wife are on the road to freedom in Reno.

Jack and Jill went up the hill of matrimony carrying a pailful of freedom. Nice decent young folk, living in a prosperous suburb outside a big Midwestern city. Jack had some job to do with automobiles and was pulling down six thousand a year. Jill had gone East to college, passing with high honors and digesting a lot of modern junk about "self-expression."

It was Jill's bright idea that she and Jack should have absolute liberty in marriage. She read all the modern fiction and Jack never read anything but his newspaper and the trade journals.

After the honeymoon they settled down in a nice modern bungalow. It was Jill's idea that they should begin with separate bedrooms. She explained that it was the modern way, and when she would be out late, as she expected to be, she didn't want to disturb Jack on her return. Jack didn't like it, but he was very much in love and easily beaten down any time Jill put on her Park Avenue accent and drawled, "Really, de-ah, must you be quite so primitive?"

Before long Jill met a man who was not much older than her mother, a polished, charming individual who had some standing among architects. "It's so inspiring," she told Jack, "to have a man friend who can talk about something else than his golf handicap. I intend seeing a whole lot of him this summer."

When Jack growled something about a warm desire to paste somebody in the mug, Jill laughed patronizingly and begged Jack "not to behave like a hundred-per-cent Babbitt with a small-town inferiority complex."

There wasn't anything very unexpected in the end of it all. Jill saw her elderly admirer far too often for either Jack's peace of mind or the boosting of his ego, and there was a lot of dirt dished at the bar of the country club.

Then Jack met a sophisticated alimony collector who was putting in a season between husbands, and she soon saw what was ailing Jack and supplied the necessary understanding and ego-lifting to restore him to his own self-respect.

After the lawyers had pocketed their fees, and after both Jack and Jill had tired of their companions in adventure, they probably felt very lonely and miserable.

The worst of the thing is that while it may have started among "intellectuals," today it has reached the backbone of the country. It can be detected in Wyanoaka, Arkansas, or Tippecanoe, Indiana, while its tentacles stretch out toward Madawaska, Maine, and San Ysidro, California.

THE END

...And Anyway, WHO WANTS IT?

A Feminine View—with Some Possibly Helpful Hints for Husbands Who Don't Beat Their Wives

by

FRANCESCA DOANE

A WOMAN whom I knew when I was a child used to speak of "the Mister" in the tone of voice with which one speaks of a personage removed from the ordinary and humdrum affairs of everyday living.

One day I discovered that "the Mister" was her husband, and after that I found myself unable to look upon his lordly bearing with my previous half-fearful respect. At that time a father was, to me, a lovely person to know and have around; a lover was some one you thought about with little secret wondering thrills of delight; but a husband was a more or less prosaic being who in some inexplicable way was allied with the stork against mother, and the rest of the time was engrossed in keeping the wolf from the door.

Now that I have grown up I am confronted often by the thought that, in the present relation of the sexes, we women have developed an attitude toward our lords and masters that partakes somewhat of my own naïve and childish psychology; an attitude bound to be inimical to general happiness.

How many of us look up to our husbands or give them credit for being more to us than household pets or good providers? Our thrills we seek elsewhere. Our idols don't wear shabby and familiar bathrobes or putter about the yard or disregard Sunday-morning chin whiskers.

"What is wrong with marriage today?" I asked a middle-aged woman who has successfully reared a fatherless family. "You were a happy wife. Why is it that men are different today?"

My friend looked thoughtfully at me for a moment. "Men have changed," she said finally. "But women are to blame. They have grown too self-sufficient. They believe they have everything in themselves. And to a certain extent they are right. Look at you and your friends. You are successful wage earners. You don't need men to support you. And you'd resent giving up your jobs and being supported. Men know that as well as you do. And it's done something to their morale. They feel you don't lean on them, and that very fact is destructive to their sense of superiority."

Is it true? Is the head of the family no longer able to dominate, to be master within his own four walls? I believe this to be so. I am convinced that the modern female is more deadly than the male because she is no longer motivated by a desire to serve, and the reason for this last is that there is no one to demand that she shall serve.

The average wife today is in supreme control of the household, of the children, and the leisure of her husband.

How many of the latter do you know who plan, or are permitted to plan, what shall be done with the hours they spend away from business? (Can this have anything to do, I wonder, with the little-boy glee and abandon with which the so-called tired business man occasionally spends a stolen evening in town merely to play a little without supervision?)

But whatever has occasioned this turnabout in the relationships of men and women, of wives and husbands, I believe that down underneath the veneer with which centuries of civilized living have coated primitive instincts, the yearning is still there for the male to overpower—the female to be overpowered.

For there's no dodging the fact that the modern and so-called emancipated woman is bored and discontented today and has too much spare time for her own good. No longer does one man amuse her or hold her interest or, for that matter, her respect. She is constantly on the alert for new conquests, new thrills, any kind of surcease from boredom, any sort of respite from the consuming restlessness which is the price she is forced to pay for the new order of things.

I'm here to state my beliefs in the hope that the men who read this article will awaken to the fact that they have failed us, that they no longer satisfy us as lovers or husbands, that they have turned us into spoiled babies who want to have our cake and eat it too.

We look at you, our men, and we sigh for the days that are no more. It's up to you.

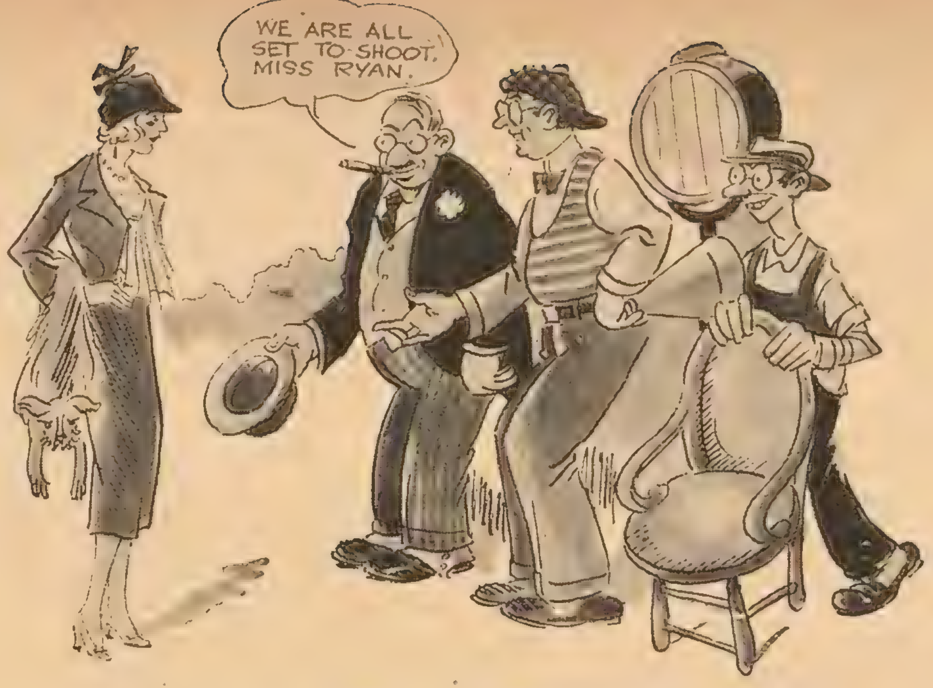
The other day a man I know, fed up with the inaccessibility of his pretty and pampered wife, came home and in her presence kissed the comely pink-cheeked waitress because, as he put it, he felt in an affectionate mood, and "Mary had no paint on her lips."

A friend of mine recently told me with a strange little glint in her eye that her husband had hurled their dinner on the floor because he was fed up with delicatessen food purchased on her way home from the bridge game. At that moment she was carrying home a bag of vegetables and a piece of beef for an Irish stew.

"It's so long since I've made a stew," she said earnestly, "I'm afraid I've forgotten the knack." (She hasn't forgotten, but it will probably ruin her beautiful long-pointed fingernails.)

I believe the time is ripe for you men to develop hair on the chest again, authority in your voice, and that look in your eye which sends us women scrambling and skittering to do as we are told. But it won't be easy.

THE END


WE ARE ALL SET TO SHOOT, MISS RYAN.

On reaching the studio, I was received like Garbo.

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Wherein the Affairs of Ginger's Heart Seem at Long Last to Be Nearing a Crisis

Words and Picture

by BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Hollywood, Cal.

SOCKO O'BRIEN,
The New York Sports & Carnage Club, New York.

Dear Socko:

Oh, boy, have *I* had a hectic month?

Listen, silly, in my last letter I told you that production had stopped on our big musical girl picture because the bankers—Allowishus DeKay and Ida M. Dizzy—had been tossed into the bastile for unloading a ton of foney oil stock on the prarie comedians. That little fox pass left me jobless, broke, and pacing the floor. Well, just as I was pacing it for the sixty-fifth time, there came a knock on my door. On opening it, who ankled in, but a messenger boy with this wire:

GINGER RYAN
VINE STREET
HOLLYWOOD CAL
PLEASE REPORT TO STATIC STUDIO AT ONCE FOR WORK ON HOLLYWOOD EXTRA STOP CORPORATION REORGANIZED
MAX GOLDMAN

Feature that grand flock of news! Oh, was I floating?

Really, there's no happy medium in this sunkissed village of Cinema. Nohow. You're either sitting *out in front* with the *big babies*, or else back on the *breadline* with all the *bums*.

On reaching the studio, I was received like Garbo. I couldn't have been more popular if I had invented a cure for double chins. I was immediately ushered into the private domane of Max Goldman—the new producer. On looking me over—all but my face—he presented me with a contract to play the *dance leads* at 300 bucks the week. Think of it!

Later, when I put the pump on Jack Dawson—my good looking dancing partner—about it, he just grinned like a sap and hinted that maybe Max Goldman was this and that about me.

For three solid weeks after that Jack and I did nothing else but slave night and day. We rehearsed routines, invented steps and went without sleep.

A few days after the picture was finished, who came storming into my room, but Watson and Twist.

"Allow me to congratulate you, my dear, on your sudden and un-expected rise to fame," teed off Watson. "I think it is miraculous that such a beautiful and talented girl should reach the meridean of the cinema profession at so early an age."

"He means," cut in Twist, "that you've knocked the customers for a row of box offices. Last night, our squawkie was pre-viewed in the sticks and *you* stole the show. No kidding, you're a *sensation!* You're scheduled for a bang-up Hollywood opening!"

"Cut the comedy," I gasped. "Come clean!"

"Okay," retorted Twist. "Last summer, I sold your boy friend a little coupon that entitled him to a chance on a nag that was to run in the Irish sweep's. By dumb luck the nag came home with two hundred and fifty grand on his snozzle. When Jack got his dukes on the dough, he re-financed the unfinished picture. Get it?"

"What?" I screamed. "Do you mean to tell me he won a sweep's prize and never told me anything about it?"

"'At's what happened," laughed Twist. "What's more, he made a proviso in the contract that *you* were to play the leading dance parts and he made us promise not to tell *you* anything about it."

"Well, if all this is true," I asked, bewildered, "who is this guy Max Goldman?"

"He's just a *ham*," laughed Twist. "We ribbed him up to play the part of the *banker*. He was the stooge."

Oh, was my face red.

Well, I don't know whether to fly into Jack's arms and thank him for what he's done for me, or what?

Cheerio, GINGER.

Miss Ginger Ryan,
Vine Street,
Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Ginger:

Lissen, I just got your letter telling me about that dizzy hoofer who's trying to give me the run-around. If he thinks he's going to win you over by finagling you into pictures, the valve in his head is sticky. For four-bits I'd hop out there and lay him like a lawn.

And another thing, since when did *you* go high-hat? I guess you forget the days when *you* used to peddle oil-cloth brazziers in the 5 & 10 and I used to drive the coal truck? You wer'nt very up-stage then, were you? In those days you was dammed glad to split a hamberger or take a trolley ride to Coney for a whirl.

If you think you can get places by horsing around with that snapshot hero instead of marrying a swell guy like me, why, thats your funeral.

Don't think I'm conseated or nothing, I'm just tipping you off before its too late.

It might interest you to know that I've got the greatest chance of my life to become the Worlds *Champ* next Saturday night at the Garden. Yes, and to win me *twenty-five grand* to boot, so you'd better stick around!

According to Jack Downey—my manager—he's got me slated to step ten frames with some colored guy by the name of Slamson. He says he's a pushover. After I put him to sleep in the first or second, I'll hop a crate for Follywood and me and you will get spliced.

Until then, your ever loving pal, SOCKO.

The love letters from Socko and Ginger will end in an early issue. Don't miss the windup. It's a honey!

DRY...that's the way knowing drinkers like their whiskey

DISCOVER for yourself the tang of a whiskey-and-soda made with a truly *dry* whiskey like Paul Jones—a deep-flavored hearty whiskey without even a trace of sweetness in its gloriously brisk flavor.

This quality of dryness in Paul Jones has always appealed to men who like their whiskey—and their cocktails—crisp and clean-flavored.

And it is the preference of *such* men for Paul Jones that has made it famous as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" since 1865.

★ ★

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Old Oscar Pepper brand (90 proof), Mattingly & Moore (90 proof), all blends of straight whiskies.

★ ★

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES – 92 PROOF

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES
Paul Jones
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A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC
ONE QUART

Paul Jones

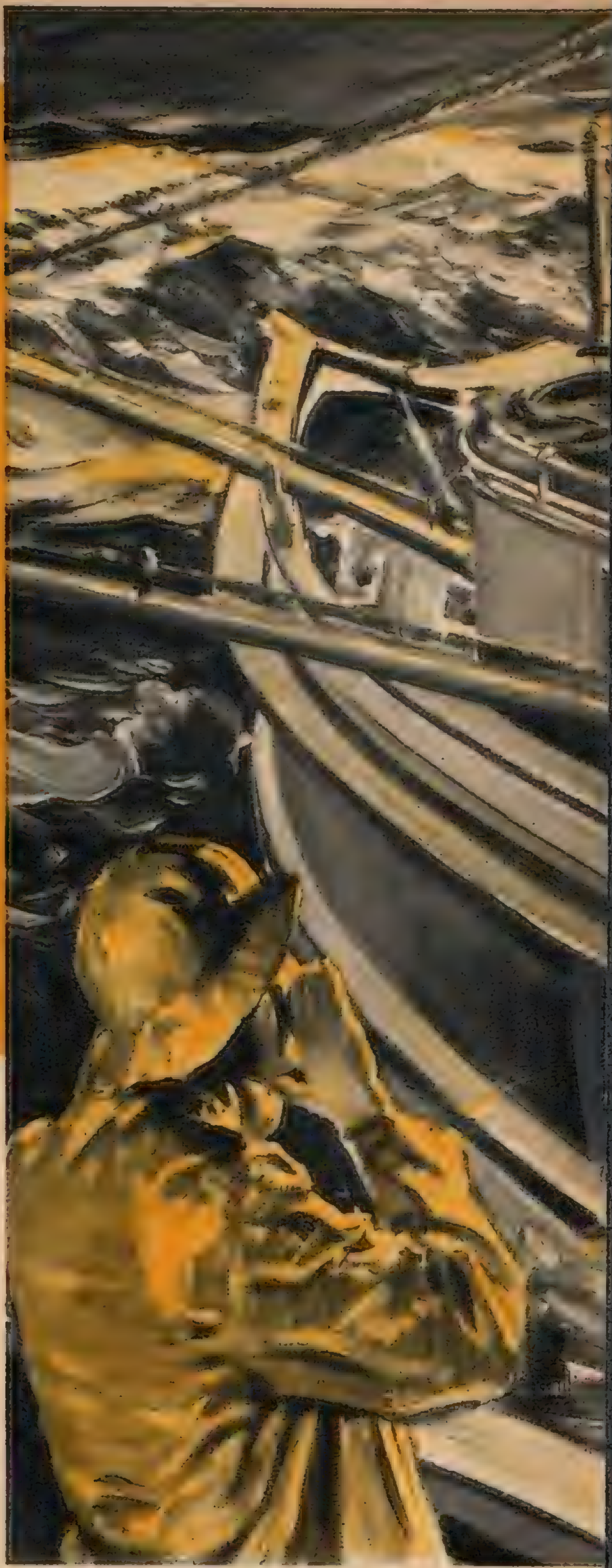
A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

THOUSAND DOLLAR *Trip*

by ROBERT E. PINKERTON

Remember Tom and Arne and the Helga? Here They Are Again, in a New, Roaring Tale of the Sea

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS



The Fish Hawk came alongside. Karl Holand called: "Arne's boy Tommy is sick."

SOMEWHERE in that long journey from the Alaska Peninsula the great swells had spent their savagery. They still marched in mighty stride, but without threat, and the little salmon troller Helga, tied to the ocean floor by a thousand feet of Manila line, accepted the proffered truce. She rolled, tugged at her cable, yet was at rest.

Tom Engdal, swaying easily to lift and lunge as he stood on her afterdeck, was wholly unaware of the mountainous rollers climbing against the dim horizon, or of the swooping anchor lights of other trolling vessels scattered across miles of surging water. Something as old as the sea itself turned the slow stiff machinery of his mind. Superstition, ingrained in the souls of fishermen, brought its eerie pressure to bear, while faith of a man in his own strength and in the strength of comradeship battled fiercely against it.

Arne Nielsen, partner of a dozen years, called him to supper. In the tiny cabin Arne's cheerless face aroused a desperate effort to compel the high spirits and reckless confidence they had always known.

"Glass steady, sky fine!" Tom's great voice boomed. "Now we get fish, feller! All this bad luck you talk about is hull down astern the Helga now."

Always before Arne had provided the gaiety.

"Hard luck's got a lot o' power," Arne Nielsen said now. "It can catch us any time it wants to."

"Hah!" Tom battled the thought. "No such thing as luck. Work hard, watch things, be careful, and you catch fish."

Arne looked up resentfully. "Careful? Wasn't we plenty careful to be inside the twenty-fathom line when we anchored in the fog last season? It wasn't our fault the Mount Olympus got five miles off her course and cut the old Helga in two and put me in the hospital for five months."

But Tom pursued his new-found theory.

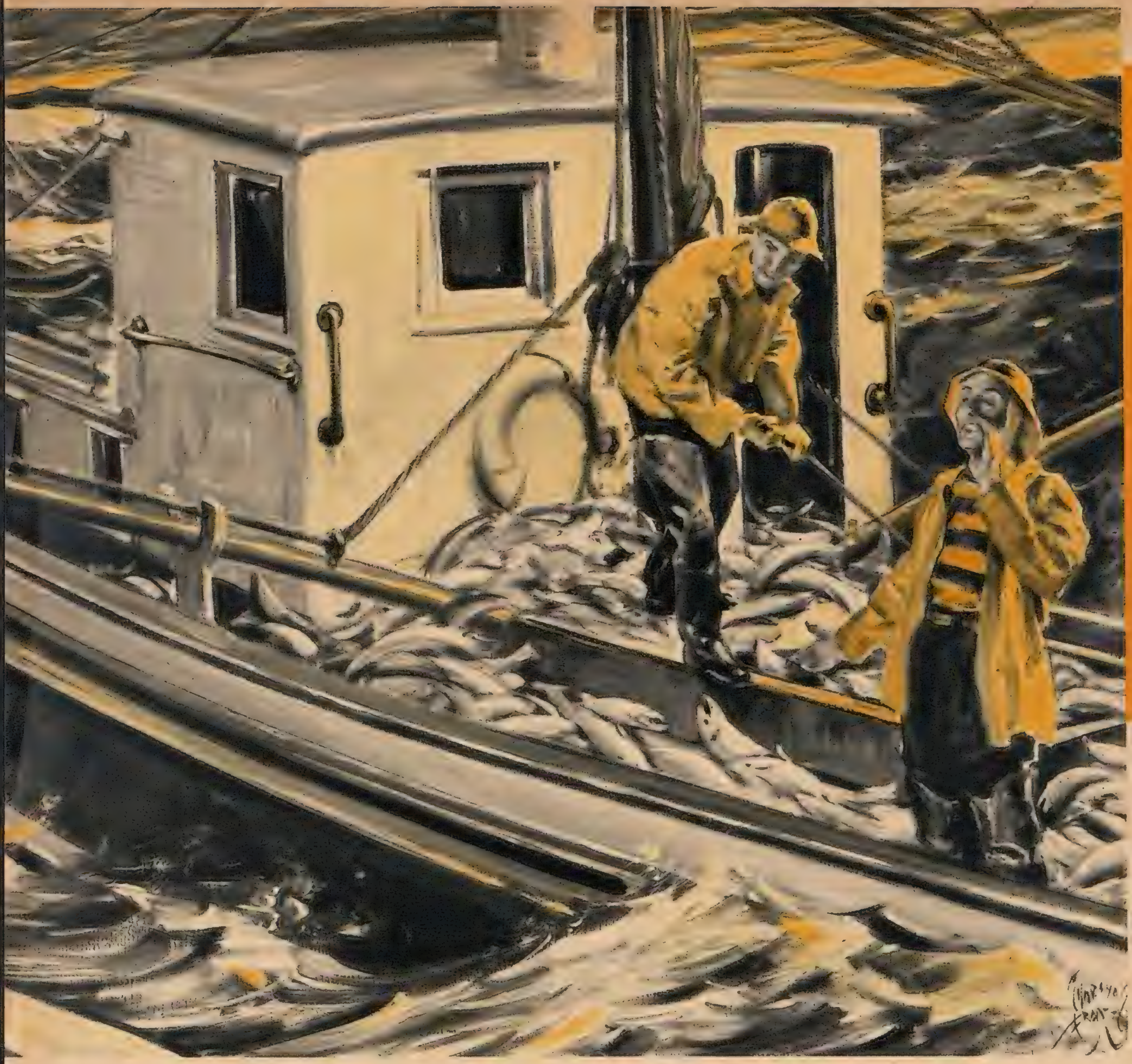
"If I cut my hand dressin' fish, is that bad luck or am I just a clumsy kelper?" he demanded.

"And it wasn't Helga's fault a fool Swede started a brush fire and the wind carried it to her barn and burned it and nearly all her milk cows," Arne persisted. "Since I married her she's worried about brush fires even when it rains. Helga's always careful. So that was just bad luck."

Tom could not find a ready answer, and Arne rushed on:

"Is it our fault prices are higher than ever before and the new Helga costs us twice what the old one did? And why ain't we takin' fish now? Season half over, and all we've done is scratch to get the boat paid for."

"Trouble is, we ain't been thinkin' fish," Tom contended. "You been worryin'. Maybe I been, too. You got to keep thinkin' fish all the time to get 'em. And things don't just happen. You make 'em happen. That's what we're



goin' to do. We'll get us a thousand-dollar trip, Arne. Maybe a couple of 'em."

"We could use more'n that," Arne said. "Nothing in the bank, Helga's place mortgaged, winter to think about."

Next day Tom wakened at three, had sixteen hooks trailing in the first light, and at once they began to take fish. Big salmon.

They took a thousand pounds that day, as much the next, and then lack of ice drove them to Neah Bay.

"You go below and write Helga to tell Tommy how we're doin'," Tom said as they began the hundred-mile journey.

"And Tommy only a year old?" Arne scoffed, though he grinned too.

"A year!" Tom protested hotly. "He'll be two in October. Only three months now. And he's smart. Never one smarter. Wasn't 'boat' the first word he said? He's goin' to make a fisherman, that boy, and we can't go home and tell him we had a bum season."

Tom Engdal could talk for an hour on the physical and mental superiority of his namesake, though in his entire life the big fisherman had never strung together more than a hundred words on any other subject.

They sold their fish for almost four hundred dollars. It was the best trip of the season, and they sent three hundred of it to Seattle as final payment on the Helga.

"Now we go and make some more good luck happen," Tom exulted.

Half a gale was blowing from the southeast and the glass was still dropping, but Tom and Arne drove the Helga out into the open sea and on through the night. Once on the banks, they rode out the gale, set gear when the tall poles were threshing violently, and almost at once they began to take fish.

Late that night they finished dressing and icing twenty-five hundred pounds. Riding lights of half a dozen craft were now in sight.

They were up at three. Fish came so fast they had no time to dress and ice them. They scarcely noticed that the sea was no longer empty, that Neah Bay had emptied itself after the gale and two hundred trollers were roam-

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

ing Forty Mile Bank. They did not look up from their work until the Fish Hawk, her gear not set, came alongside.

"Thought you'd be around here," Karl Holand called. "There come a message. Charley Swan asked me to find you. Arne's wife sent a telegram. She wants Arne to go to a hospital in Seattle. His boy Tommy is sick."

Slow thinking Tom was the first to recover.

"Get in this gear!" he bellowed, and leaped to action.

When the seven lines were on deck, Tom opened the throttle and shoved Arne toward the wheel.

"Pachena Light!" he commanded. "We go straight in. I'll clean up."

The big man labored furiously, stowing gear, lifting the tall poles, making everything snug. He ripped into the fish, dressing, hurling the offal overside the Helga like a gray cloud. He iced the salmon in the hold, battened down the hatch, working as if his speed would shorten the distance to Seattle.

Down the long jagged coast of Vancouver Island the Helga plowed through a heaving sea. Arne and Tom stood their tricks at the wheel. They cooked, ate; but rarely did they speak. Night came and they plowed on, bucking a tide in Juan de Fuca Strait. It was noon when they tied up in Seattle; an hour later before they found the hospital.

Helga, frightened, could not tell what had happened and only increased their fear. Not one nurse but two uncompromisingly forbade entrance to the sickroom.

"It won't hurt for me just to look at him!" Tom protested; but they stood ominously firm.

The doctor was more discerning.

"I must make you understand," he said, after looking at the stricken faces of the two fishermen. "The boy suffers from a very rare disease. We have had only one case here. We know practically nothing about it. We cannot help him."

"You mean you're goin' to let him die?" The cry was wrung from Tom.

"Which is the father?" the doctor asked.

"Arne here," Tom answered. "But Tommy's named after me and there ain't a smarter—"

The doctor was not listening. "There is a chance," he said to Arne. "He can get help in Baltimore. They have done some marvelous things with this. A nurse must accompany him."

"And me!" Helga exclaimed passionately. "I won't let him go with strangers."

"You go," Arne said firmly. "But Baltimore! And a hospital!" In sudden terror he looked at the doctor. "How much?"

"Fares, Pullman, meals, laboratory work—it will run high. Twelve to fifteen hundred."

IN defense against the terror that twisted the faces before him, the doctor retreated behind a barrage of medical terms. His words were unintelligible but they conveyed inescapable facts.

"If you're tryin' to say Tommy's goin' to die, say it!" Tom bellowed. "All we want to know is, can them Baltimore doctors fix him up?"

"The chances are excellent," was the reply.

"When's he got to go?"

"I would not let him start in less than a week or ten days."

"Hah!" Tom snorted. "We got three hundred and fifty dollars' worth o' fish in the Helga now. Come on, Arne. We go out and get us a thousand-dollar trip."

"Do you mean you can catch a thousand dollars' worth of salmon in a week?" the doctor demanded in astonishment.

"We've done it in less," Tom answered. "Twice Arne 'n' me's done it. We been high boat off Flattery two seasons. Doc, you get things ready. It can happen again. We can make it happen!"

He dragged Arne from the hospital.

They sold their fish, kept fifty dollars for expenses, gave the rest to Helga, and began the long run to Neah Bay. Tide and a westerly breeze held them back, and it was late the next day when they had taken on five hundred gallons of gas, two tons of ice, and food for ten days.

For two nights and three days the Helga had been under way almost constantly. Neither Tom nor Arne had slept much. Their faces were haggard, their lips tight. Yet they put out to sea at once.

Tom, at the wheel, held close to Tatoosh Island to catch the last of the ebb and avoid the flood on Swiftsure. The sun, a red ball, dropped low. As Tom glanced at it he started. Across it streamed a thin black wavering line.

"There'll be a run off Umatilla Reef!" Tom shouted down the companionway. "Birds headin' south."

Before dawn Tom found patches of gulls and divers asleep on the sea far out past the steamship lanes. He was at the wheel, Arne asleep below.

When the first light came and the motor was throttled to two and a half knots, Tom had sixteen bright spoons darting in the dark depths of the sea.

Five minutes later he was bellowing for Arne.

Fish! They fought fish as they never had before. Tom and Arne did not pause. They rarely ate. Cotton gloves were shredded and their toughened hands bled. Their legs were bruised by the coaming of the fishing well as the Helga lunged and rolled. Yet they fought on in an ecstasy that only fishermen know.

FOR three days that mad nightmare of toil and achievement continued. Then they lost the run. Savage and implacable, Tom drove southeast across a great submarine valley, and found the fish again off Destruction Island. There, the morning of the fifth day, they folded their poles.

"Hah!" Tom snorted. "We show them Baltimore doctors!"

"You had it right, Tom," Arne said. "A thousand-dollar trip."

Tom chuckled. "And now Tommy comes back all well."

It was the first time the boy's name had been mentioned. They had not dared speak of him. To them, his fate had been hanging in a delicate balance which any untoward thing might disturb. Now they thought of him only as well again, and they chafed as the Helga wallowed her heavy way to the cape and around into Neah Bay.

Two hundred kelpers were anchored there, safe from the Pacific's threat, and thirty or forty deep-sea trollers in from the banks. Slipping through the entrance, sails furled and under power, was a small schooner yacht. She came to anchor at the edge of the fleet.

"Lake Union sailors," Tom chuckled. "And they'll go back and tell how they cooked on the side of the stove."

"Polaris," Arne read the name on the stern. "A man couldn't fall overside from her. He'd catch his feet in them halyards lyin' around."

At the scow, the fish buyer, Charley Swan, stared without belief.

"You rob some other troller?" he demanded.

Tom and Arne forked nearly two tons of salmon on to the scow before they lifted the hatch. They labored through sunset, on into the night, and the whole lift of victory was necessary to drive exhausted bodies.

"I guess, Arne, we have to sleep a bit before we go to Seattle," Tom said when they had finished.

Arne nodded. Their achievement was behind them. Even Charley Swan's excited comment on the fact that he was paying $1,079.35 for their fish did not rouse them. They took the money, went to their moorings, wolfed down bread and butter and corned beef, tumbled into their berths. It was eleven o'clock. Arne set the alarm for three.

"Get us to Seattle by night," he said.

They slept instantly. They did not hear soft footsteps in the companionway. Tom's eyes opened only to the blinding glare of a flashlight held close to his face.

"Take it easy," a harsh voice warned. "Lie face down and fold your hands on your back."

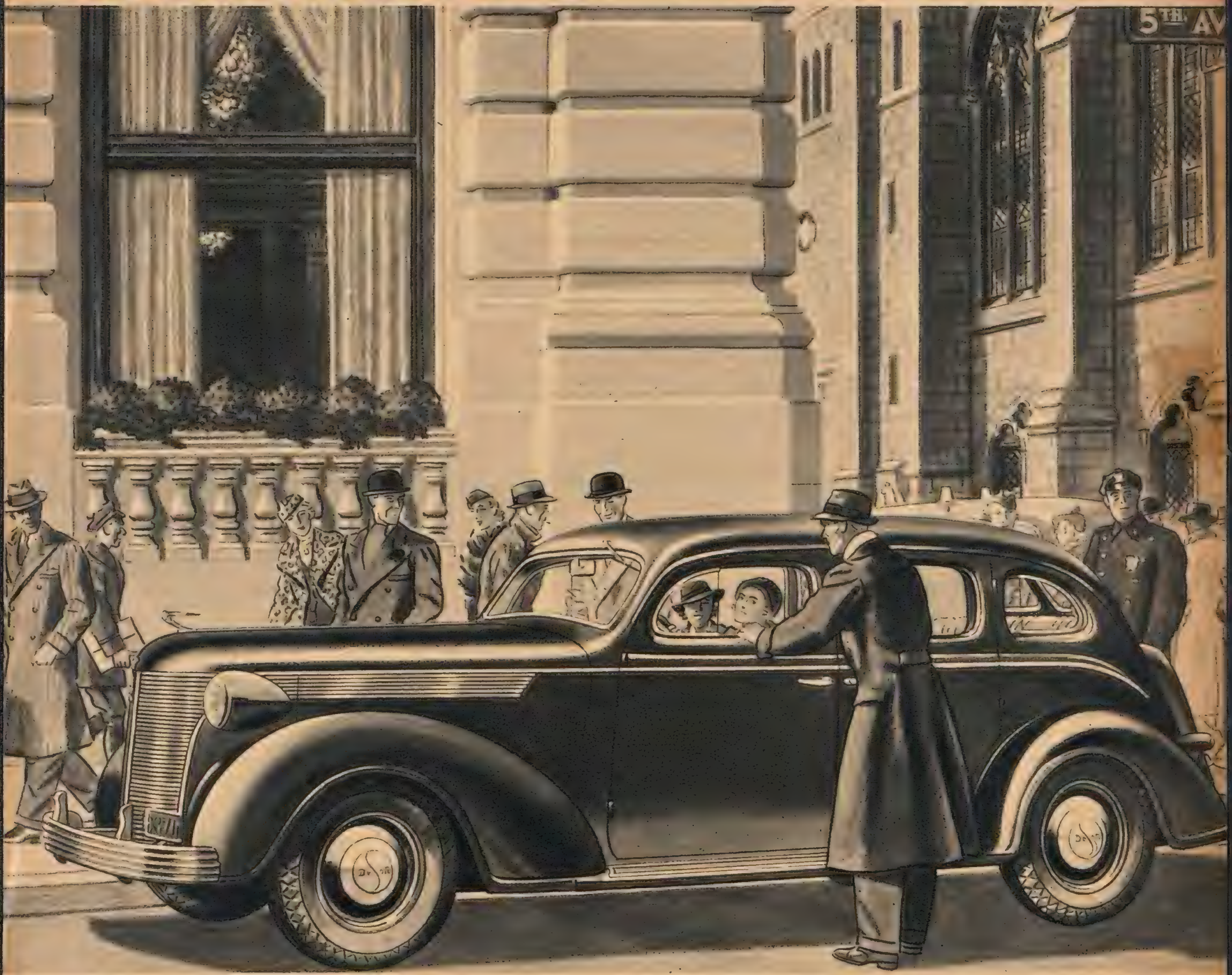
Tom heaved himself upright, but a gun crashed against the side of his head and he fell back.

Later he opened his eyes to see a beam of light exploring the lockers. His legs and wrists were tightly bound, his mouth gagged. Two figures moved in the reflected glow.

"Got it!" a voice exclaimed with a peculiar squeak of excitement.

(Continued on page 28)

NOT WEALTHY..
JUST WISE



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AMERICA'S SMARTEST LOW-PRICED CAR

DE SOTO

Now Priced just above the Lowest

(Continued from page 26)

“Come on, then,” another growled.

Tom struggled as feet retreated up the companionway. He could hear Arne writhing above him. Both worked desperately. Tom, for all his strength, could do nothing in his narrow bunk.

Arne was successful after long effort. He released Tom, but when they were on their feet neither spoke. The money was gone.

Shouts came from near-by boats. Oars clattered. Hope rushed Tom and Arne to the deck, only to learn that other trollers had been robbed. Men were going from craft to craft to release possible victims. Lights gleamed across the bay. Excited voices called from hundreds of decks. Nothing like this had ever happened to the Cape Flattery fleet. Gangsterism had stretched its slimy fingers into the violent but clean sea.

Men rowed to the fish scow, and Tom and Arne joined them.

“It's the gang that's been robbin' banks from Olympia all the way up the sound,” Charley Swan said. “Use a fast cruising boat. Seattle papers call 'em the ‘yacht bandits.’”

“‘Yacht bandits’!” a fisherman scoffed. “Those thieves didn't know anything about boats. Can't handle rope. Gunnar Larsen was tied with granny knots.”

“Don't have to know much about knots to run one of them fast cruisers,” the skipper of the fish carrier said. “I saw this one off Point No Point one night. Leastways, she was doin' about thirty. Underwater exhaust, and she went past like a ghost.”

“Every bank robbed was on salt water, you'll notice,” Charley Swan added. “And here tonight they went aboard only four boats, and them the ones that made big catches. Like the Helga.”

“Tough luck, boys,” Karl Holand of the Fish Hawk said.

“All we're gettin' for a year now is tough luck,” Arne snarled savagely. “And Tommy dyin'!”

“If they're wise they'll quit,” Charley said. “Nobody's tried that game before. Now people are watching. And there's a thousand-dollar reward for 'em, dead or alive.”

Tom Engdal heard only with his ears. He was crushed not by the loss but by Tommy's fate.

“None smarter,” the big man muttered. “And strong! Always talkin' about boats, too. Finest kid—”

Charley Swan's words reached through to his numbed brain at last. A familiar phrase started his thoughts. “Thousand-dollar—” Not “trip.” “Reward.”

He grasped Arne by an arm, and Arne, stunned and beaten, did not resist as he was led to the dinghy and rowed out to the Helga.

The big man cooked breakfast. They ate in silence. Tom's mind was busy, but as he finished eating, Arne slumped forward on to the table.

“Got to rest first,” Tom muttered. “Big job.”

He rolled Arne into the lower berth and climbed with difficulty to the upper. In the afternoon he wakened, but for a moment he lay with mind empty. When thought came, he jumped up and shook Arne.

“WE can get trusted for gas!” he bellowed.

“Gas for what?” Arne demanded bitterly.

“This next trip. The doc said five days yet.”

“Only three times in twelve years did we hit a run o' fish like—”

“Fish!” Tom snorted. “We ain't goin' after fish. We're goin' after them dirty thieves. Didn't you hear Charley say there's a reward? A thousand dollars, feller! There's our trip! There's Tommy livin'!”

Arne swung himself out of the berth. It was mad. He knew it was. But he could not say it when such savage resolution blazed from his partner's eyes.

They went to the oil float and filled their gas tanks.

“Now that rifle Charley uses to pot seals with,” Tom said before they pulled away.

“I'd lend you boys anything, but this is too crazy,” Charley Swan said. “They're killers. You got no chance!”

“Tommy ain't got a chance in Seattle,” Tom retorted.

“Give us the gun,” Arne added harshly.

They drove the Helga to Port Angeles. At midnight they crept down the water front. Trolling craft were there, and many gas boats, but nothing that promised speed.

“We're early,” Tom said. “What they do is run in late, rob a bank, and get away before daylight. It'll be here or Port Townsend. They've hit every other town.”

“But thirty knots—” Arne began.

“I've seen them fast gas boats in boat yards,” Tom scoffed. “Built like an apple box. I ain't countin' on the rifle so much. They've got to anchor, and the Helga could cut 'em in two and not scratch her paint.”

“Good night for 'em,” Arne said. “Plenty dark.”

They anchored where a street led up to the largest bank, and both remained on watch. No craft could approach from the strait without being seen. Yet dawn came and nothing had happened.

“Too dusty outside for 'em,” Arne said drearily. “I'm turnin' in for a bit.”

Tom remained in the wheelhouse. In daylight he studied the many craft in the harbor. He recognized a schooner as the Polaris, which he had seen in Neah Bay. No one appeared on the yacht's decks.

BEFORE eight o'clock Tom ran in to a float and put Arne ashore.

“They might 'a' tackled Port Townsend last night,” he said. “You get the news.”

A paired tinkle of bells came down the wind, and Tom saw ensigns and club burgees rising on the yachts. Except on the Polaris. Five men cluttered her deck and, to Tom's amazement, they began to raise the mainsail. Two strained at the winch. Halyards were snarled. Suddenly the anchor was broken loose before mainsail and jib were set. The Polaris was adrift.

Tom grinned as she came down sternfirst. Men shouted and cursed. One voice was a shrill squeak. A sail filled, threatened to blow out. Then suddenly she was away on the starboard tack, halyards trailing, her dinghy fast to the traveler.

“Too much canvas,” Tom muttered. “Them yacht boys!”

It was nearly half an hour before his partner appeared.

“We missed 'em,” Arne began at once. “They robbed a bank here last night. Bank people just found it out. And they killed a watchman.”

“But no boat came into harbor!” Tom protested.

“It's the same bunch, though. I saw the watchman. Tied with granny knots like we were.”

“Then they don't use any fast boat,” Tom said dully as he turned and looked across the strait. “We got no—”

He stopped and stared.

“Cast off!” he barked as he ducked below to start the motor. Water boiled under the stern as they backed out.

“See across the spit, outside?” And he pointed. “Mains'l, fores'l, and jib! They'd reef with granny knots. Headin' for Victoria on the British side. We'll get 'em there!”

“What you talkin' about?” Arne demanded in astonishment.

“Them dirty thieves! In the Polaris. She was in Neah Bay two nights ago. Granny knots all over her. She was here last night. Painter made fast with a granny knot! And they didn't belong with those yacht-club boats!” Tom rushed on. “Didn't raise flags with 'em. Anchored close in, they could row ashore under the pier. So we never saw 'em. And the feller who got our money. Remember how his voice squeaked? I heard him when they got under way. Only I never did think fast.”

Arne arranged all these disjointed facts.

“We ought to 'a' known it in Neah Bay yesterday morning!” he exclaimed with sudden excitement. “Or if we could 'a' seen it was the Polaris last night. And they wasn't so green, using a sailing yacht instead of a speedboat. Nobody'd think of that.”

When the Helga reached the end of the spit fifteen minutes later, the Polaris was not heading due north for Victoria but northwestward.

“That's why they use a schooner!” Arne exclaimed. “They can go to California in her. Can go to Mexico. We got to get back and tell the coast guard.”

“And miss out on that

(Continued on page 30)

It's twice as much fun —*to telephone*

A telephone call doubles the pleasure of hearing from people. You hear them . . . they hear you! It's a voice-to-voice visit that gives assurance as well as happiness and cheer. When Dad's away . . . youngsters in college . . . relatives scattered across the country—the telephone is a constant bond of personal, two-way happiness. It's fun to use Long Distance.

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An inexpensive bedside extension telephone is a step and energy saver. Ask your local telephone office.

(Continued from page 28)

thousand dollars?" Tom roared. "They ain't headin' out to sea, anyhow. Lubbers like them would be scared to. There's that inlet beyond Race Rocks—Sooke. They'll duck in there. Coast guard can't follow 'em to the British side. Nobody from the States can—except us."

He watched the Polaris through the glasses.

"Listen, Arne!" he exclaimed. "We know it's them, the dirty thieves that robbed little Tommy. They're only four miles ahead of us. They're green, and we been livin' on the sea all our lives. What if they have got guns? They can't shoot in a slop like this. And they're carrying too much sail. Glass still goin' down. This'll get to be a breeze and somethin' will happen to 'em sure. Better'n havin' 'em in some small harbor. Why, Arne, we've got 'em right where we want 'em!"

Tom Engdal was jubilant. He was dominant. The force and vigor that had carried them from the hospital to those mad successful days far off Umatilla, all his remorseless drive, had returned. He had no doubts now. He had no fears.

The very breath of his revived confidence carried Arne with him.

"And look!" Tom roared as he held out two great hands with thick swollen fingers crooked—hands that could crush and rend. "I got to get these on 'em! When I think o' Tommy—what they did to him—"

"Sure!" Arne said harshly. "I want my crack too."

LIBERTY WILL PAY $1,000

to the author of the best short short story published in its pages between August 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937. . . . To six others will go further payments, raising the total to

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Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of Liberty upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories. This is not a contest—all writers are eligible. There are no special rules. Rejected contributions will be returned provided sufficient postage AND a self-addressed envelope are enclosed. Simply address your manuscript to Short Short Editor, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

They were off Race Rocks at eleven o'clock, and at noon they knew Tom had been wrong. The Polaris was racing westward before the wind blowing down the strait.

"Sooke's too close to Victoria for 'em," Tom said. "But there's Port San Juan across from Neah Bay. They'll duck in there until this blows over and then start south."

"South's where they're goin'," Arne agreed. "They knew things was gettin' hot, only they'd be fools to go outside now."

But late in the afternoon the Polaris left Port San Juan astern when she changed her course to south of west.

"They're puttin' out to sea!" Arne exclaimed.

Tom studied the schooner through the glasses.

"All right," he said harshly. "We'll follow. We'll follow long's they're afloat."

"But we ain't gained any. When dark comes they can go anywhere. We could find China quicker'n we could find them."

Tom did not comment. He looked at the barometer and the low driving sky, at the great waves that rushed up astern. The same force played from his eyes. His broad red face had lost none of its unaccustomed hardness.

"WE'LL follow 'em!" he shouted suddenly. "Glass startin' up. That schooner's got to hold the port tack she's on, and hold it close. That'll take her way offshore, straight sou'west o' Swiftsure Lightship. But about daylight this wind will switch to sou'west and it'll be some breeze for a bit. What's men who use granny knots goin' to do then? She's got too much canvas on her now. When that wind switches to sou'west about daylight the sticks'll come out of her. And we're goin' to be around!"

Tom's reasoning was sound, though his calculations were subject to too great variation in a gale and thick weather.

But Arne could not escape his partner's flaming resolution. It seemed to animate the Helga herself as she plunged on into the open sea and met the storm that roared up the coast.

"It's our only chance," Arne agreed.

All night they drove on in the darkness. The wind increased. They could not hold their course. They could not estimate their own position, and chance of error grew.

And then, when dawn came and the wind switched to southwest, the gusts were so violent and prolonged they were forced to ease up on the power and lie hove to.

"But that got 'em!" Tom shouted jubilantly. "Sticks are out of her now."

All their skill and all the Helga's sturdiness were tested in the next two hours. Great seas rushed at the little craft with a fury like that of a live thing.

Not until six o'clock did the wind begin to ease off. Two hours later they dared run before the dying gale and begin the search.

Tom Engdal's spirits leaped. After more than twenty-four hours his tenacity had not slackened.

"We'll find 'em anyhow!" he exclaimed when rain squalls hit the sea. "Cuttin' back and forth, we can cover a lot o' water while they're driftin'."

They ran north, then east, north again. Both men stood constant watch.

Each time they rode to the crest of a great swell they strained their eyes against the spindrift.

They did not stop to eat; they gave little heed to time. The wind fell rapidly toward noon and the sky cleared. They could see far now. But the sea remained empty.

THROUGH the afternoon they kept on, ranging far. They rarely spoke. Weariness dragged at their racked bodies, and at last it reached their spirits. When six o'clock came, Tom suddenly laid down the binoculars and stared at the great swells rushing up astern.

"I'll stand watch," Arne said gently. "You go and cook."

"You was right," Tom said in an empty voice. "We should 'a' told the coast guard. They're headin' for Mexico, or sunk."

"She's too husky a boat," Arne insisted. "Only hittin' a rock would sink her."

Tom cooked supper. The wind had died; the great rollers marched on. The sea no longer threatened. It need not. Its emptiness was enough to crush the spirit.

Slowly Arne turned the bow eastward.

He watched the compass swing, settle, then looked ahead.

"Tom!" he yelled. "Sticks out o' her! Like you said!"

The big man stormed up the companionway. His hands trembled as he held the glasses. The Helga soared to a crest.

"I guess that's what you'd call good luck," Tom said huskily.

Ten minutes later they surged up to a wallowing derelict. A green yacht bottom rolled into view. They hailed, but no one came on deck.

"Put me aboard her," Tom said, his teeth clenched.

It was dangerous, bringing the two craft close on those great swells; but Arne could handle the Helga with delicate precision. He nosed up, waited his chance, moved closer. Tom leaped from the bow and tumbled into the cockpit.

Arne backed quickly away. He saw the schooner's hatch slide open and a face appear—a face gray beneath black stubble. Arne even heard "Thank God!" in a voice that squeaked.

"Hah!" Tom Engdal roared, and he swung a great fist. A heave of the sea added force to his blow, and the man draped across the cockpit coaming.

Tom went down the companionway.

Five minutes passed. Arne hung off and on with growing fear.

Ten minutes, and the Helga circled the wreck. In no way, Arne knew, could he get aboard the Polaris.

Then Tom appeared. His arms were loaded with rifles, automatic pistols, and a submachine gun, all of which he hurled into the sea.

He went below again, came up with hammer and nails.

He spiked down the forward hatch and the skylights. He tossed the unconscious bandit down the companionway and spiked the slide. He cut loose the trailing rigging; pulled out twenty fathoms of chain cable and made it fast to the bitts; bent a heavy hawser on the end and led it aft.

Arne understood and edged close. Tom took a long chance in that high rolling sea and leaped to the Helga's bow, with a large black leather bag in one hand and a heaving line in the other.

Seamen, they acted at once. The hawser was made fast and the Helga turned eastward. Only when they had their prize towing properly did Tom speak.

"See me hit him?" the big man roared exultantly. "That was for Tommy. Down below I hit one for you and one for Helga. One for me too. Only I let mine talk first. They was goin' to Mexico—scared because they knew they'd killed that watchman. Then the only one who could really sail was lost overboard by Swiftsure last night. This one offered five thousand dollars if we'd tow 'em into some hole on Vancouver Island. They was pretty sick an' awful scared. Steerin' gear smashed and they couldn't start the gas engine. And wouldn't that 'a' been a trip, Arne? Five thousand dollars!"

ALL the strain and worry were gone from Tom's face. Only the deep lines of fatigue remained, and they merged with those of his wide grin.

"Now Tommy goes to Baltimore!" he shouted. "Here!"

He opened the black bag. It was crammed with bank notes. Tom pulled out a package of fifty-dollar bills and thumbed through to count twenty. He pulled out another fifty, a twenty, and a ten, and then from his trousers he drew some silver, counted sixty-five cents, tossed the coins into the bag and closed it.

"There!" he bellowed as he thrust the money at Arne. "Just what Charley Swan paid us — $1,079.35. There's our thousand-dollar trip, feller! And the reward will make another thousand. Besides"—and he looked aft to where the Polaris was wallowing astern—"we've got a line fast to a good wreck, and that means a lot o' salvage."

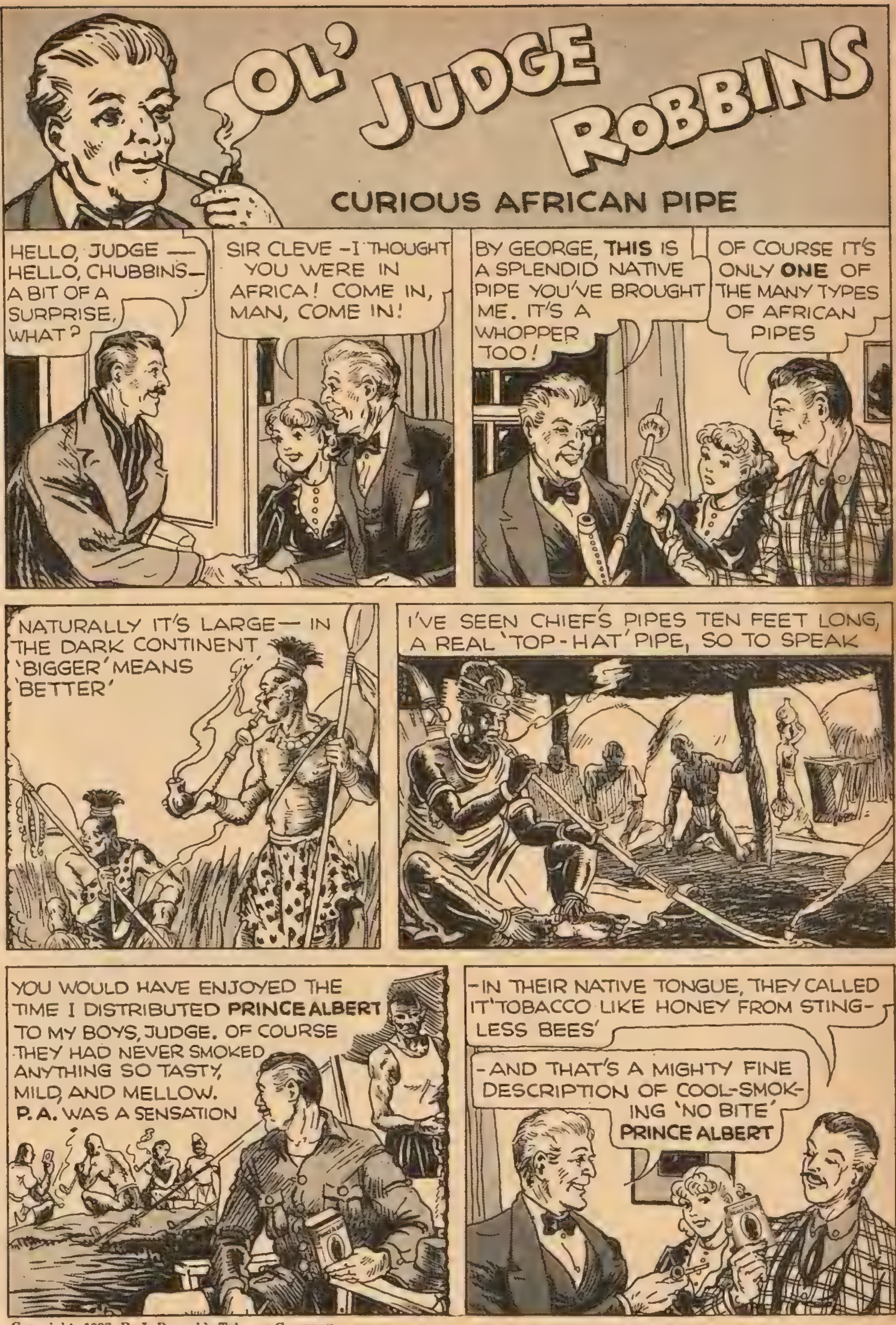
"Yes," Arne said quietly. "It's goin' to be a good season, Tom. You made it happen."

"Aw, our luck changed, is all," Tom chuckled. "Now listen, Arne. Soon's we get to Neah Bay, you take that money and hire a car. A boat's too slow to Seattle. And you get on that train with Tommy. Helga's got sense, but it needs a man. I'll take care o' these dirty thieves and the reward and the salvage and the fishin'. You stay in Baltimore till you can bring Tommy back — sound and able."

"That's the way Tommy'll come back," Arne said huskily.

And Tommy did.

THE END


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
CURIOUS AFRICAN PIPE
HELLO, JUDGE — HELLO, CHUBBINS — A BIT OF A SURPRISE, WHAT?
SIR CLEVE - I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN AFRICA! COME IN, MAN, COME IN!
BY GEORGE, THIS IS A SPLENDID NATIVE PIPE YOU'VE BROUGHT ME. IT'S A WHOPPER TOO!
OF COURSE IT'S ONLY ONE OF THE MANY TYPES OF AFRICAN PIPES
NATURALLY IT'S LARGE— IN THE DARK CONTINENT 'BIGGER' MEANS 'BETTER'
I'VE SEEN CHIEF'S PIPES TEN FEET LONG, A REAL 'TOP-HAT' PIPE, SO TO SPEAK
YOU WOULD HAVE ENJOYED THE TIME I DISTRIBUTED PRINCE ALBERT TO MY BOYS, JUDGE. OF COURSE THEY HAD NEVER SMOKED ANYTHING SO TASTY, MILD, AND MELLOW. P. A. WAS A SENSATION
-IN THEIR NATIVE TONGUE, THEY CALLED IT 'TOBACCO LIKE HONEY FROM STINGLESS BEES'
-AND THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE DESCRIPTION OF COOL-SMOKING 'NO BITE' PRINCE ALBERT

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CRIMP CUT
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AND, PARDNER, IT'S A MIGHTY FINE 'MAKIN'S' TOBACCO TOO

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PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

THERE are times when the best of our Hollywood stars have trouble with their tears—movie scenes in which they are supposed to weep but can't help laughing instead. Constance Bennett is no exception. One day she didn't feel a bit like crying, finally worked up the mood—then a fat electrician tripped over a wire, fell kerflop at her feet, set her off in an incurable fit of the giggles.

"Certain directors," she told me, "are extra hard to cry for. They're so comic to look at."

She named one director who has a habit of twirling his bushy eyebrows as though they were mustaches. Few of the stars can cry successfully for him. They have to laugh.

Constance Bennett comes from a theatrical family. Her father is Richard Bennett, the actor-manager. Her sisters are Joan and Barbara, both of screen and stage fame. The entire Bennett tribe used to tour around in an old Locomobile, with a dog, a cat, a canary in a cage, and a bowl of goldfish. But the goldfish were forever slipping out of their bowl and gliding around in the car, so Papa Bennett made the girls give them away. "It broke our hearts," says Connie.

Told me the chief property man is always popular at any Hollywood studio because he keeps himself supplied with favorite brands of cigarettes smoked by the leading stars and the director. Miss Bennett refuses to quaff champagne in her pictures. "It's a fake," she declares. "They give us ginger ale."

CONSTANCE BENNETT

● Students at Swarthmore College are scientifically observing the reactions of anger. Every time they get mad they pull out their notebooks, jot down the causes and symptoms of the attack. Dr. Edwin Newman devised this method of research in experimental and child psychology. Good for him! But can he improve on the scheme employed by an old-fashioned mother of my acquaintance when her little girl went into a tantrum of rage? The little girl was a howler, a kicker and screamer, a natural-born nuisance. Drove every one crazy until her mother hit upon the idea of holding a mirror up in front of the turbulent child. As soon as the little girl saw herself in the mirror, saw how she looked with her face aboil with fury, she was shocked—so shocked that she hushed her noise then and there. Vanity is strong medicine for violent young females.

● A girl I know is engaged to a young man who works in a women's shoe store. She's a reasonable girl, not unduly jealous, but she isn't very quick-witted. Sort of a slow, serious type. And *what* do you think she has been worrying about? She has been worrying about her legs, wondering if they will suit her young man; because, as she put it, "He must see so many nice ones in his business."

To ease her mind, he suggested that she visit the store, watch him work awhile. She did, and she feels better now.

"I guess mine will be all right," she said. "He sees so many bad ones, too."

● Soft light from dozens of real wax candles fascinated me in the old brownstone house recently acquired by Maybelle Manning, smart New York couturière. Admiring the candles, I didn't understand how they could burn with such a steady gleam. Dug my spyglass out of my handbag and took a closer look. Yes, they were genuinely made of wax, but wired and fitted with tiny flame-shaped electric bulbs. Something new! A young engineer invented them; is to be congratulated for solving a problem long bothersome to hostesses. All women appreciate the flattery of candlelight, but the expense and inconvenience of guttering candles has limited their use. Now we can bask in candlelight to our hearts' content—without spoiling our furniture, our carpets, our tempers.

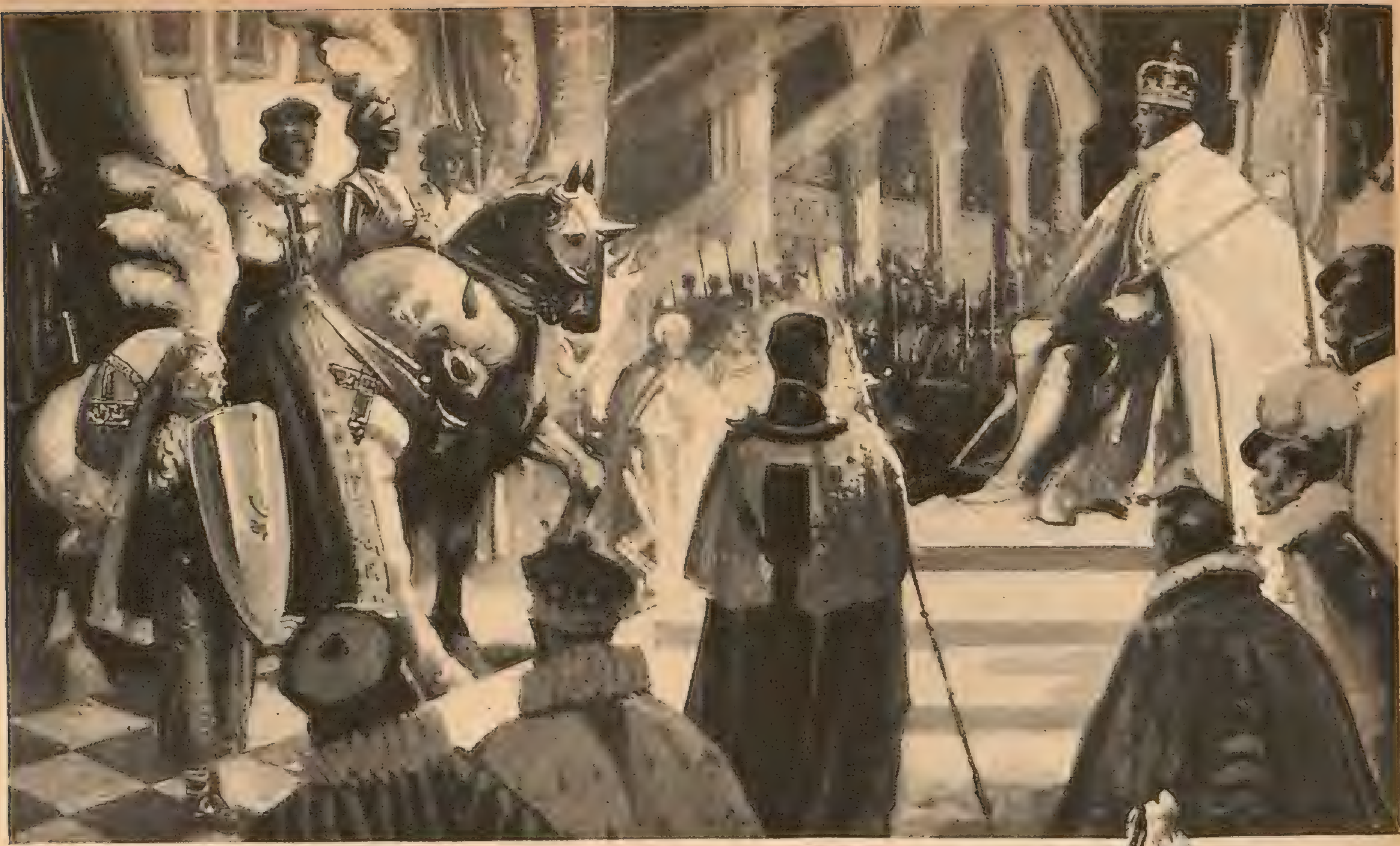
● Of late we American women have been concerned so emotionally about the private lives of the British royal family that we ought now to take sides, perhaps, in the newest controversy going on over there—the question as to whether England's new king, George VI, should or should not grow a beard like his father before him. Older ladies of London say they prefer their king bearded if possible; but girls of the younger British generation say *they'd* rather keep him smooth-faced. How do you feel about it? Do you want him with a beard or without?

● If you like novels of small-town romance you will enjoy Lee Shippey's new book, The Girl Who Wanted Experience. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company.)

● This coconut dessert was brand-new to me when I tasted it last week at the home of a friend. I thought it delicious; promptly begged for the recipe.

It's called Honolulu Queen Pudding, and here's how it's made:

Mix together 1 cup grated coconut (fresh or canned), 3 tablespoons fresh bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup milk, 1 cup seedless raisins, ½ cup sugar, the well beaten yolks of 2 eggs, and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven with baking dish set in pan of hot water. Spread with warm apricot jam topped by a meringue made with the whites of eggs. Return to oven and brown lightly. Serve warm, not hot.



No longer does the King's Champion ride a charger into Westminster Hall. But the Coronation Chair, St. Edward's Chair, has been the same for six centuries.

CORONATION SECRETS

Past and Future

by

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

The Fascinating Inside Story of All that Lies Behind 1937's Most Colorful and Significant Ceremonial

PART TWO—AN OATH . . AND TWO ANSWERS

AND it came to pass in the time of Moses the Lawgiver that Pharaoh Orus ruled over Egypt; and in the Pharaoh's court one day appeared a young Greek, Gathelus, son of Cecrops, King of Athens, who shortly

BANKS FURNACE sprains ankle

Son applies Absorbine Jr. at once Brings Quick Relief

WRITES O. H.,* of Oak Park, Ill., "I was on the way down the cellar stairs to bank the furnace for the night and I slipped on the last step. A terrific pain shot through my ankle and up my leg. Just managed to hobble upstairs. My son got the bottle of Absorbine Jr. from the bathroom—rubbed it on my ankle and by morning the swelling and pain were practically reduced to nothing."

You, too, will find in good old Absorbine Jr. a wonderful family liniment. Many doctors and nurses and clinics recommend it highly for sprains and strains, sore muscles, muscular rheumatic pains. And it's a world-famous treatment for destroying the fungus of Athlete's Foot.

Get a bottle today. Your druggist has it. $1.25 a bottle and thrifty because a little goes so far. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

ON May 12 King George VI will be crowned in Westminster Abbey. His own coronation will be the third in his lifetime. He was present in the royal box at those of his grandfather, Edward VII, in 1902, and his father, George V, in 1911. At the latter he was by no means the most conspicuous of the royal children. That role belonged to his elder brother David, then Prince of Wales, recently King Edward VIII. How much in evidence, as a ghostly presence, will the abdicated Edward be during the coming coronation ceremonial? That question Mr. Collins considered last week as he described the King's ride to the Abbey in the historic coach of gold and glass, the salute upon his entrance, his formal presentation to the assembled nobles by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and their answering shout of " God save the King! "

married Pharaoh's daughter, one Scota.

From Moses, Gathelus heard the tale of the Stone of Luz, which Jacob had brought with him into Egypt, and the supernatural power it possessed—that it was, in fact, the very " pillow of stone " on which the patriarch had slept when he dreamed of the ladder which led to heaven.

The story so impressed Gathelus that he and Scota secretly seized the stone from its hiding place in the Israelite quarter of the city, and—putting their children and retainers and the fateful Stone of Luz on board a small fleet in the Nile—slipped by night quietly out into the Mediterranean.

The flotilla reached the southwest coast of the Spanish peninsula beyond Gibraltar. From there Scota and Gathelus and their company moved north by land until the Stone of Luz rested in Brigantium. There the descendants of Gathelus and Scota ruled, and there was first fulfilled the prophecy:

Except old sawes do faile
And wizards' wits be blind,
The Scots in place must reign
Where they this stone shall find.

In the seventh century before Christ the descendants of Scota again set sail, and with them went the stone, which finally came to rest on Ireland's Tara Hill. There it remained for over a thousand years. So, apart from the well known legend of this stone having been used by Jacob as a pillow at Bethel, the history of Lia Fail, as the Irish called it, can be traced with certainty from the time it rested at Cashel Cathedral as the coronation seat for the kings of Munster.

A FAMOUS fighting Scotsman named Fergus drew down upon his fiery head all the Irish curses known at that time by taking Lia Fail to his capital at Dunstaffnage, where he and his descendants used it for their coronations. In course of time Kenneth II became King of all Scotland, and for this coronation he had the Stone of Destiny removed to Scone.

Finally, when Edward I of England came to Scotland, he saw the stone, liked it and, for no other reason, had it brought to Westminster, where it arrived in 1296, to become a regular part of the royal regalia.

Edward refused to sit on the stone itself, and ordered a special throne to be made with a receptacle beneath the seat for Lia Fail. This oak chair, which cost Edward I a little more than £7, came to be called St. Edward's Chair, and although it shows signs of many repairs, it has always been regarded as part of the regalia.

The only English monarch who objected to St. Edward's Chair was Queen Mary Tudor, and she had a seat of her own sent over from Rome after being blessed by the Pope. King George VI, who is strongly Church of England, will make no such objection.

The rest of the coronation regalia—the crown, the scepter, etc.—will be deposited as usual on the Abbey altar. Two bishops, vested in copes, will sing the Litany, and then the Archbishop of Canterbury will begin the Communion service with:

" O God, Who providest for Thy people by Thy power, and rulest over them in love: Grant unto this Thy servant George, our King, the spirit of wisdom and government, that being devoted unto Thee with all his heart, he may so wisely govern this kingdom, that in his time Thy Church and people may continue in safety and prosperity."

As the sermon opens, certain movements will begin unobtrusively in the coronation theater.

The King, who has remained uncovered during the singing of the Litany, will now put on his cap of crimson velvet. The Bishop of Durham will stand at his right hand; and at his left, the Bishop of Bath and Wells and the Lord Great Chamberlain. Two bishops detailed to support the Queen will stand on either side of her.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will seat himself in a chair covered with purple velvet. On the north side of the wall other bishops will take their seats between the archbishop and the pulpit. On the south side will sit the Dean of Westminster and the prebendaries of Westminster.

" Sir," the archbishop will then say, " is Your Majesty willing to take the Oath? "

" I am willing," the King will reply.

" Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective Laws and Customs of the same? "

" I will."

" Will you to your power cause Law and Justice, in Mercy, to be executed in all your judgments? "

" I will."

" Will you to the utmost of your

power maintain the Laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law?"

Then will come the passage which is the ecclesiastical high light of the entire performance. It deserves thoughtful consideration, not alone by George VI, but by all who wish to know all the reasons why the high prelates of the Church of England may well rejoice that rebellious and obstinate Edward VIII is but a ghost on this solemn Coronation Day:

"And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of England, and the doctrine, worship, discipline and Government thereof, as by law established in England? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England, and to the Churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them, or any of them?"

The answer that Archbishops of Canterbury have always gotten, and that this one will get from George VI, is:

"All this I promise to do."

Would he have gotten that same answer from King Edward VIII?

MOST people will say that even Edward would not have dared to give anything but the traditional answer. Perhaps they are right. But his ghost might dare—ghosts dare anything!—and as the archbishop and his supporting clergy wait for King George's answer guaranteeing them a continuance of their social, political, and financial perquisites, it may be that, unheard by them, the ghost of Edward VIII will be filling the Abbey with the thunder of his "No!"

An American, with American ideas of liberty and independence and freedom of thought, would certainly answer that way. But England is not America. The archbishop need have no fear. The King he has chosen will not fail him. He will rise and, with the Sword of State carried before him, approach the altar. Here he will uncover and make his solemn Oath before all the people. He will lay his right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the Great Bible, and say:

"The things which I have here before promised, I will perform, and keep. So help me God."

He will then kiss the Book and sign the Oath.

The original Coronation Book, on which English kings from Henry I to Henry VIII took the Oath, is now one of the most closely guarded relics in the British Museum. Since the time of Henry VIII, and the great changes in religion for which he was responsible, a new Book is provided for each coronation.

When the King returns from the altar he will kneel, together with the Queen, while the Archbishop of Canterbury says another prayer. Then, assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the King will take off his crimson robe and Cap of State, and occupy St. Edward's Chair.

What doctors tell you to look for in a laxative

SOMETIMES a simple little question put to your doctor will reveal how thoroughly he guards your health—*even in minor matters.*

Just take the question of laxatives, for instance. You may be surprised to learn that doctors are deeply concerned about this subject. So much so, in fact, that before they will approve a laxative, that laxative must meet their own strict specifications.

Read the following requirements. And ask yourself, "Does *my* laxative qualify on every point?"

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Ex-Lax passes this test with colors flying! Ex-Lax fulfills *every* requirement. In fact, Ex-Lax meets these demands so fairly that many doctors use it in their own homes, for their own families. And Ex-Lax has helped so many millions of other people...people you know, probably ...that they have made it the most widely-used laxative in the whole world.

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Ex-Lax is intended to help, not interfere with Nature. That is why you'll find Ex-Lax so mild, so free from violence. It affords thorough relief from constipation, without strain, stomach pains or nausea.

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One more advantage—Ex-Lax is a real pleasure to take. For it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Once you try it, you will be through with nasty, druggy-tasting cathartics for good. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

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THAT'S BECAUSE WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE BLADE
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Here's Why Shaves are Velvet-Smooth

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MEN are amazed to discover how much pleasanter shaving is when they use a Gillette Blade in their Gillette Razor.

If you could visit the Gillette factory, you would understand the reason. Here millions of dollars' worth of exclusive equipment is used to produce this world-famous shaving combination. You would marvel at the precision with which razor and blade are matched. Every step in their manufacture is designed to make them function smoothly *as a unit.*

Enjoy Germ-Free Shaves

Furthermore, to insure perfect shaving cleanliness, every blade is sprayed with a special antiseptic before it is firmly secured in its sanitary waxed wrapper. Thus, Gillette Blades reach you absolutely germ-free—sterile as a surgical instrument.

This extraordinary care in manufacture, plus the perfect teamwork of razor and blade, is the real secret of the smooth shaves you get when you use the Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. Buy a package today. Slip one into your Gillette Razor tomorrow and see why millions of men insist on an "All-Gillette" shave!

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P. M., E. S. T.

Gillette BLUE BLADES

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

When King George VI takes his seat above the Stone of Destiny, four Knights of the Garter will hold over him a rich pall of silk, or cloth of gold. Then the Dean of Westminster will take the ampulla and spoon from the altar and pour some of the holy oil into the spoon, and with this the archbishop will anoint the kneeling King in the form of a cross.

First the King's head, saying: "Be thy Head anointed with holy Oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed." Then the breast: "Be thy Breast anointed with holy Oil." Then the palms of the hands: "Be thy Hands anointed with holy Oil: And, as Solomon was anointed king by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated King over this people, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern."

Before the Reformation, this supreme act of the anointing with holy oil was believed to convey a special sanctity to the sovereign and to place him as one apart from his people. By virtue of the holy oil, every consecrated king was admitted as a canon to some cathedral church. Thus the coronation of a king is not a civil ceremony but a religious service for the setting apart of a person for what is regarded as a holy office.

On his accession he is the people's accepted king; after his coronation he becomes the "Lord's anointed."

Just what this meant to such religiously minded monarchs as Edward the Confessor may be easily imagined. As a matter of fact, that saintly sovereign was so impressed as to claim for all anointed kings the miraculous power of healing sickness by touch of the royal hand, which is the origin of "touching" for the king's evil—a disease we now know as the scrofula type of tuberculosis.

It was this anointing with oil which was also responsible for that theory so disastrous to the house of Stuart: the divine right of kings—a theory, by the way, in which neither the King of today nor the ghost of the King of yesterday is likely to place undue faith!

NO sooner will King George rise from his knees after the anointing than the Dean of Westminster will approach him and clothe him in the Colobium Sindonis and the Supertunica, two additional coronation vestments. The Lord Great Chamberlain will then touch the King's heels with the Great Spurs, and the Sword-Bearer will place the Sword of State upon the altar that it may be blessed, even as of old a knight's arms were blessed.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, after a short prayer, will now take the Sword of State and deliver it into the King's right hand—assisted in this militant gesture by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London and Winchester. "Receive this kingly Sword," the archbishop will say, "brought now from the Altar of God, and delivered to you by the hands of us the Bishops and servants of God, though unworthy."

Then, while the King is being girt with the sword by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the archbishop will say:

"With this Sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order; that doing these things you may be glorious in all virtue, and so faithfully serve our Lord Jesus Christ in this life, that you may reign for ever with Him in the life which is to come."

Now will come a most quaint and ancient part of the ceremony. The King will himself ungird his sword and offer it again—in its scabbard—upon the altar; and the person privileged to carry the sword in the coronation procession will approach the Dean of Westminster and offer him the recognized price of it—which is one hundred shillings. Having thus redeemed it, he will receive the sword from the dean, draw the blade from its scabbard, and carry it naked before the King throughout the rest of the solemnity.

THIS carrying of the King's sword is considered a great honor, as are many other much more menial tasks which are jealously guarded by the families which claim them as their rights, sometimes by heredity, more often by the tenure of land in what is known as Grand Sergeanty.

Many famous lawyers have from time to time defined the term "Grand Sergeanty." The most understandable explanation is that "tenure by grand sergeanty is where a man holds his lands or tenements of our Sovereign Lord the King by such services as he ought to do in his proper person to the King, as to carry the banner of the King, or his lance, or to lead his army, or to be his Marshal, or to carry his sword before him at his Coronation, or be his Carver, or be his Butler, or to be one of his Chamberlaines of the receipt of his Exchequer, or to do other like services."

Throughout the Middle Ages there were many more services than are claimed in modern times. The King's Barber, for instance, was a most important official. His duties were "every Saturday night, if it please the King, to cleanse his head, legs or feet, and for his shaving, two loaves and one pitcher of wine. Also, this barber taketh his shaving cloths, basons, and all his other tools, and things necessary, by the Chamberlain's assignment of the Jewelhouse. . . ."

A special precaution was taken with the King's Barber. A "Knight of the Chamber," or a "Squire of the Body," was required to be present when the king was shaved to "protect the royal throat."

Another feudal service was performed by the King's Cock-crower, who crowed the hour every night within the palace yard. King John also gave several lands at Kepperton and Atterton, in Kent, to one Solomon Attefeld for the service of being " always ready, as often as the King should be pleased to cross the sea, to go with him and hold his Majesty's head if he should be seasick."

Many of these extraordinary offices went out with Henry VIII's divorce by chopping block and Elizabeth's ruffs; but in quite modern times English families have still held rich lands and castles by reason of performing similar functions. For instance:

The Manor of Heydon, by the service of holding a towel for the King when he washes before the coronation banquet.

The Manor of Nether Bilsington, by the service of presenting to the King three maple cups.

The Manor of Addington, by the service of presenting a mess of dilligrout at the coronation banquet.

The Manor of Great Wymondley, by the service of presenting the first cup of silver gilt at the coronation banquet.

The Manor of Lyston, by the service of making wafers for the coronation banquet.

The Manor of Bedford, by the service of being Almoner.

The Manors of Sculton, Eston, Shipton Moyne, and Maddington, by the service of being Larderer.

The Manor of Kenninghall, by the service of being the King's Chief Butler.

The Manor of Scrivelsby, by the service of being the King's Champion.

THE service of King's Champion has been for centuries the right of these Lords of the Manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire. It is said to have been conferred first by William the Conqueror on Robert de Marmion, and there is strong evidence that the Marmion family continued to act as King's Champion for several generations.

This explains Sir Walter Scott's lines in Marmion, where he hails the King's Champion:

> . . . Lord of Fontenaye,
> Of Lutterward and Scrivelsbaye,
> Of Tamworth tower and town.

The Philip Marmion who was King's Champion at the coronation of Edward I died without male issue, and his lands were divided. To his daughter Jane went Tamworth Castle in Warwickshire, and to his granddaughter Margery the Manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire. It was Margery who married a certain Gloucestershire knight named Sir John Dymoke, who thus inherited Scrivelsby through his wife, and began his family's age-long association with the service of King's Champion.

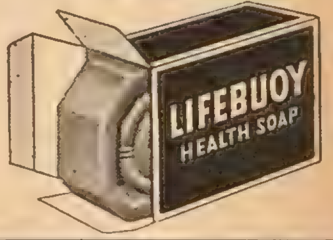
This picturesque official's duty was to present himself during the second course of the coronation banquet in Westminster Hall, fully armed at all points and mounted on " the second best charger from the King's stables,"

WORSE THINGS THAN Lack of Pull CAN HOLD YOU BACK!
A FELLOW HAS TO HAVE "PULL" TO GET ANYWHERE IN THIS STORE!
WE WANT TO SEE YOU GET AHEAD, JOE! BUT YOU'RE NOT PERSONALLY AS CAREFUL AS YOU MIGHT BE
I COULDN'T HAVE "B.O." I'M A SOAP-AND-WATER FIEND
TRY LIFEBUOY— IT CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT NOT IN OTHER WELL-KNOWN SOAPS
LATER
WHY DIDN'T I KNOW ABOUT LIFEBUOY BEFORE? I NEVER FELT SO PEPPY, SO SAFE! I'M GOING PLACES NOW ON MY OWN!
"B.O. GONE"....Success without "Pull"
GOOD WORK, JOE! YOU'RE ALWAYS ON THE JOB! I'M MAKING YOU MY ASSISTANT!
THANKS! I'LL NEVER SAY "PULL" AGAIN — AND I'LL NEVER USE ANY SOAP BUT LIFEBUOY

For women only!

USE LIFEBUOY to liven, beautify your complexion. Enjoy its deep-cleansing, gentle lather. *Feel* your skin grow fresher! *See* it grow healthily lovely! The same purifying ingredient in the lather that stops "B.O." also makes it milder—"Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it's over 20% milder than many so-called "beauty" and "baby soaps." The clean fresh scent of the purifying ingredient disappears as you rinse.

Use Lifebuoy for hands, too! It removes germs as well as dirt.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HEALTH SOAP

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MUCH MILDER THAN OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS

WHY SO BRIGHT AND CHIPPER THIS MORNING, M'BOY? IS IT THAT NICE CLEAN SHAVE YOU HAVE?
YES, SIR! AND LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM DID IT. ITS LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE — SOAKS MY BEARD SOFT. IT'S EASY ON THE SKIN, TOO. TRY IT.
BY JOVE, THE LAD WAS RIGHT! LIFEBUOY LATHER SOFTENS MY WHISKERS SO THEY COME OFF CLEAN AND EASY. MILD AND SOOTHING, TOO.
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

Try Lifebuoy Shaving Cream for cleaner, smoother shaves. Get it at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A123. Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day tube. *(This offer good in U. S. and Canada.)*

NO APPETITE—COULDN'T SLEEP

● *Another* case where old-fashioned laxatives failed to bring proper relief! She—and you—will do well to change to a modern laxative that's not only wonderfully dependable but *so* easy to take: FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative. It's different in appearance, in the way you take it, in the way it acts. It's gentle, yet thorough; it acts in the lower bowel—*not* in the stomach.

—BUT LIFE'S SO DIFFERENT NOW!

● When FEEN-A-MINT frees accumulated wastes, life is brighter at once. Constipation's bilious headaches go—natural appetite returns. A cleared intestine helps you regain the joy of life, and normal, restful sleep. Put *yourself* in this thrilling picture. FEEN-A-MINT tastes so good, acts so different! No griping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. 16 million praise it, young and old. Try FEEN-A-MINT FREE—write for sample. Dept. N-3, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, New Jersey.

FEEN-A-MINT
THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE
THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

Advertisers:
Liberty is sold the same way you sell your goods—over the counter in the market places of America. Advertising in Liberty thus parallels sales opportunity.

VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS

The Only cough drop medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.

VICKS medicated **COUGH DROP**

and with squires carrying his lance and shield.

A loud knocking on the great doors of the Hall and a fanfare of trumpets announced the coming of the Champion. Immediately the summons was answered by the Earl Marshal, followed by the Lord High Constable. Then the doors were flung wide open, and in came the cavalcade.

The heralds came first, followed by two squires holding the Champion's arms, and then—riding between the Earl Marshal and the Lord High Constable—came the King's Champion himself. Both horse and rider were clad in full armor. An officer of the Household usually inquired in a loud voice the meaning of the intrusion into the King's presence; and, at a sign from the Champion, one of the heralds read out the Challenge. Then the Champion flung down his gauntlet to invite a challenger.

First and last, the Dymokes have performed their ceremonial duties throughout the centuries with grace and éclat; but one of them, at the coronation of James II, met with an accident which superstitious people had cause to remember. Having made his challenge, Sir Charles, while pressing forward to kiss the King's hand, stumbled and fell heavily to the floor. The weight of his armor made it difficult for him to rise.

"See you, love," cried the queen, "what a weak champion you have!"

Four years later, when King James II fled from England, many people remembered that moment.

At the coronation of George III, when Sir John Dymoke flung down his gauntlet, there came over Westminster Hall a tense silence, an atmosphere of acute expectation. For it was rumored that Bonnie Prince Charlie himself would accept the Champion's challenge. Instead, during this dramatic hush, an elderly matron stooped and picked up the gauntlet.

"Be careful with your fine gloves, young man!" she said reprovingly; and, tossing Champion Dymoke his gage, disappeared among the throng to vast gusts of ill-suppressed laughter.

Perhaps it is just as well this year that the historic banquet in Westminster Hall is no longer held and the Champion's gauntlet is no longer thrown. Not that Edward himself would stride into the hall and pick it up. He is apparently quite content to remain the coronation ghost. But some mistaken sympathizer, who felt that Edward and only Edward should be king, might seize this moment to mar the serenity of George VI's day of days by accepting the challenge of the King's Champion.

The Court of Claims, the tribunal which decides who shall perform all these traditional coronation offices on Coronation Day, is almost as old as the offices themselves. This year, however, it must deal with a strictly modern problem. Until now, when women have been the holders of manors and other grants which entitle them to perform coronation functions, they have been content to delegate them to a near male relative. But not so this year. Baroness Furnivall, a peeress in her own right, to whom has descended "the service of finding a glove for the King's right hand," has announced her determination to do the job herself; and it is expected that other noble ladies of this emancipated era will follow her example.

But we mustn't keep King George waiting too long. Having received his sword and witnessed its redemption by the properly appointed person, he will now accept from the Archbishop of Canterbury the orb, which is a golden ball some six inches in diameter and embellished with fillets of gold and with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires. On its top is a very fine amethyst of oval shape, nearly an inch and a half in height, which forms a pedestal for a jeweled cross and brings the total height of the orb to about eleven inches.

Then he will receive from the Keeper of the Jewel House the King's ring, which will be placed on the fourth finger of the King's right hand. At least, it always has been placed on that finger, and for that reason will probably be so placed this year. It will be remembered, however, that King Edward, being in a romantic mood and not caring who knew it, had decreed that he would wear the ring on the betrothal finger of his left hand.

Less sentimental in its implication but more emblematic is the royal scepter, with which the King will now be invested.

The scepter is of solid gold, two feet nine and a quarter inches in length. It has a shaft studded with rubies, emeralds, and small diamonds. For the coronation of George IV the fleur-de-lis which adorned the scepter were erased and replaced by engravings of the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle. And now, thanks to the alert eye of a South African mine overseer, it contains the Star of Africa, that stone of mystery, so hauntingly symbolic of this haunting — and haunted!—12th of May, 1937.

Largest diamond in the world—and yet the romantic missing half of it will not be in the Abbey on this Coronation Day.

To those who loved the youthful Prince of Wales, who hoped for so much from the mature Edward VIII, there will always be to this historic day an even more romantic missing half. But we have no time to toy with fantasy. The actual crowning is about to begin.

That culminating ceremony and the crown itself, ablaze with jewels, and the taking of the oath of allegiance to their newly crowned sovereign by the members of his own royal family, will be pictured from King George's viewpoint—and from the ghost's!—in Liberty next week.

MAN vs. FLOOD

Nature Can Be Fought! Here's the Chronicle of How a Once-Devastated Area Is Doing It

by

Edward Doherty

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

FLOODS. The newspapers are full of appalling flood stories. Grim details come over the radio. Year after year the tale is retold and the death list lengthens.

This year it's the Ohio, the Mississippi, the White, the St. Francis, and other Midwest rivers.

In July, 1935, it was the rivers in southern and central New York and northeastern Pennsylvania.

Can floods be prevented or controlled? New York and Pennsylvania think so. Forty-three lives were lost and more than $25,000,000 worth of property destroyed in these states in 1935. But before the flood waters had subsided influential men undertook the job of getting from Uncle Sam the money needed to insure this section against a recurrence of such disaster, and United States army engineers began a thorough survey with a view to making it floodproof.

The flood that caused such havoc in New York might have happened anywhere. Along in June a low-pressure storm hurried eastward through Canada, leaving in its wake a tremendous area of high-pressure polar air. A few days later a low-pressure storm wandered from Nevada toward the northeast. In the Dakotas it met another. The two merged into one. The one went on into Canada. There it met the furious high-pressure air, which sent it scudding south and east—over New York. In a day or so, more storm clouds came up out of Georgia.

This whole massed storm brooded over New York until the high-pressure air swooped down on it from the north, tore it to shreds, dropped it in a deluge.

There was a great civilization where that rain fell. But, like most valley civilizations, it had stripped its highlands of trees and brush. It had altered the courses of streams. It had built its roads and railroads and bridges and towns and cities on the lowest levels.

Drains were adequate to dispose of the normal rainfall and " high water." But this was unprecedented. In Cortland, New York, 10.58 inches of rain fell in forty-eight hours—more than 750,000 tons of water on every square mile. Millions upon millions of tons poured down on that section of New York and Pennsylvania.

There was no time to warn anybody that the flood was coming. There was no time to stop it, to check it. The rain fell on hills and mountains wholly or partly denuded. It cascaded down, carrying rock and soil and clay, demolishing buildings of all kinds, wrecking steel bridges, burying whole countrysides. In three hours the Chenango River, which flows through Binghamton, rose thirteen feet. Seven hours later it had reached a record high of more than twenty feet. For fifty hours it was in flood.

Thousands of people were driven from their homes, thousands more marooned in theirs. Gas and electric service were suspended in some cities. In many places there was no means of communication.

There's nothing so unusual in all that. One flood story reads more or less like another. The unusual thing was that immediately a bunch of citizens got together and decided to put an end to floods.

Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty, long a champion of reforestation, soil conservation, and land reclamation, and the mayors of a number of western New York cities sent out a general invitation to the flood sufferers. Representatives of all the afflicted cities and counties were asked to come to Dansville and work out a nonpartisan organization which, with the help of the United States government, would fight to make New York safe from further flood damage. Out of this Dansville conference came the formation of the Flood Control Council for Central-Southern New York, organized at Binghamton on August 15, with Michael H. Cahill of Corning as its president. It is a permanent organization representing the sixteen flood counties. Its object was to do everything in its power to secure such permanent flood-control projects as the army engineers might recommend.

Dams had to be built. Streams had to be deeply dredged. Some streams had to be given back their restraining bends and curves. Altogether, hundreds of millions of dollars must be spent in getting the two states back to nature, so that nature will take care of them.

Let flooded Midwest states take notice. If New York and Pennsylvania can fight flood and win, why can't they?

THE END

HARD

Liberty's
SHORT
SHORT

by

JEROME BARRY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IN the pavilion behind them the summer-hotel orchestra was playing Give Me Something to Remember You By. Gorham didn't know the youngster was going to turn his life upside down in the next five minutes. The fellow stood there, red-faced and sullen. Gorham had never seen him before and would never even know his name.

"Miss Harrison promised me this dance."

"She's my girl," Gorham said. "Run along."

"No," the fellow said doggedly.

"Oh, no?" Gorham put the flat of a hand against his face and pushed. When he tried to hit back, Gorham threw his shoulders behind a straight right and knocked the fellow cold.

He took Alice by the arm and drew her into the shadow.

She said, "Why did you hit him?"

He took her in his arms and kissed her, hard. His own lips felt bruised when he turned her loose, and she touched hers with the back of her hand as if they hurt.

"You're hard!" she said, as if she had just learned something that had been there all along.

"That's right."

"You think because you were the tough fullback no one could stop, that—"

"You can't get anywhere in the world unless you're tough. You have to take it and give it."

"Sorry, Jim. I'm not taking it. Good-by."

"You mean that?"

"Yes."

"What do you want a man to be like?"

"I think I'd sooner he were—gentle."

He laughed. "Have it your own way. I guess we've tried to sign up the wrong parties."

"I think we have."

He looked back over his shoulder. In the dimness her face was lovely and already very distant.

He said, "Soften some one else up. I'm playing it my way. A man has to be hard."

. . . . .

During the five years that followed, while he wandered the roads of the world, he stuck to that creed.

There was the time he managed a coconut island off the coast of Luzon and had to hunt copra pirates through the swamps at night. All he had for weapon was an old cavalry saber. When he caught up with them, his men ran away. He killed three of the copra thieves and chased the rest, with a collarbone nicked in half by a bolo.

It was out of that that he brought the steel-wire wrinkles at the corners of his eyes. . . .

There was the time that he was up around Swatow for an oil company, when pneumonic plague got into the village and the Chinese were falling in the road and dying in a few hours. The living ones ran away. They really ran trying to outstrip the swift death. Gorham spent days with a gauze mask over his mouth and nose, helping to get the dead buried.

"For the sake of my own nose," he told the mission doctor tersely.

Even when the living came creeping fearfully back, he kept the same iron disregard.

Out of that he brought a jaw as sharp and gaunt and thrusting as a jack plane. . . .

When luck was against him, he took a job as bouncer in a Shanghai club that was run by White Russians. When he had to smack down a drunken customer and drag him out, he did his job with a dispassionate thoroughness.

After that there was a time when he acted as nursemaid to a secondhand electric-light plant in a town in the Bolivian Andes. The owner was a tightfisted half Indian who wouldn't give a rebate for the hours when the decrepit generator went into a coma and left the subscribers in darkness. When they came in with blood in their eyes he sent them to Gorham, who came out of that with cheeks as craggy as a sea cliff. . . .

He made his strike at last. After he'd been up among the Bontoc head-hunters for months, prospecting for gold, he found it. By the time he had raised capital in Manila and built the stamp mill, and the fluffy bubbles were rising in the flotation tanks to carry the gold particles to be deposited on the zinc shavings, his face was like something carved out of stone.

He had been a hard man to start with. By now he was granite. He said to his partner, "I'm going back to the States for a visit. I want to see what happened to a girl. Whatever it is, I guess I can take it."

. . . . . .

The orchestra was playing Goody-Goody. The tough-looking young man with a drink too many said, "I don't care if she's with you or if she isn't. She's going to dance with me."

Gorham had just come from the checkroom to find the stranger clutching Alice's arm, trying to pick her up.

Gorham said, "You're wrong. She isn't."

The young man said, "Who says so?" and dropped his right shoulder into punching position.

Gorham said, "I say so."

He spoke without heat or emotion. The tough young man looked at him. He saw for the first time the jack-plane jaw and the craggy cheekbones and the steel-wire wrinkles. He said hastily, "Well, if you're going to be unsociable—" He walked toughly away. He knew a hard case when he saw one.

Gorham went outside with Alice. Her face had changed hardly at all. It was as lovely and almost as distant.

"It might be the same night," she said.

"Nothing's different, is it? Not even us."

That was all he had found after a trip of ten thousand miles. It was harder to take than something more dramatic—marriage or death.

SHE said suddenly, "Why didn't you hit him?"

He laughed shortly. "Don't think I've softened up. If he hadn't got sense, I'd have socked him."

"I know you would."

"I know what you're thinking. Just as I hit that youngster years ago. You've been thinking about that all along. Well, I haven't changed. I'd have hit this one, too. And I'm going to kiss you now, just as I did then. We might as well go through it all." Before she could speak, he was kissing her, hard.

When he let her go he said, "That—that was the same, too. I've never forgotten it. . . . Now tell me to get going again. Send me along. That's due at this time."

She stood looking at him in the dimness. "It wasn't the same," she said, as if she were groping for something.

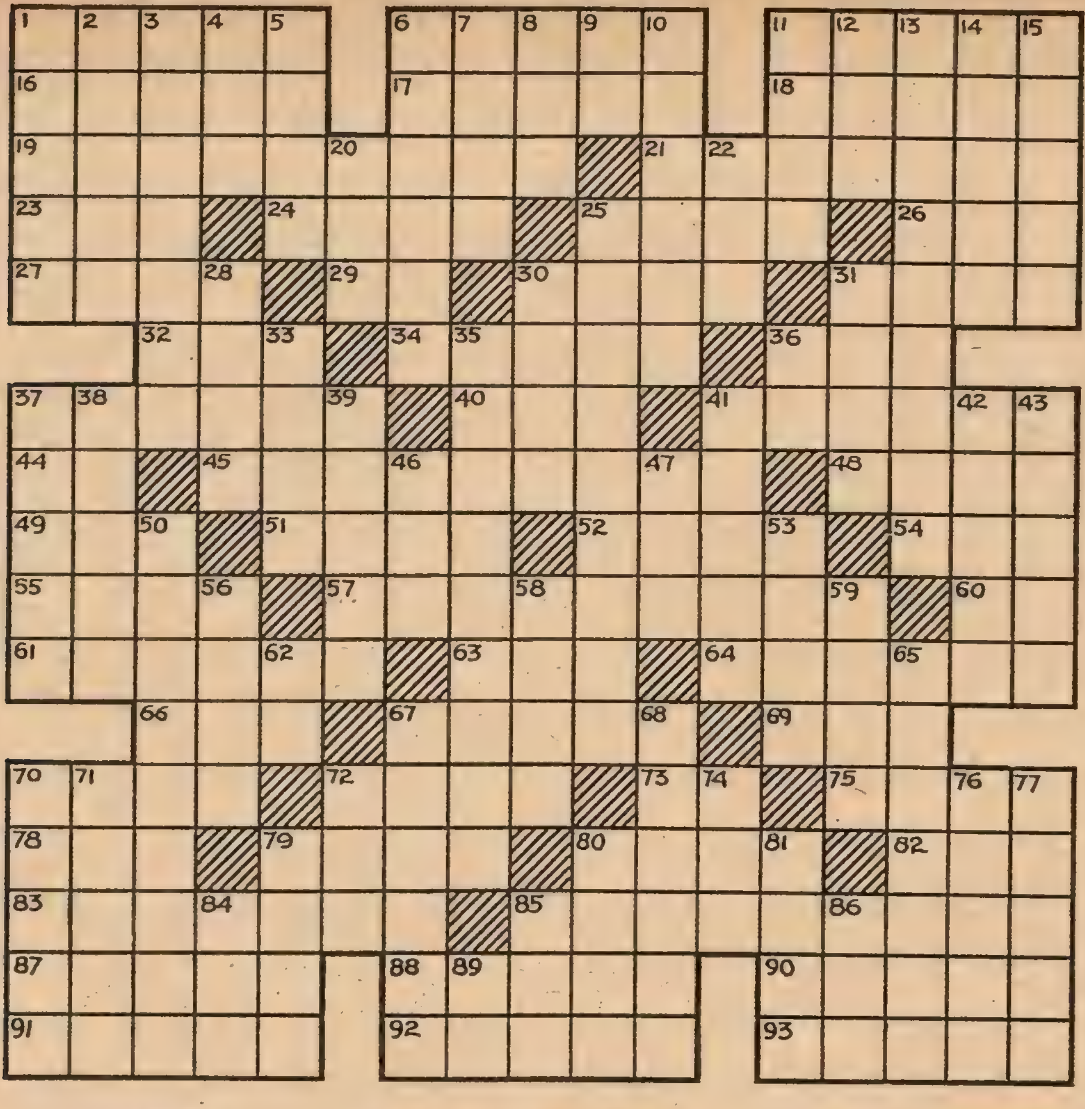
"No? . . . I'd hoped that wouldn't change."

"It has. You're as strong as you were. Stronger. But you've learned to use your strength. You didn't hit him because you knew he was young and silly, and you gave him a chance. You kissed me as hard as you did before. Harder. . . . But this time you didn't hurt me."

She was close to him, reaching up to touch with her fingertips the hard lines of his face. She said wonderingly, "What you've been through has done something to you. Darling, you're—you're *gentle!*"

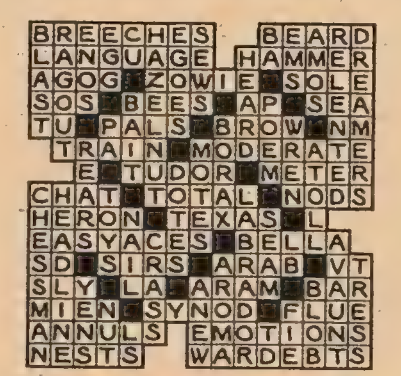
THE END

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Pained
6 Clayey
11 A tree
16 Kind of rock
17 A size of type
18 A scene of action
19 In a like manner
21 Stately procession
23 A tree
24 Blaze
25 Container
26 Fitting
27 Want
29 Pronoun
30 The thing here present
31 Retained
32 To scour
34 Biblical name
36 Males
37 Mounted trooper
40 Morass
41 One oversolicitous about nicety
44 Indefinite article
45 Custodian of funds
48 Upon
49 Nervous twitching
51 Amend and revise
52 Kingdom in Asia
54 An opening
55 Town in England
57 Estranged
60 Exist
61 Abide
63 Brood of pheasants (obs.)
64 Pass away, as time
66 Surrounded by
67 Bamboolike grasses
69 Pastry
70 Line an inner roof
72 Transmit
73 Toward



BREECHES BEARD
LANGUAGE HAMMER
AGOG■ZOWIE■SOLE
SOS■BEES■AP■SEA
TU■PALS■BROW■NM
TRAIN■MODERATE
E■TUDOR■METER
CHAT■TOTAL■NODS
HERON■TEXAS■L
EASYACES■BELLA
SD■SIRS■ARAB■VT
SLY■LA■ARAM■BAR
MIEN■SYNOD■FLUE
ANNULS EMOTIONS
NESTS WARDEBTS

Answer to last week's puzzle

75 Small thin cake
78 Worthless leaving
79 Compass point
80 Shaded walk
82 Spring
83 Round disk or shield (obs.)
85 Eternal death
87 Sacred song
88 Angry
90 Brief
91 Vends
92 A department of trade (pl.)
93 Encamps

VERTICAL

1 A city in the Netherlands
2 South American country
3 Beats with heavy blows
4 High priest of Israel
5 A kind of pottery
6 A cask
7 Amorous look
8 A song
9 By
10 Recompensed
11 Place of confinement
12 Sooner than
13 Impairing in force
14 Make void
15 Classified
20 Point
22 Equine
25 Mortified
28 Fine particles of earth
30 You
31 One of great valor
33 Nude
35 Abstemious
36 Greek letter
37 Detester
38 Join
39 A type of fortification
41 Prattle
42 Punctures
43 Tropical head covering
46 Affected with pain
47 Period
50 Commitment
53 Seaweed
56 Fastening device
58 Gazed fixedly
59 A platform
62 A fish
65 An allowance
67 Navigate again
68 Looks searchingly
70 Military unit
71 Irregularly notched
72 Salt
74 Aged
76 On the larboard side
77 Breathes in short gasps
79 A tree (pl.)
80 Apportion
81 Roster
84 Measure of length
85 A hard subsoil
86 Article
89 Japanese measure

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"LET ME IMPROVE YOUR SHAVES"
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4 FOR 10¢

• Better steel, better sharpening, better inspections make Treet a better blade. Keener... it removes your beard smoothly, gently, with less effort and more comfort. Durable... it actually holds its edge for *more* shaves. Reduce your shaving costs—ask for Treet Single-edge Blades—4 for 10¢.

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BLADES
FIT GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

HELL-BENT

by RICHARD CARROLL

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

PART THREE—
FIRE IN THE JUNGLE

THE greatest flyers and the fleetest ships are in the Chaney Cup race, a mad dash around the rim of the Americas for a $100,000 prize. Bert Remey is in it, flying a borrowed unlicensed ship. It was the only way—and a lucky one—that the famed Yankee Ace of Aces could compete in the contest sponsored by his fiancée's father. Or, rather, his ex-fiancée. For, when Bert had been grounded for stunting low over a crowd, Madeline Chaney had turned against him. "I'm not going to marry a vanishing legend," she had told him. "You've got to do something about it." Madeline's father had agreed. Bert, he felt, had plenty of what it takes to be a hero. What he lacked was nerve to stop being one.

But Bert had other ideas. And when he learned that Johnny Rickard, a young designer, couldn't fly his plane in the race because he flunked the navigation test, Bert put them into practice. Rickard's plane was unlicensed; Bert was barred from flying only licensed craft; so, with Johnny's permission, he promised to fly the Humming Bird to "glory or to hell." With Johnny's radio operator, Al Vervesy, a despairing chap who had been branded yellow for leaving his post aboard the burning liner Catalina, Bert took off from Roosevelt Field—took off over a burning rival's plane, dipped a wing in salute, and roared down to Miami, the first stop. Refueling, he was en route to San Juan when he spotted a disabled Boeing down on the water. He continued on without offering help other than radioing the position, and landed safely at Fort de France, in the midst of a bad storm. There he learned that the Chaney Douglas, with Madeline and Marty Powers, was third in the race, tailing Steve Martin and his liner, and another entry, the Flying Dutchman.

Pending a break in the bad weather, the pilots gather at a night club, and Bert, after downing several drinks and ignoring Madeline's attempts to be friendly again, leaves the place with Al. Just as the other pilots return to the airport, the Humming Bird takes off in the storm.

AT seven o'clock the next morning Steve Martin looked anxiously at the skies. There was no sign of a letup. No word had come back from the Humming Bird. At ten Steve called his men together. He was willing, he told them, to take a shot at it. They had a good ship, a powerful radio, a navigator, a mechanic, two men for emergencies, and two pilots. What the Humming Bird had attempted they could surely accomplish. His men agreed. At half past ten the big liner took off.

Two others followed suit. They were Slim Lannert and Gladys Turner. When Slim took off after the army ship, Gladys ordered her own rolled out and followed. Although she had a radio on her ship, no word came back from her. She was never heard of again.

Phyllis Walker had said good-by to Steve. Her own ship wouldn't try it.

That night Jesse Carewe and Mabel lingered on the veranda of the operations office. They talked in low tones and Jesse was using all his persuasiveness; but Mabel shook her head. The clouds of doubt had rolled out of her eyes.

"I've changed my mind, Jess," she said. "I got a message from Peter today."

She handed him a cablegram.

"Read it yourself."

He mimicked the cultured tones of Peter as he read:

"There is a rare black tulip to be found in Brazil. Please make inquiries about it as you fly through. Love. Peter."

Mabel waited for him to speak as he impatiently handed her back the message.

"So he thinks you're down here picking flowers?"

"You can't take candy from a baby."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you can't cheat on a fellow like that, that's all."

"Have it your way."

They were silent, staring away from each other. Then Mabel turned. She was soft and womanly and smiling.

SEWELL BOOTH

ILLUSTRATION BY SEWELL BOOTH

"What say, pal? Let's shake and be pilots."

Carewe hesitated, then held out his big hand.

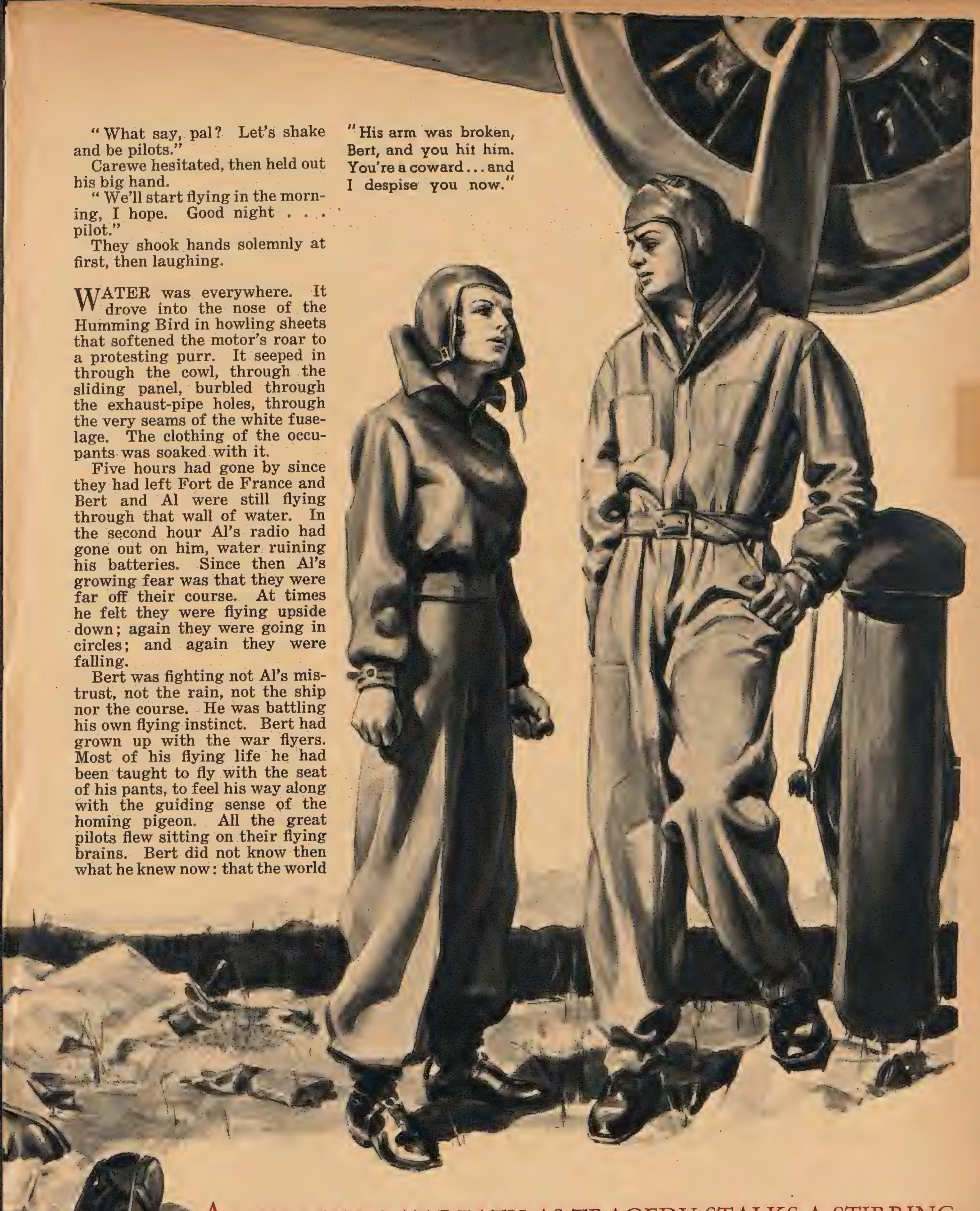
"We'll start flying in the morning, I hope. Good night . . . . pilot."

They shook hands solemnly at first, then laughing.

WATER was everywhere. It drove into the nose of the Humming Bird in howling sheets that softened the motor's roar to a protesting purr. It seeped in through the cowl, through the sliding panel, burbled through the exhaust-pipe holes, through the very seams of the white fuselage. The clothing of the occupants was soaked with it.

Five hours had gone by since they had left Fort de France and Bert and Al were still flying through that wall of water. In the second hour Al's radio had gone out on him, water ruining his batteries. Since then Al's growing fear was that they were far off their course. At times he felt they were flying upside down; again they were going in circles; and again they were falling.

Bert was fighting not Al's mistrust, not the rain, not the ship nor the course. He was battling his own flying instinct. Bert had grown up with the war flyers. Most of his flying life he had been taught to fly with the seat of his pants, to feel his way along with the guiding sense of the homing pigeon. All the great pilots flew sitting on their flying brains. Bert did not know then what he knew now: that the world



"His arm was broken, Bert, and you hit him. You're a coward . . . and I despise you now."

A GIRL LOOKS AT DEATH AS TRAGEDY STALKS A STIRRING RACE FOR GLORY AND RICHES IN A HEADLONG, THRILL-PACKED NOVEL OF LOVE AND HATE IN THE CLOUDS and everything in it and on it moved in a circle—that a man lost in the woods walks in a circle; blindfold in a boat, he rows in a circle; and that flying blind he must fly in a circle, an ever narrowing circle that inevitably must drive him to destruction. He knew it now; and knew that all that was man in him, intellectual and physical man, urging him on, was false.

Every nerve in his body, every sense, was giving the lie to his instrument board. There on its shining surface he could read his bank-and-turn indicator, his compass, his artificial horizon—all of them telling him his senses were lying. His hand on the stick ached to push it now to the right, again to the left, as his flying instinct told him he was off his balance and off his course. He sweated the impulse down and kept his eyes riveted on the board, where the unimpressionable instruments mocked his impulses and his fears.

Hour followed intolerable hour. He forgot about Al in the rear; forgot about the race, the ship, the storm; he forgot about Madeline. The pin point of his senses fastened on those instruments, and on the gasoline gauge, while his ears tuned for a faintest break in the purr of the motor.

At last he heard another sound, faint at first and fleeting, then clear and persistent—the sound he was listening for. He knew what it was—the heavy pounding of storm waves upon the shore. He flew on, climbing for more altitude. Wisps of mist began to blow across him, and he knew the solid wall was breaking. He saw a patch of blue above him—another. Within half an hour he was flying in glorious sunshine, and below him a white streak showed where the blue of the Atlantic fretted the green of the jungled shore.

The Humming Bird flew on. Bert scribbled a note to Al to open the valves from the spare tanks.

Al obeyed, and the Humming Bird, as if with renewed life, roared down the shore that rolled away to Rio, 3,000 miles away.

Get Your Breakfast-Table News the Night Before!

Paul Sullivan, rapidly becoming one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators, speaks over WLW from Monday to Friday nights at 11 P. M., E. S. T., and 10 P. M., C. S. T. Get the latest news before you go to bed by tuning in on WLW, Cincinnati, the nation's station, 700 kilocycles on the dial.

Don't Miss Liberty's New Radio Feature!

. . . . .

Steve Martin had decided to land. Hour after hour, he too had flown through the wall of water. Against the head winds the huge ship had eaten into the gas supply and, though several hours were still left, it would be too risky to keep up. The Northfield was lost. During the first hours communication had been excellent between the operations office at Caracas, the main station at Roosevelt Field, and the big air liner. Then the messages had suddenly ceased.

Steve, at the controls, looked back into the cabin of his ship. Where the Pullman seats should have been were now big gasoline tanks, between them the passage leading aft. Immediately behind him Mason, the radio operator, was shouting into his mike. The radio operator scribbled a hasty note and passed it on to Steve, who read:

"Can't get anything through. Roosevelt doesn't answer. My end seems to be O. K."

Steve wrote back:

"Keep trying. May be storm static. How's batteries, antenna? Better check thoroughly."

He turned back to his motors. He gave the port motor more gas as it coughed twice before resuming its even hum. The starboard motor coughed and refused to respond to the throttle. Steve turned to Sheridan, his navigator. He shouted: "What's our position?"

Sheridan shook his head. Instead of shouting back he wrote out his answer. Steve read:

"Not the bloodiest idea. Haven't had a check in two hours. Mason's baby is all wet and useless."

Steve wrote back:

"Tell Mason to relay Roosevelt our position as you guess it. Tell him there's water in the gas and we are looking to land. The starboard motor is going to cut out soon. Try for position."

Steve surveyed his crew. Lieutenant Drake, his copilot, was staring at the instrument board, his lips pursed, his chin thrust out, as though he were crooning. He felt Steve's eyes on him and turned.

"Any chance selling this to the drought belt?" he asked, while his arm indicated the storm.

Steve's eyes were smiling but his voice was flat.

"We're going to land," he said.

"Then pick out a soft spot," Drake called back. "That arm of mine isn't over its last crash."

The mechanic was busy with the radio set. The two emergency men of the crew were sitting facing each other back of the rear tanks, their legs spread apart, each with his feet braced against the other's. They were playing a card game.

The liner staggered onward, listing ever so slightly to starboard.

At the Roosevelt Field operations office Johnny and Margie were anxiously watching the operator as he fought frantically to get through to the Northfield. He had shaken his head gloomily when Johnny had asked if anything had come through from the Humming Bird. Johnny didn't ask again. He was afraid of what the answer would be, if he had to ask for it. That morning he had moved his few possessions into the Vervesy flat, having gone first to the City Hall for a marriage license. Margie was clinging to him now.

At four o'clock the operator picked up a message from the Northfield. It read:

> Roosevelt Field. Northfield calling Roosevelt Field. Northfield, Number 66. Northfield, Number 66. Going to land. Ceiling zero. Starboard motor cutting out. Water in gasoline. Can you establish position via Caracas?

The operator was pale with overstrain and worry. His own messages were not going through. It was an hour before another garbled message came from the Northfield. He pieced it together:

> Going to risk landing. Starboard motor gone. Believe we are over land. Five thousand feet now and losing altitude. We are going down fast. Regards to General Cooke and army and friends. Look for us about five hundred miles south Caracas. We are going . . .

The message ended there.

Slim Lannert had turned back, too wise to risk it. The second night the storm had cleared away, and the rest of the ships left at dawn. By the time they reached Georgetown in British Guiana, Bert and his Humming Bird were well on the way to Pernambuco, Brazil, 1,500 miles farther on.

Paramaribo had received no word from the Northfield. The operator had been unable to establish contact with the big liner. Consequently Phyllis was in ignorance of Steve's fate. She was pale and determined, and laughing when she took off. The heavy static had disappeared with the storm, and Phyllis was in constant touch with both stations.

Four hours out of Paramaribo she reported back that the jungle was on fire below her ship. She wanted news of the Northfield. The operator had received none, but guessed they had come through.

Phyllis had no means of knowing then that the fire in the jungle below her was caused by the burning of the great air liner, and that Steve Martin, the man she loved, was dead, with his crew, in the flames.

At Pernambuco, after six hours of solid sleep, during which Al had had the radio repaired, Bert took off for Rio de Janeiro. He had received word that the Chaney Douglas had landed safely at Cayenne. Marty and Madeline were bringing her through in fine style.

Three other ships were trailing them.

From Pernambuco, Al was in constant touch by relay with Roosevelt Field. Johnny had managed to get one message through to them, and Margie had sent her love. Bert noticed that Al's enthusiasm was rising. But all the hardness in the pilot was uppermost. He seldom grinned now and his face was set in a grim mask.

From Rio they hopped down to Buenos Aires after a short rest. The Chaney Douglas was on their tail, making greater hops, with her far greater flying range. Marty had risked the inland hop straight over the uncharted jungle from Cayenne to Bahia. Bert had not dared do that; his gas would not permit it. Four more ships had come down, and as many more had turned back. Phyllis was safe at Bahia. There she learned that the Northfield was still unreported. Her crew was sleeping when she took her ship up alone and started back over the route she had come. It was a foolish thing to do, because Phyllis was not a navigator.

Mabel and Jesse Carewe were trailing a day and a half behind Marty; but the race was young yet—anything could happen.

The Chaney Douglas roared into Buenos Aires before Bert could get the Humming Bird off the ground. In landing, his ship had struck a concealed rut in the field and had broken her undercarriage. Bert was furious and futile. Hours passed before he could get the necessary parts for repair. The Humming Bird was an unorthodox job and the parts had to be made.

The Douglas was faster and the jump across the Brazilian prairie lands was an easy one. Marty let the big ship out. He was in Mendoza almost as soon as Bert.

Both pilots left word for a call in four hours. They would need that rest before assailing the towering Andes. Bert left first, carrying only enough gasoline in his wings and reserve tanks to take him over the mountains. He nodded briefly to Marty and Madeline as he passed to his ship while they were superintending the refueling of the Douglas. Madeline made a gesture as though she wanted to speak to him; but he passed on, to beat them out by a scant ten minutes. As he took off, the Flying Dutchman and another Douglas were also being refueled.

AL, who sensed the terrific rivalry between Bert and Marty, and the reason for it, was worried. He knew, of course, that the Chaney Douglas would win if she got any kind of break. She was too fast and too powerful for the little Humming Bird. Barring serious accidents to the leaders, the ships far in the rear had small chance now.

By the way Bert tackled the great snow-clad range of mountains ahead of them, Al's hopes revived. The value of the lightened gas tanks was apparent now. Bert roared down valleys, shot up great walls of rock, sought for and found openings, then began to climb. They were at 16,000 feet, half frozen, and halfway over. The fuel in the wing tanks was almost gone, but there was plenty in reserve. And the highest peaks were still ahead. Suddenly, far below them, in a great valley, they saw the spread wings of the Douglas. Marty, too, had been dodging the mountain peaks. Bert snorted. The Douglas was too big to flirt with the narrow passages through the mountains as the tiny Humming Bird could. Bert banked steeply and looked down upon his rival.

MADELINE was below there—Madeline, who had called him a washout. And Marty—the efficient! Marty, the lover—the lover of Madeline! Bert's face set in grimmer lines than ever. Al handed him a note:

"What's the matter with them? They don't seem able to climb."

Bert frowned. He wrote back:

"That's tough. There's a 20,000-foot rock fence ahead of them, so they better hurry up."

Al continued to peer nervously down. A message was coming over his radio. He waited, then signaled to clear for his own message:

> Roosevelt Field. Relay to Roosevelt Field. Humming Bird, Number 9. Humming Bird, Number 9. Calling Roosevelt Field. Douglas, Number 12, below us in Andes, two hours out of Mendoza, in trouble. Douglas, Number 12, in trouble. They appear going to land.

As he spoke he wrote his message out and passed it to Bert, who was again peering down at the bigger ship. The grin on Bert's face was sardonic. He pointed to the emergency gas tank, made a motion to Al to open the valves.

Al spoke again into his radio, fighting down his excitement:

> Douglas now landing. She has hit. Can't see her clearly among trees. We are going down to help. Position two hours out of Mendoza on Santiago-Mendoza route.

He handed the second note to Bert, who swiftly wrote back:

"Who the hell is running this ship? Open that valve. They got into it—let 'em get out."

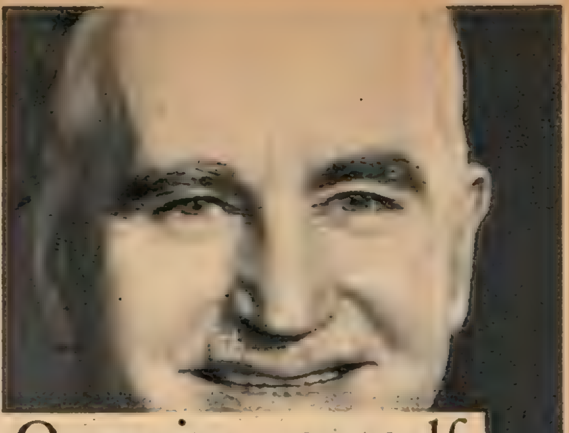
Al continued his message to the outside world: "We are going down. It's all up to Bert now."

Again he handed the note to Bert, who wrote briefly:

"Open those valves. The gas is out in the wing tanks. Rush it!"

Al, his face set, an almost fanatic gleam in his eyes that Bert had never seen there before, shook his head. He spoke into the radio, writing down his words as he uttered them:

> We are going down. There are signs of life below. They must be alive. They are in the middle of the Andes and will never get out without help. We are going down. Bert is looking for a landing place. So far there is none. Relay message to Margie Vervesy. Relay:



Organize yourself *in advance* for the last trying weeks of winter *by building good general resistance!*

Did you know that common winter discomforts grow more severe as the season advances? They're worse right now in March, for instance, than a few months ago. They also tend to *last longer* at this season than in the early part of winter.

In the words of a recent, scientific report: "Conditions lasting *longer than one week* occur oftener in March than in January, and more frequently in April than in December. From this it appears that people have less resistance to these conditions toward the end of winter than at the beginning."

Here's what you can do to help spare yourself discomfort and inconvenience in the weeks just ahead. Start *now* with some dependable resisting-building measure.

You'll find *Adex* a definite help. It supplies Vitamin A, the factor which contributes directly to good general resistance. It also provides extra "sunshine" Vitamin D. *Natural* sources, such as good cod and halibut liver oil, furnish the vitamins.

Start with Adex today. Make it a *daily* habit. Have a package on the breakfast table so the whole family will take it routinely.

Your druggist has Adex in easy-to-take tablets or capsules. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D

● =

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

"I am 'tops' again
– because I feel and look like my old self once more"

**"How did I do it?
"I just reasoned sensibly."**

YOU just can't be happy and enjoy life when in a run-down condition. Poor health and poor looks won't let you.

Fortunately, straight thinking tells us that vitality and pep are produced by energy created from within...so is the skin beautified and made clear from within.

How natural it is then to turn to the force which makes all this possible...those precious red-blood-cells.

Quite often these cells are reduced in number or in strength. Even a common cold kills these cells in great numbers. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells.

Science has solved this problem in S.S.S. Tonic because it helps you regain your blood strength within a short space of time. Its action is cumulative and lasting.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic because of deficient stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells to restore lost weight...to regain energy...to strengthen nerves...and add glow to your skin.

Be 'tops' again with more vitality... more pep...a clear skin by taking the S.S.S. Tonic treatment. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel... your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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SSS Tonic

"Good-by, sis. Love." Sign message "Catalina." She'll know.

As if in answer to his wish, the engine of the Humming Bird coughed, sputtered, caught up again. Bert turned and gesticulated frantically to Al, who shook his head. Al wrote:

"You must land and help them. I won't open the valves. You're out of gas."

Bert read the note, his mouth set; then he grinned. He waved to Al and threw the Humming Bird into a wing-over, and shot down like an arrow. Once more in his eyes the devils were dancing.

The Humming Bird seemed to have taken the bit in her teeth. Bert did not try to ease up on her, exulting in this mad fling toward the earth. At 2,000 feet he throttled the motor. Then he cut the switch. He knew the clip-winged Humming Bird would land fast, and he would have to make a dead-stick landing among those jagged rocks and trees, and he wanted a cold motor.

The Douglas had taken the only clear spot in the valley. He pulled the stick all the way back, and the Humming Bird came slowly, reluctantly out of her mad dive. He sideslipped at 200 feet. At fifty feet most of his flying speed was gone. He threw her back as the wheels hit the first treetops. But she was coming in over fifty miles an hour. He had made for an opening in the trees some distance from the Douglas. She came down suddenly, hit, and bumped heavily along the rocky ground until she crashed head on into a tree. Her tail shot up and lashed at the impediment like an angry alligator. Then she settled on her back.

Bert pulled himself from the wreckage. He was numb. He tore aside the framework and the twisted fuselage that held Al embedded. The boy's face was clear, the eyes were closed. He was dead.

MARTY was standing beside the Douglas when Bert finally managed to make his way there. His ribs had begun to pain him. He guessed a few of them were broken. But he gave Marty no hint of that. Madeline was sitting in the cabin of the ship, which did not look badly injured. Bert snapped at Marty:

"Well, pilot, what's the trouble?"

Marty snarled back: "Starboard engine cut out. Broken gas line. Couldn't make the hills up there."

"A swell spot you picked to crash!"

"Who the hell asked you for help?"

Marty's face was white. His right arm hung limply at his side. His lips were set in a grim line of pain.

Madeline came out of the cabin. She was holding a handkerchief to her head and there was a stain on it. Bert's attention focused on her. He did not observe Marty's wince of pain, quickly suppressed.

"Hurt?" he asked Madeline.

"Scratch."

"Then let's get at this thing," he said sharply. "This isn't a place to spend a week end."

"Where's Al?" Marty asked.

"Back in the wreckage of the Humming Bird, damn you!"

Marty's nerve snapped. With his left hand he struck at Bert's face. Then the back of his neck snapped, a roar filled his ears, stars danced upward in his eyes. He felt himself falling forward.

Bert had stepped under Marty's blow and driven a hard right to the jaw. Marty went down and out. Madeline cried out. Bert looked at her; saw the color slowly surge back to her cheeks, spread until her face was ablaze. She came toward him, speaking low but with an intensity that jerked Bert out of himself:

"His arm was broken, Bert, and you hit him. You're a coward . . . and dad was right . . . you're too yellow to let yourself fail. . . . I think I have never despised any one so much as I despise you now."

SHE turned her back on him. Marty stirred and opened his eyes. She helped him up. Marty shook the fog from his brain, then grinned feebly at Madeline. They paid no more attention to Bert, who shrugged his shoulders and started to examine the ship.

Inside her cabin an emergency tank had come loose and crashed against the pilot's seat. That accounted for Marty's injury. One wing was damaged but not beyond repair. Outside of that the Douglas was sound as ever. Bert next studied the ground for the take-off. By removing several boulders he could get a short run, long enough for a light ship. He would have Al's body, but he could dump all excess gas and strip the cabin bare. It would be risky but quite possible.

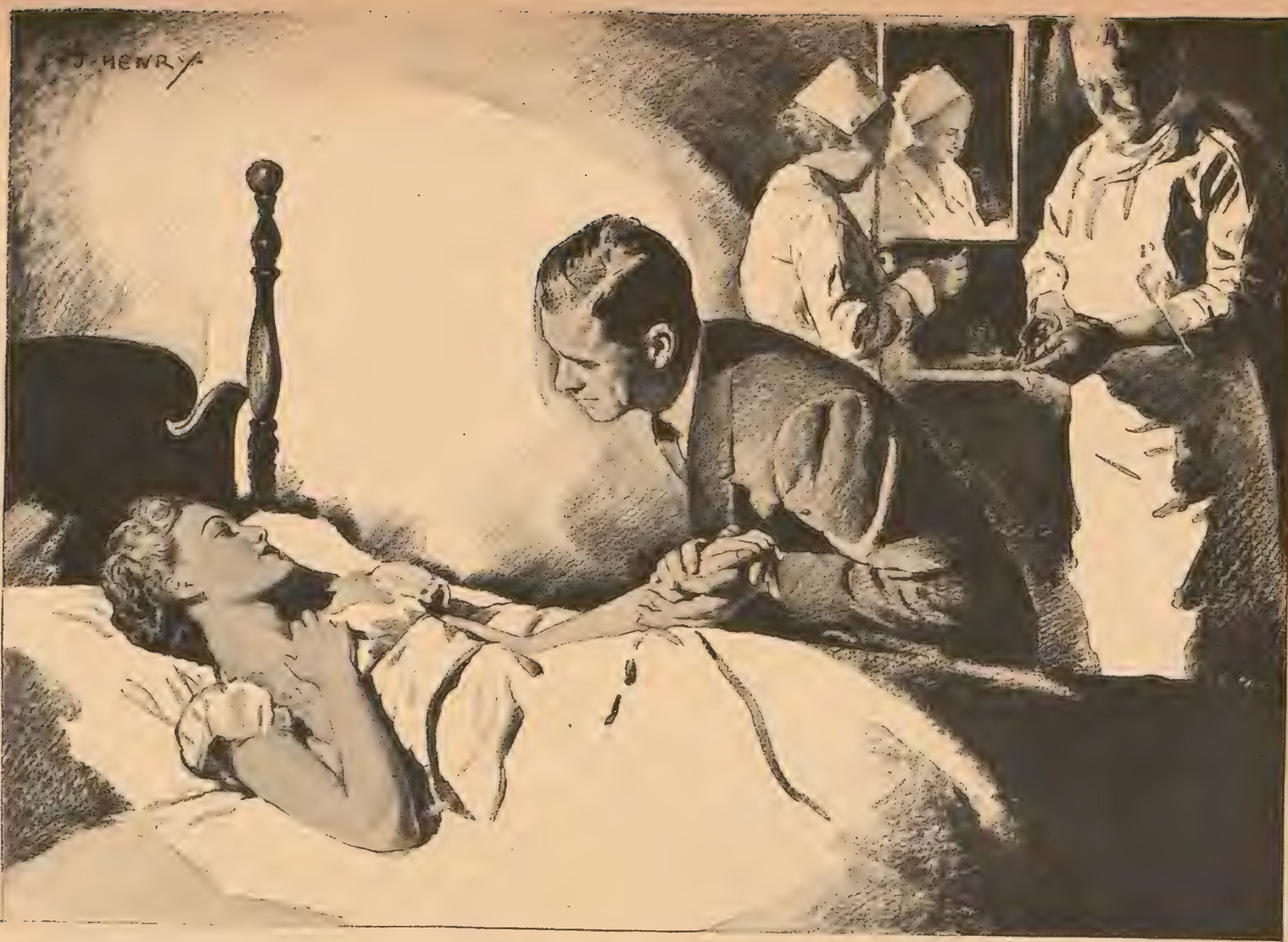
Madeline went down to where the Humming Bird lay. Al had been lifted from the pile of twisted metal and cloth by Bert, and now lay, as if peacefully asleep, under a crumpled wing. Madeline bent over him. She took a piece of paper from the lifeless hand. It was the last radio message he had sent. She read it.

Why had he written out his message? Then she knew. If the radio failed, he wanted the world to know. Al Vervesy's record would be cleared. She read the note again:

> We are going down. There are signs of life below. They must be alive. They are in the middle of the Andes and will never get out without help. We are going down. Bert is looking for a landing place. So far there is none. Relay message to Margie Vervesy. Relay: "Good-by, sis. Love." Sign message "Catalina." She'll know.

Impulsively Madeline bent and kissed the cold forehead of the youth who had died to save her.

Al has redeemed himself, but what about Bert? Suppose Madeline learns the real truth about the Humming Bird's forced landing. What will Bert do? Don't miss the thrilling finish in next week's installment.



I am not going to permit some necessary hospital regulation to keep us apart at the very fruition of our love.

I AM GOING TO HAVE MY BABY AT HOME

From One Who Knows Whereof She Speaks — A Penetrating Look at a Problem of Modern Motherhood

by

JEANNETTE BLANCHARD KALEY

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I WAS only a young student at the time. Behind the newspaper story I managed to get at a fact that troubled me for weeks. So much so that it raised a question in my mind that persisted through three years of intensive training and five years of institutional work and private duty since graduation.

The news story graphically related the efforts of a Coast Guard crew to land a doctor on a lighthouse off the New England coast. The assistant lighthouse keeper's wife was "expecting," and the seas were kicking up so violently that landing a boat at this unprotected point two miles offshore was impossible. Time and time again the crew launched their surfboat in vain.

After two hours it was given up, and the good doctor took his place by the telephone. For the balance of the tumultuous night he gave directions to the two other women on the lighthouse. As it happened, Mother Nature obligingly waited until the storm subsided, and the doctor delivered a baby boy with unhurried precision.

The news story also mentioned, most casually, that this was the lady's sixth, and that the first four had also been brought into the world on the lighthouse, while the fifth child had been born ashore, in a hospital.

This is what attracted my attention. The woman, after having her fifth child in a modern maternity hospital, had, at the coming of a sixth, chosen to undergo the same privations that had been hers during the births of her first four. This was utterly beyond my comprehension. Yet she was evidently quite qualified to judge. She knew only too well what might be expected on the lonely lighthouse, having already gone through the ordeal four times.

Why, then, didn't she go to a hospital again? *Why?*

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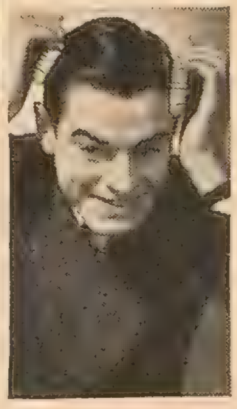

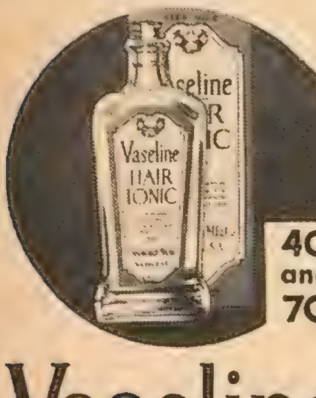

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That question has followed me for eight years. During those years I have learned, lived, and loved my profession. I have assisted at as many as ten and twelve deliveries in one day's tour of duty, and have been in charge of a hospital nursery for more than a year. I have seen healthy mothers die, and sickly, organically undermined middle-aged women give easy birth to six-pound twins. I have acquired that fatalism that is part of every individual who daily sees hopeless cases live on indefinitely, and normal, rapidly convalescing patients, who have everything to live for, expire like the snuffing out of a candle flame. I am aware of the limitations and deficiencies of the medical profession, and respect it all the more. In short, I am a nurse; yet that question has not fully answered itself.

Note that I say "fully," for I *have* reached some sort of answer in my own mind. This is it: About to become a mother myself, I am going to have my baby at home!

This is not an indictment of maternity hospitals. Far from it. It is just that my choice—and my husband's—is that our child be born at home. I realize that this puts me somewhat in the light of a renegade, but there is no one simple reason for this apparent heresy. It is, actually, the sum total of many reasons and, frankly, many fears. Remember, these are *my* ideas and convictions. They must not be construed as being the impetus for a hospitals-are-poison movement.

First and foremost is the knowledge that the home is as safe as the white-tiled hospital delivery room. This is not a presumption but a fact, deduced from statistics, and is recognized as such by all authorities. Despite all the advances of science, *all other things remaining equal,* it makes remarkably little difference to the well-being of either the mother or the child whether it be born at home or in a hospital.

Next, my husband will not be far from me throughout it all. I want him to know that he is helping me, if only by his presence. I do not want him ruled away from my side at this moment, with nothing to do but to pace a long corridor in an unfamiliar, impersonal institution, suffering the tortures of an unrestrained imagination. I know that I shall feel better, and I know that he will suffer less, when we are together at this time. Much as he will be torn by my pains, it will be immeasurably less than the mental anguish that is caused by fears of what *might* be happening.

MANY hilarious comedies have been written around the situation of the waiting expectant father. I believe in all sincerity that a man endowed with a normally active imagination suffers infinitely more than does his wife, for, thanks to analgesia, she will remember nothing. In a home delivery, the father is kept adroitly on the go by the doctor. He is fortified by the knowledge that in a small way he is helping, and no power on earth can deny that his familiar presence is visibly appreciated by the woman in labor.

Do not misunderstand. It isn't that I want him to see me in pain, so that he will think me a martyr and overindulge me. Far from it. Motherhood is a precious privilege, and every woman so privileged is overabundantly rewarded. I fully realize that I am being blessed with what I am about to receive. I know this perhaps better than the ordinary young woman, thanks to no few of the cases I have seen.

I desire with all my heart that my husband shall live the experience of witnessing the greatest of biological miracles. It will verify and strengthen his faith and belief in the Divine Being that watches over us so faithfully and untiringly. No scoffer that has seen a tiny human being, incredibly perfect, brought into the world can ever again doubt the majesty of God. And, somehow, I am of the belief that it teaches proper humility. I always have the shaken feeling, afterward, that I have seen God at His work. Truly this is life's most sacred moment! I am not going to permit some necessary hospital regulation to keep us apart at the very fruition of our love.

The question of the baby's well-being was my next consideration. The decision was not long forthcoming. About two years ago I "specialed" my sister at the birth of her first child. It was a normal uneventful delivery and there was so little to do for her that I spent most of my time with the new arrival. She was adorable, and certainly she suffered little from lack of care. Yet one of the infants in the nursery had a slight cold and I was fearful that my niece might contract it. There really wasn't much that could be done, for the hospital authorities couldn't be expected to isolate every infant with the sniffles. I employed every precaution and care, even to spraying the air about the crib with an antiseptic. The doctor, realizing my fears, sent my sister home two days earlier than had been planned.

Yet all our efforts went for naught. My niece had a definite cold before she left the hospital, and to this very moment suffers abominably from them, although she is an exceptionally active child and a rosy picture of health. It is my firm contention that it is a result of that first very early infection. Generally speaking, there are no unfamiliar or injurious germs in the home. A baby born at home really has a better chance of not coming in extraordinary contact with stray germs during that so important first fortnight.

MOTHERS suffer poignantly when they hear an infant's gurgled cry in the still of night. In each woman's mind instantly leaps the thought that it might be her baby, and these fears cannot be satisfactorily dispelled. The distraught mother, lying wide-eyed in a silently dark, unfamiliar room, is prey to harrowing thoughts. She begins to imagine things. For so many things *can* happen. . . . If only her husband could be near to reassure her. . . . There is no way of *really* knowing. . . . Nurses *do* leave the nursery untended for a few moments at a time. . . . Supposing—Heaven have mercy!—supposing the baby should become smothered by a pillow. . . . What was that? Didn't a nurse sweep by just then, clutching something? . . . Could it be her child? . . . *Oh, God!!!*

And the more learned and knowing the woman, the more excruciating her torment. The mother who is a nurse, for instance, *knows* the many things that can, and sometimes do, happen. There will be no exception in my case. I am certain to be cruelly victimized by my own fears and imaginings. But there will be an antidote. My baby will not be far from my side, and if anything were really amiss, I should know instantly. How much nicer this than enjoying the necessarily enforced discipline of an institution. Truly the mother is queen of every situation at home.

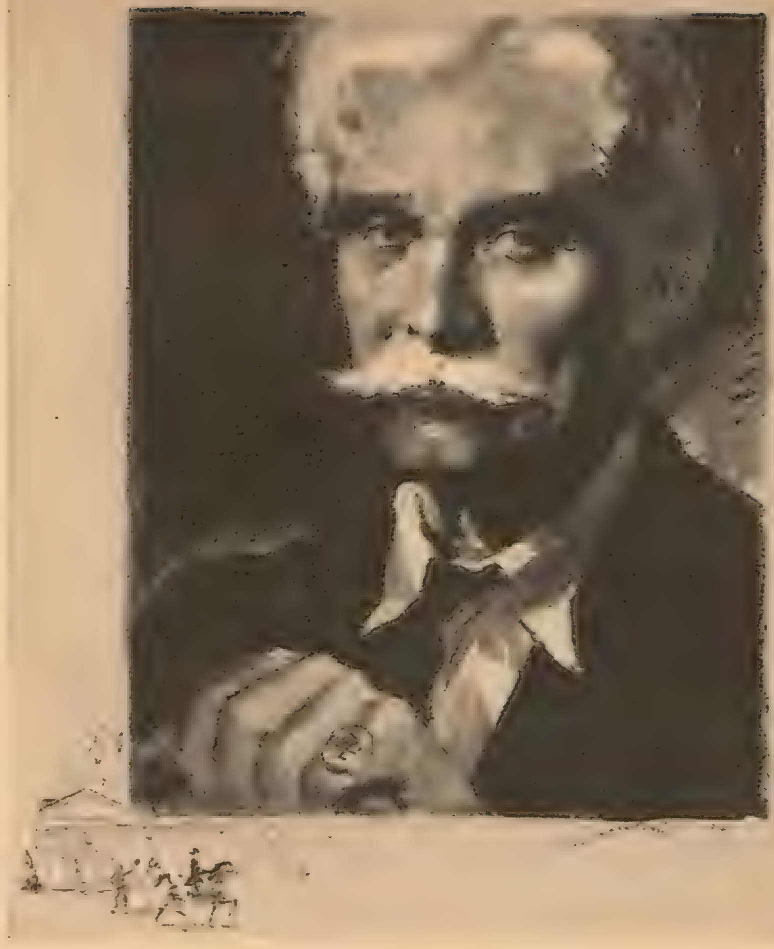
It will not be needful for me and the newborn to chance a trip in inclement weather on the day we are discharged from the hospital. Another period of acclimatization will not be inevitable in a home confinement. From the very beginning everything will proceed with a well ordered normalcy. As for me, I shall be within the sanctity of my home throughout it all and shall surely regain my strength more quickly in its familiar atmosphere.

Then, our household will not be interrupted or disrupted. It will not become a place to avoid, a shell of memories, for my husband. The routine of his life will not be broken up for the duration of my confinement. He will not have to sleep in a house full with emptiness. There will be no separation of our conjugal lives. We will be home. The *three* of us!

This situation is more acute and pronounced when there is already a family. Then the mother's hospitalization truly unleashes a problem. For there must be begun a general exodus. The children have to be "farmed out" to relatives or friends. The family becomes decentralized. There is created an unfavorable psychological effect upon every one concerned. And there is a greater drain upon the family's resources.

Let us now become grossly materialistic. It is quite fitting and proper that a family put everything of value "in hock" and plunge heavily into debt to engage eminent specialists and private nurses for some dangerously ailing member of the family circle. It is something else again to incur such obligations in order to secure an attractive but expensive room, or to keep "special" nurses on, in a normal maternity case.

Though childbirth is indeed momentous, it need not be



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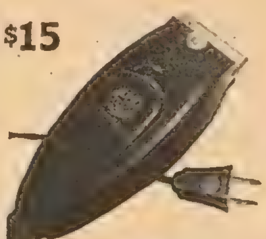

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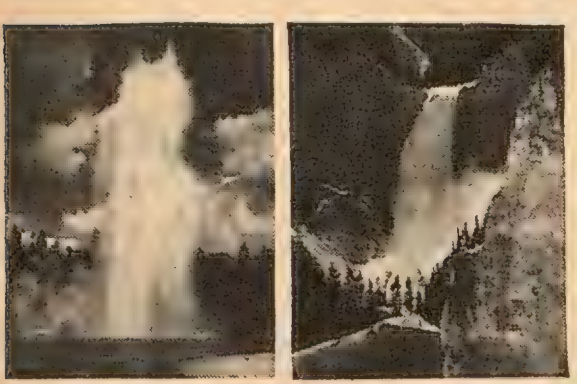

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so expensive as to create an unwieldy burden. Yet parenthood nowadays has come to be considered in the "luxury" class. Small wonder is it that our young married set pause long and ponder deeply on the question of having even one child.

Why? Because whatever is done today is done "fashionably." Because, if one must have a baby, one must "do it proper." That means an expensive obstetrician—the one who is in vogue at the moment. It means a private room in a private hospital—conducted for profit, naturally. It means countless other items, equally pleasant and unnecessary. No wonder the young couple of today shudders at the mention of the fecundity of only a generation before.

The fact is that childbearing is accommodated to the purse. All depends upon how much there is to spend. The lowest rate in a maternity hospital contracts for a bed in a common ward for the fortnight, the child to be delivered by one of the internes. This service costs from fifty-five to eighty-five dollars.

Efficient enough is the nursing care dealt out in the wards. But it must be admitted that it has its drawbacks and limitations. First, everything is of necessity highly impersonalized and strictly regimented. The nurses have too much to do to be able to give more than the routine care. Of discipline there is plenty.

Understand, I am not finding fault. I have more than a wholesome regard for the work done in the wards. It is only by this seemingly severe and certainly inflexible program that so many things can be accomplished at such small cost to the patient.

A more popular and expensive service is that of a bed in a semiprivate room—a two- to four-bed ward—with your own doctor for the delivery. This, exclusive of the doctor's fee, costs seventy-five to ninety dollars for the fortnight. Also, it is allowable to engage special nurses, if desired, at fifteen dollars a day.

Then there are the private rooms. In price they range from seven dollars a day up to fifty and higher.

THE expectant mother can hardly be blamed for *wanting* all the things that are "necessary" to a fashionable confinement. The deplorability lies in the fact that many a young woman denies herself motherhood solely because she cannot afford to "do it proper." To my mind, there can be nothing more "fashionable" than having one's baby at home. It will be shown that this can be done with a minimum of expense and a maximum of comfort and convenience.

Seventy-five dollars will certainly get a bed in a maternity ward and delivery by an interne. How much would it procure at home? First, it would engage the services of a doctor of the woman's own choice; one who has her confidence; one whose experience and capabilities are beyond doubt. I do not mean some "big name" obstetrician. I mean the general practitioner or family doctor, who has not only brought hundreds of babies into the world but has also taken care of their mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers. His fee, and this includes prenatal care, is about fifty dollars. That leaves twenty-five dollars.

This sum—with perhaps ten dollars added—is enough to pay for a practical nurse. Not only do mother and newborn have adequate personal care but the nurse also prepares meals. The husband is not dependent upon restaurant fare. The food savings thus effected will offset the nurse's board. Truly a maximum of convenience at a minimum of expense.

SEVENTY-FIVE to ninety dollars for a semiprivate ward with only routine nursing care? Let us see what this amount would provide at a home confinement. The woman would have her own bed in her own room, at no addition to the normal household expenditures. Whatever the price class, the food is wholesomely better and the surroundings and atmosphere more favorable and congenial in one's own home. Then that saving of hospital "room and board" makes it possible to call in a registered nurse. Not that a practical nurse couldn't satisfactorily do everything that was necessary, but there is an added feeling of security from the attendance of a graduate nurse, registered by the state. In the hospitals one's wants are attended to by student nurses, even in the private rooms, unless one orders special nurses at fifteen dollars a day. And these students are notoriously overworked.

Besides, there is enough left over from the "room and board" saving to pay a competent woman for preparing meals and keeping the house in apple-pie order, so permitting the nurse to attend exclusively to the mother and child. And if the expectant mother already has a family, there will be some one to take care of the children.

Certainly no visitor who comes to call can fail to be impressed. An immaculate home will be in evidence, presided over by a housekeeper. The silent presence of the trim, efficient-looking nurse in stiff-starched white poplin hovering so attentively by the bedside in itself does much to produce an effect of substance. I am certain that no woman has yet lost social caste because of having chosen to undergo childbirth in her own home. The contrary, if anything.

I could go on and on, but it will suffice that, from my experience and knowledge of both methods, I have chosen a home confinement.

It may be remembered that I considered the lighthouse keeper's wife qualified to judge. Though I have not as yet undergone the pangs and travail of parturition, I believe that I, too, am qualified. And my doctor's wife gave birth to her second child the other day—a nine-pound husky, born at home, as was its sister.

THE END

READING TIME
10 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

Spring Training Secrets

by
WALTER JOHNSON

Words of Wisdom from One of Baseball's Immortals—It's Ambition and Eagerness to Play that Count Most, Says the Famous Pitcher

Walter "Big Train" Johnson when he was making baseball history with Washington. The record books prove he had the "natural stuff to blow it by."

I HAVE often been asked just what it takes to make a pitcher successful in the major leagues and to remain there for a considerable period of time.

The answer can be summed up in just one little sentence and one short word: You must love baseball, and you must have—control.

First as a pitcher and later as a manager, I put in exactly thirty years in the game, and in all that time I never learned of a substitute for either of these two commodities. And if you didn't have both in large quantities the parade soon passed you by.

Perhaps, of the two, the love for baseball, the eagerness to want to pitch and learn all the time, is the more important. For with constant practice and attention you can develop control, but only if you have your heart in the game.

Just run your eye down the list of great players in the last thirty years. They all lived and breathed baseball every minute of their waking hours. They had actually to cut the uniforms off Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth. Christy Mathewson pitched until his arm simply couldn't toss up another ball.

Especially is this great urge most apparent during the spring training seasons.

For pitchers the training siege is extremely important. It takes a lot of long and careful work to get that old salary wing to a point where it can function smoothly over a sustained nine-inning stretch, and that is why you always see the flingers reporting a week to ten days before the other players arrive.

I have seen old campaigners like Clark Griffith, Connie Mack, and John McGraw looking forward to a new season's start with all the eagerness of kids setting out on their first picnic. It was their great love for the national pastime that has been responsible for the continued growing popularity of the game not only in this country but abroad.

And as for my own case—well, I guess you all know how long I held on. For as far back as I can remember, when I was just a tall gawky kid in Coffeyville, Kansas, I don't think I ever wanted to do anything more than pitch a baseball.

Never will I forget when, on being signed up for a trial with Tacoma in the Northwestern League, I felt certain that the greatest moment in my life had arrived. That was in 1906 and I wasn't quite twenty.

I didn't make good on the tryout. I had plenty of zip on the fast one even then; but nobody, not even the catcher, seemed to know where it was going. I was sorely disappointed but not discouraged, for somehow I felt that sooner or later I would master this game.

On my way home I picked up with a semipro team in Weiser, Idaho. I finished out the season there and proved good enough to get an invitation to come back the following spring. I did, and that year my path crossed with that of a Washington scout, Blankenship.

I don't know whether it was simply my speed, or my eagerness to pitch, that caught his eye. Perhaps it was a little of both. For my stuff was still zooming off to all points of the compass.

But I did want to throw that ball—could throw it all day without much effort; and that alone, I believe, provided the chief reason why for the next twenty years I remained as a top-flight pitcher in the American League. For in that time I saw hundreds come and go, and some were every bit as big and strong as I. Yes, and with just as much stuff and perhaps a little more. But they simply did not have that sincere love, that ambition to learn and keep on learning, and soon drifted out.

Can that desire be cultivated? In some instances it can, and in one case I know where it was developed with the help of an unexpectedly fine performance.

A couple of years ago, while I was managing the Cleveland Indians, we arrived in Boston. The Red Sox were

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going hot and I was having one of those moments of torment without which, I guess, no manager ever lives for more than a week. I was woefully short of available pitchers for the series.

It was Monte Pearson's turn to work, and if I could get by with him, the extra day might give the others a chance to come around. But Monte complained of a pain in his chest and said he didn't think he could go on. Now, Monte, I always suspected, did not have that real love for baseball which I always felt was so essential. He had everything else.

So I decided to go to work on him. I got him aside and told him a little story of what had once happened to me when I thought I was laid up.

It was in 1920 and the date was July 1, which always will stick with me. And if you'll look in the record book you'll see why.

Anyway, it seems I had a sore arm, or thought I had. I casually mentioned it to Clark Griffith, who was then managing the Senators. He began to worry more about it than I.

Griff, at the moment, was plagued with a shortage of pitchers.

I asked him to let me start; but at first he wouldn't even listen to me.

"Not on your life!" said Griff. "I'm not going to take the chance of ruining that arm just for the sake of winning a single game. You're out until you honestly tell me there is nothing wrong with your arm."

I guess it was because I had never before mentioned anything about a sore arm that it worried him so much. For Griff was an old pitcher himself and he knew what an intricate piece of mechanism a pitching arm is. But I continued to plead with him, and finally put it to him this way:

"Now, listen, Griff. The arm really isn't so very sore and maybe a little work will do it good. Just let me warm up, and go along for about three innings. If all still goes well, I'll keep on going. If not, put in somebody else."

SO Griff gave in and I started. For three innings I did not give up a hit or a run. Griff asked me how the arm felt.

"Fine," I said. "Better let me go another three."

So I went another three. Still no hits, and the fever gripped me. Thoughts of a sore arm never were farther from my mind. I just kept on bearing down, pitching with everything I had, and when the last man in the ninth was retired I had turned in what was to prove the only no-hit no-run game of my entire career!

All this I told Pearson as we sat in a corner of the clubhouse, and I added:

"Now, Monte, you just go in there and try it for a couple of innings. If the pain bothers you, give me the signal and I'll put in somebody else."

Monte started, and the first three innings went off like a charm. He reeled off three more. I no longer asked him how he felt. I knew he was feeling just as I did on that afternoon back in 1920.

He didn't quite turn in a no-hitter. You really have to have a lot of luck to do that. But he did put across a brilliant three-hit exhibition, and I honestly believe the episode did much to make Pearson a better pitcher. For he unquestionably has the stuff, and proved it last season when he played a big part in winning the pennant and World Series for the Yankees.

AND now for that one little word which I hold as the key to successful pitching in the major leagues—control.

Perhaps no word in baseball is more abused and less understood. A lot of folks have a notion that control means nothing more than the ability to put the ball over the plate, or throw it high or low, inside or outside. Well, that is only the half of it.

The real crux to control is the ability to crowd the maximum amount of stuff into the limited distance between the pitching mound and the plate. That distance is sixty feet five inches.

Now, that figure wasn't arrived at because it represented the distance at which the average pitcher is most effective. It was just an arbitrary figure reached by the rule-makers years ago, and pitchers simply had to learn to adjust themselves to it.

And that is why so many fine prospects come up, with a world of speed and stuff, to survive only a few years in the majors. They couldn't crowd all their stuff into the required distance.

A curve ball, to be most effective, must break just as it nears the plate. Obviously, then, it would amount to nothing at all if it broke at fifty-five feet, or sixty-five. What good, for example, would Carl Hubbell's screw ball be if it dipped off anywhere else than just as it reached the plate?

Putting the ball exactly where you want it is, of course, also extremely vital. Jack Coombs was one of the first to impress that on me.

"Listen, kid," he said to me one day. "You've got a world of stuff. As much as ever I looked at. But if you don't learn just where to put it you might just as well wrap it all up and drop it in the Potomac River."

That advice stuck with me hard and fast, and in all my warm-ups I always made it a practice to throw for a target. I would first pitch to one of the catcher's knees. Then the other. Then to his right shoulder and his left.

With pitchers not naturally blessed with ungodly speed or sharp breaking curves this becomes doubly important. For, to succeed with their limited amount of stuff, they must have perfect control in order to be able to pitch exactly to a batter's weakness.

Here, too, a catcher can be of invaluable assistance to a pitcher in helping him pitch to their weaknesses.

A good catcher, of course, cannot give a pitcher control if he hasn't got it. But he can help, and here is a curious point. A catcher of the first rank may not always work along so well with a certain pitcher as perhaps a backstop who, on the face of the records, may not rate so high. I know of many great pitchers who actually preferred working with their own particular favorite than with any other catcher, among them being such famous teams as Carl Hubbell and Gus Mancuso, Lefty Gomez and Bill Dickey, Dazzy Vance and Hank De Berry, Grover Alexander and Bill Killefer, Christy Mathewson and Roger Bresnahan, and many others.

For years down in Washington I teamed up with Gabby Street. We worked together like a charm. He seemed to know instinctively how I felt, what I wanted to throw against certain batters, and rarely did I ever have to shake him off on a signal.

And here is another fallacy I would like to correct. This is, that, while nearly all batters have a weakness, a smart pitcher by no means always throws to that weakness. If he did, or if they all did, that weakness in the batter would soon disappear. Either that, or the batter himself would.

Rather, we find out what he doesn't like, and hold that in reserve as the ace in a hole. When we have him in the hole, we give him what he doesn't want.

So-called fireball pitchers, such as Lefty Grove, Dizzy Dean, and Dazzy Vance—and myself, for that matter—did not always have to be so exacting in this. We had the natural stuff to blow it by.

Among the masters who have made pitching to weak spots an art I would rate Christy Mathewson and the present-day Carl Hubbell among the very top. Being in the other league, I never saw either work a great deal; but I did see enough of Hubbell during the joint spring training trips of the Indians and Giants to appreciate his rare skill. I don't think he ever makes the same mistake twice.

WHAT is the toughest handicap for a young pitcher to hurdle? Well, perhaps a first season in which he has been a little too good, or rather too lucky.

Waite Hoyt once said, "You can't tell anything about a pitcher until he has been around at least two or three years."

There is much truth in that. Many pitchers come up with a trick delivery that fools the batters the first few times they see it. But once they get a line on it, it's short shrift for the pitcher unless he also has developed something else.

What was my biggest thrill in baseball? Well, I guess, getting into my first World Series in 1924. For seventeen years I had been pitching for the Senators, and up to then each fall had found me on the outside looking in when the time for the Big Show came around. So you can well imag-

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HANDY TO CARRY

ine how I felt when I finally got into one myself.

What is wrong with baseball? Nothing. I still regard it, as I always did, a great game and a wonderful profession for any young man who has a love for it. I am grooming my own son, Walter, Jr., to keep the family name in the game. He had a tryout with the Athletics last spring and may develop.

And what is the toughest moment the game has to offer? I guess it comes when the time arrives for you to step out. I know how Cobb and Ruth felt when the years finally cut them down, for I felt exactly the same way.

Luckily, I had a secondary interest to fall back on. I have a farm in Germantown, Maryland. I enjoy it. Not all can settle down on a farm when their playing days are over. I guess, to live on a farm and be contented, you have to be born to it. I was, so going back was just like returning home with something useful to do.

But I won't deny that I would just like to get out on the rubber once more and heave a few past a batter's ears!

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 13

1—Ferenc Molnar.

2—Jacob, Genesis 29:20—"And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her."

3—Of the Bosphorus, which joins the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora.

4—No—the Michigan law does not provide for hanging. Benoit was sentenced to life imprisonment (at hard labor), the highest penalty the law provides.

5—The earth.

6—Daniel Webster (1782-1852).

7—The Prison Industries Reorganization Administration, an organization at Washington, D. C.

8—Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh and family.

9—Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-94).

10—Its feet are suitable for perching, but are not so built as to allow the tiny bird to walk.

11—For the head, chiefly of soldiers. The high fur military headdress is worn with full dress by Guards of the British army.

12—The Virgin Islands.

13—Thirty-two.

14—The wings; their rapid vibration causes the humming sound.

15—On Sunday. It was against the law to perform labor from sundown Saturday to the same time Sunday. The beans would cook Saturday and be eaten Sunday.

16—No.

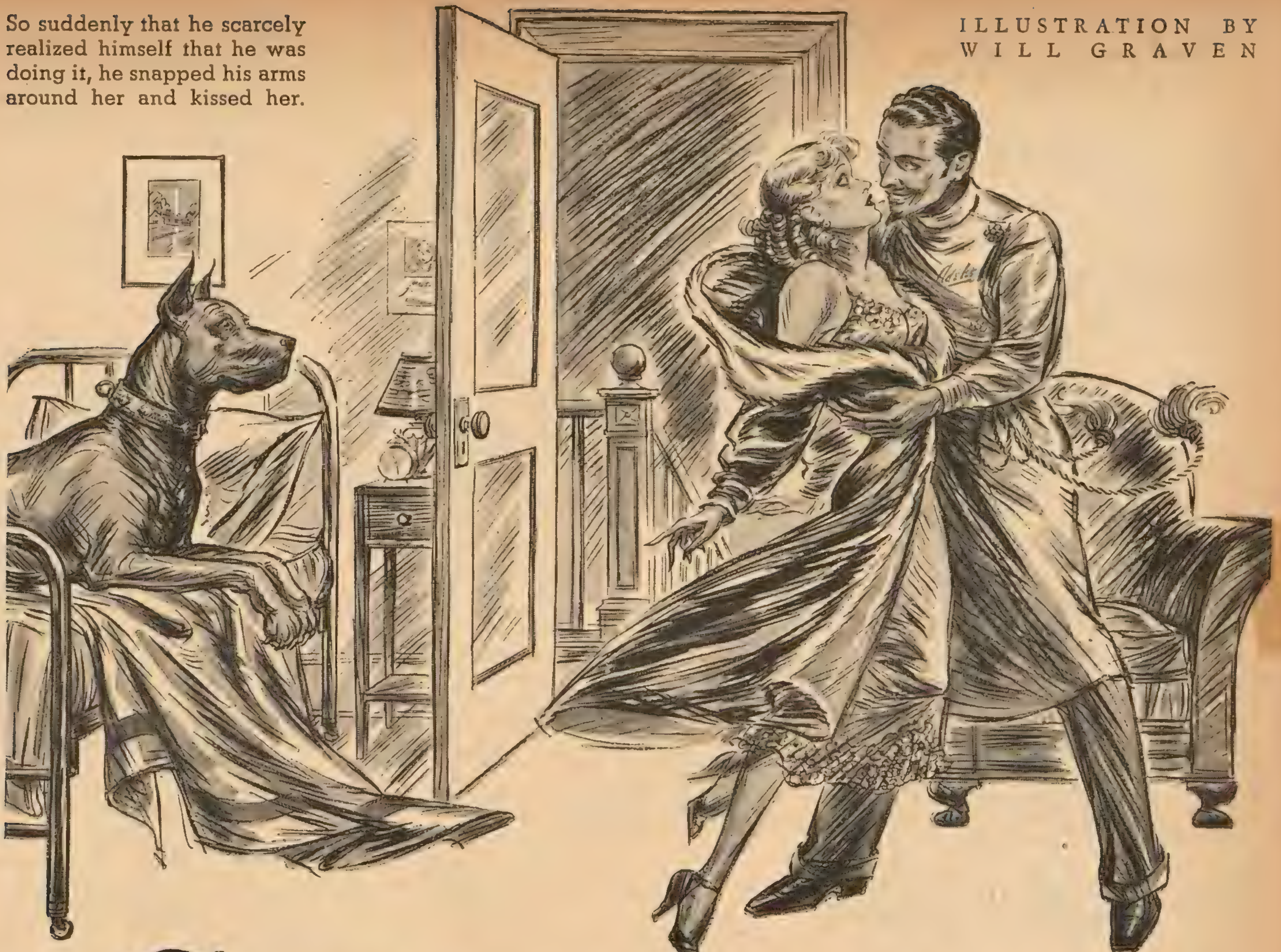
17—From Germany; he was John Peter Rockefeller.

18—Irvin S. Cobb.

19—At Dahlonega from 1838-61; only gold was coined.

20—

Will Rogers—



So suddenly that he scarcely realized himself that he was doing it, he snapped his arms around her and kissed her.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

GOOD OLD JACK

A Hollywood Masquerade

by ERIC HATCH

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

"MIND if I look?" the detective asked.

"I don't," said Wynne, "but Frances might. She hates being bothered in the bath."

"Frances alias John Halcombe?"

He was moving steadily toward the bathroom door. Wynne shrugged her shoulders.

"Of course I can't stop you," she said, "if you insist on being a Peeping Tom."

"I'm a married man," said the detective somewhat irrelevantly.

"Then why go round acting like a high-school kid? Besides, Frances will just throw the soap in your eye. Then maybe you'll get the hell out of here."

This last made the bloodhound pause. He had expected Wynne to fling herself arms outstretched in the they-shall-not-pass gesture. She had thought of it, but had decided, since she knew Jack wasn't there, it might be kind of fun to have this mug walk in on Frances and get a cake of soap slung at him. She even toyed with the idea of sending for the radio police. She laughed quite merrily at the idea. The bloodhound gave her a sharp look. Then the sounds of running water and splashing stopped. Wynne yelled, "Hey, Fran, there's a detective here who wants to watch you bathe. He's at the door now. Can he come in?"

Frances, comfortable in hot water, thought fast; and, like all people who have learned to live in precarious comfort on practically nothing a month, she was able to think very fast. She saw plainly that something was up, but she didn't see just what, so she temporized:

"From the telephone company or the gas company?"

At the sound of her voice—which, naturally, was completely feminine—the bloodhound blushed. He was, as he had said, a married man, and he began to suspect he'd had a close shave. Wynne saw the blush and was delighted.

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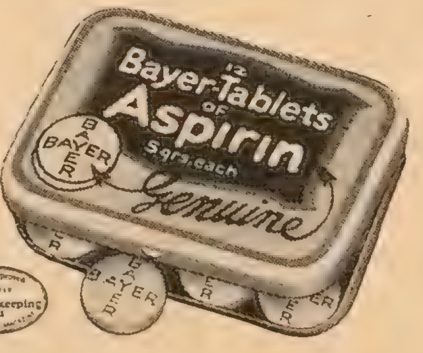
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"Neither!" she cried gleefully. "He's a regular bull, and from his face I'd say he belonged on the vice squad. He says he's married and that that makes everything all right; but I'd lock the door if I were you." She glanced at the superb blushing the bloodhound was now achieving, and added, "He looks kind of ugly."

This particular detective, one Parsons by name, was, unlike most of his colleagues, something of an idealist. He liked to think of himself as engaged in a noble occupation of protecting the weak and prosecuting the sinner and always standing for justice. In the little inner visionings of himself that he was fond of having, he frequently saw himself as a Royal Canadian Mountie who, simply because of bad luck, had misplaced his red coat and lost his horse. He abhorred the vice squad and wasn't quite bright enough to see that Wynne's crack was two-edged. But one edge of it was ample to rout him. He actually took off his hat. Then he bowed, very low and very sarcastically. "Thank you, Miss Leroy," he said; "I shall remember your courtesy." He feigned a laugh that was really a far feebler feign than some of Jack's, and some of Jack's were pretty lousy. "I'll get him where he works. Good night."

He straightened, put his hat on, and, probably because he really was an idealist, almost succeeded in attaining a certain dignity as he crossed the little living room, turned once again in the doorway, and once again bowed before (because he was a human being as well as an idealist) he slammed the door to behind him with a crash.

Wynne, left alone, stared at the closed door even as she had stared at it the last time it closed on Jack. Then she realized that, if the detective wasn't bluffing, it would be only too easy for him to find out from Adele's where Jack lived. A quick panic made her shiver. She felt for an instant as though some one or something had grabbed hold of her heart and was shaking it. Jack definitely was in danger. She couldn't bear it, and at the same time she felt perfectly furious at herself for feeling anything even remotely resembling affection or tenderness for him. But the idea of that poor helpless guy being taken to the police station and then thrown into the bull pen with all the rotten filthy scum of Los Angeles, just because he'd given some bad checks that he hadn't known were bad, was too much for her. She'd been to the night court and she'd been to the jail—as sort of a slumming lark—and she knew what it was like.

WITH a little wild cry much like the little wild cry Jack let out when he made his break from the consultation office, she raced across the room to the telephone and dialed Adele's number, which she'd unintentionally memorized the day Jack went to work there. A watchman answered. She hung up the phone and shivered again. The watchman naturally would give the cop Jack's address. Then the cop would go there and take him.

She was standing so, agony in her heart, when Frances came out of the bathroom. Frances had heard the bloodhound say he'd get him where he worked. She had also heard Wynne ask the watchman if Dr. Castille was still there. She had also heard the little wild cry. She said, "If I was that nuts about a guy, I'd grab a cab and beat it down to his place and tip him off."

Wynne turned on her. "I'm not nuts about him, or anything else about him, but . . ."

"But," said Frances. "That's just it. Put my evening wrap on over that trick negligence of yours and beat it. If you get pinched, say you're on your way to be presented at court. You'll look like it. Maybe you are."

Wynne gave her a look now—a long look. There were excited tears behind it, and Frances knew it.

"Beat it, Wynne," she said simply.

Wynne, in an incredibly short space of time, beat it. Now Frances looked at the door. She looked at it for quite a long time, a curious serious expression on her face. Then she sighed. "I guess," she said, "I'll get crocked." She sighed again. "Then I guess I'll go over and beat the hell out of that Hartz mutt. The son of a so-and-so's broken up my home."

Wynne arrived in practically no time at all at the square frame house where Jack had his "apartment." She was a little horrified to see just how unattractive it was. She couldn't understand why Jack stayed there, for she knew he was making a great deal of money, and it never entered her head that such an ex-son of the idle rich as he might have learned the wisdom of socking a shekel or two in the bank against a rainy day.

She ran up the three weather-broken front steps and looked around for bells to push. There weren't any, so she barged on in, pretty sure she'd find his card tacked to a door.

She climbed two flights of stairs before she found it, and she was just about to knock when a sound from the other side of the door made her go cold all over. The sound was Jack trying to persuade Fifi to lie down and be quiet. Fifi being there meant to her only one thing. She heard the springs of the bed creak, and winced. She felt as though the sharp-pointed underwires of them were being stuck into her heart.

She turned and started for the stairs. Then she stopped and shrugged.

"Oh, what the heck," she said. "Darned if I can let it happen to him, anyway!"

SHE turned again, went back to the door, and instead of knocking called, "Jack—it's me—Wynne. I got to talk to you right away."

She expected a considerable delay accompanied by muffled sounds of scurrying. Instead, almost immediately, the door opened wide. She got a quick view of the bleakly hideous interior of the room. Its sordidness made her shudder. Then she saw Fifi lying luxuriously on the bed. Fifi saw her, turned over, and wagged the heavy hawser she regarded as her tail. The bed creaked once more, and suddenly Wynne felt like singing spring songs and dancing round the Maypole. Life had begun for her again. She was so happy at finding Fifi instead of Cat's-eye in that hay that she began to cry. Jack, still bedoctored as to costume, tried to comfort her. He was so glad to see her that it was all he could do to keep from crying too.

Presently it struck him it would be a good idea to ask what was up and what she wanted to talk to him about. He did.

"Where's Gloria?" said Wynne in answer. "And what's that dog doing here in your apartment?"

"Oh, she loves me," said Jack. "She jumped out of the back of the car when she saw me running home."

Wynne had now thoroughly recovered from her emotional upheaval. She looked at Jack none too kindly.

"Gloria?"

"No," said Jack. "Fifi." He laughed. "Gloria can't jump, but, by golly, I thought she was going to when I bumped into her in the dark a little while ago. Wow! *Was* I scared!"

"Where?" said Wynne icily.

"In my consultation office. You see, I recognized her eyes and turned out all the lights."

"So you turned out all the lights, eh?"

"I wanted," said Jack, "to get the hell out of there before she could recognize me."

This was better. Wynne, feeling she'd probed Jack's philandering to the quick and found the quick pretty slow, remembered her original errand.

"Would you," she said, "recognize a nice big detective when he arrives here?"

"Would I *what?*"

Wynne nodded.

"A nice big one just came to my apartment. He said he wanted you. I rather think he's on his way here now. It seemed to me merely humane-itarian to notify you."

"Good gosh!" said Jack. He grabbed her by the arm. "You didn't tell him where I lived, did you? Just because you were sore at me? You didn't, did you, Wynne?"

"Naturally," said Wynne. "That's why I came here half dressed to warn you. . . . Look!"

She flung open Frances's fur wrap, revealing the negligee.

"Gawd knows where you can hide," she went on, "but I think we'd better roll. This isn't a good place to be."

Jack stood quite motionless for almost a full second, staring at her. Those words she'd just said were terribly

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familiar. Then he remembered a moon-struck night when he'd stood on the lawn of his very grand home in Beverly Hills, and a little extra girl who was a total stranger to him then had said, "We'd better roll. This isn't a good place to be."

She'd looked pretty to him in the moonlight then, in her evening dress all crumpled from falling asleep in it under a bench. She looked even prettier to him now in her negligee all crumpled from falling asleep in it innumerable times—all the innumerable times when he'd been talking to her in their apartment about all the great things he was pretty sure he was never going to accomplish. So suddenly that he scarcely realized himself that he was doing it, he snapped his arms around her and kissed her. Just as suddenly he snapped them away again. "Come on," he said. "I knew where to go then and, by gosh, I know where to go now!" He crossed to the bed, planted one foot squarely in Fifi's midriff, and shoved hard. "Up, you!" he said. "Roll!"

FIFI went "Uuuuungah!" as she hit the floor. Then she got to her feet, scratched her right ear with her left hind foot once, looked about her, and lolloped happily down the stairs after Wynne and Jack.

Fifi thought it was all perfectly delightful. Had she known about dog heaven, she would have thought it was all heavenly: the wild taxi ride out to Beverly Hills, the splendid rollings in the dust as Jack and his delightful companion lit on their faces after vaulting the fence bordering Gloria Brown's kennels that she could leap with ease whenever she felt of a mind to. She loved both these merry people terribly.

Fifi liked everything even better when they began playing that game they'd played with her once before. It obviously must be a game, because otherwise people in white coats and peach negligees and fur wraps didn't roll in the dust. She thought of the game as "woof-woof-who's-in-my-house." And so, as Jack and Wynne started for her house, she got there first, flopped in, and stood growling, teeth bared, in the entrance.

To her great surprise, neither of them made what any dog of any intelligence knew was the next move in the game—namely, to pretend to be terribly frightened and run like mad around and around and around the kennels. Instead, her beloved Jack (the cake-and-bun man, as she thought of him) said, "Get the hell out of the way," and, with what in dogdom would be considered an extreme rudeness, shoved her forcibly to one side of her kennel. Then he and his romping playmate climbed in. Fifi gave them a disgusted look, sighed deeply, and hoped they'd sober up pretty soon and play some more.

Comfortably ensconced behind Fifi's vast protecting bulk, Jack, almost without realizing it, and feeling that if Wynne thought he was realizing it she'd think he thought she was Fifi, let his arm drop around the fur wrap that, in the darkness, was Wynne. "I think," he said, quite pompously, because he always got pompous in emergencies, "we'd better review the situation."

The reviewing didn't go quite as smoothly as it had the first time he and Wynne had made Fifi's kennel their campaign headquarters, because this time he did the reviewing and had quite a lot to review. He had to review himself out of being in love with Wynne; he had to review himself into hating Frances; he had to review himself out of getting such a profitable job on his own; and he had to review himself back into Wynne's good graces. He did it with one fell swoop. He let fall the arm that was draped around the fur that in the darkness was Wynne, and having thought up his speech in advance, said, "You—you've been swell to me, Wynne. I don't like saying it, because I'm afraid you'll laugh at me, but I love you! Judas, the nights I've spent in that horrible place! I love you, Wynne. If I ever get out of this mess, would you—would you—" Here his ancestry got the better of him and made him completely forget where he was. "Would you consent to be my wife?"

Wynne Leroy was a little tired of looking at the empty pajamas that still hung in her bathroom and of wondering why she was such a dope as to hang them there when they came back from the kitchenette-sink laundry. She knew a long time before she said it what she was going to say. But Wynne was utterly incapable of monosyllables. She said, "You worry me more the way you are than if I was married to you, so why the hell not?"

Jack beamed at her. He beamed, and then he, in sheer ecstasy, pinched the fur that he thought was Wynne. He pinched it so hard in his ecstasy that Fifi, the recipient, said to herself, "Nuts to this bun-and-cake guy! I'm off!"

IT wasn't long before the idealistic detective managed, after a minimum amount of inquiry among the cab drivers near Adele's, to find his way to Gloria Brown's kennels. Fifi, who saw him coming, was interested. When he vaulted the fence the way her friends did, and landed flat on his puss in the mud, she immediately started a floppy-eared gambol about him and, with a certain pride, led him to the doghouse. Who's-in-my-house played with three is a lot better (in dogdom) than played with just a sleepy two, and Fifi, from the murmurings issuing from her house for the past half-hour, thought the playmates there were definitely sleepy, or else drunk—because she'd known so many drunk people—yet these hadn't seemed drunk.

The idealistic detective, led by traitorous Fifi, came to the entrance of the kennel. He knew Jack was in it, but he hadn't the slightest suspicion anybody else was. He flashed on his flashlight just to make sure no other Great Danes were lurking about. He saw good old Don José Halcombe Jack Castille leaning comfortably against the back of the kennel. He'd expected that. Then he saw good old Wynne Leroy sleeping, but obviously really sleeping, with her head on his chest. He said, "......!" and ended up, as he remembered the ideals of the Mounties, "Well, well, well!"

Jack was pretty much exhilarated by finding not only that Wynne really loved him enough to be an accessory to practically anything, but trusted in his protective powers sufficiently to fall asleep in a doghouse with him. He smiled. He didn't care, now, what happened to him.

"You wish to see me?" he said.

"Yeah," said the bloodhound; "I do."

"Come right in," said Jack. "Fifi won't mind—I hope she won't—not."

THE idealistic detective—who of course wouldn't have been anything like as idealistic if he hadn't happened to be a private one on a private pay roll and expense account—instantly dropped to his knees and climbed halfway through the doorway of the doghouse. He felt foolish, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had got his man. "Look here, Mr. Halcombe . . ."

"Dr. Castille, please," said Jack.

"Look here, Mr. Halcombe. Your father sent me to find out what'd happened to you. Now, what goes on?"

"S-s-s-sh!" said Jack.

The detective glowered. He said, "Look, you an' I should have a talk."

"Go ahead," said Jack. He wanted awfully to prolong these last few moments of Wynne's lying next him, head on shoulder.

"Your father," said Parsons, "sent me to find you. He hadn't heard from you for two months. As I get it, a revolution hit some Central American republic or other and your old man's company folded. He was cleaned out. But he didn't stay busted long. The rumpus blew over and the company got going again. So your father ain't broke—not any more. You ain't broke, either. He wants to give you dough to make up them checks that was—were—bouncing. He sent me to get you. What about it, eh?"

Jack looked at the big face of the cop. There obviously was no sense in doubting what he said, but somehow he didn't like it. He was happy doing exactly what he was doing. He was happy because Wynne loved him for what he was. He was a little unhappy that Tom Hartz had turned out to be such a rat. He grinned right into the detective's flashlight.

"Tell father," he said, "that you found me, and tell him I'm doing swell—that I think I'm buying into a very profitable business on my *earnings*. That'll shock him."

"Oh, sure," said Parsons. He'd got his man; he could relax. He creaked to his feet, for he wasn't used to kneeling so his head would fit inside doghouses. As he creaked, Fifi,

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SCHENLEY'S **Cream of Kentucky**

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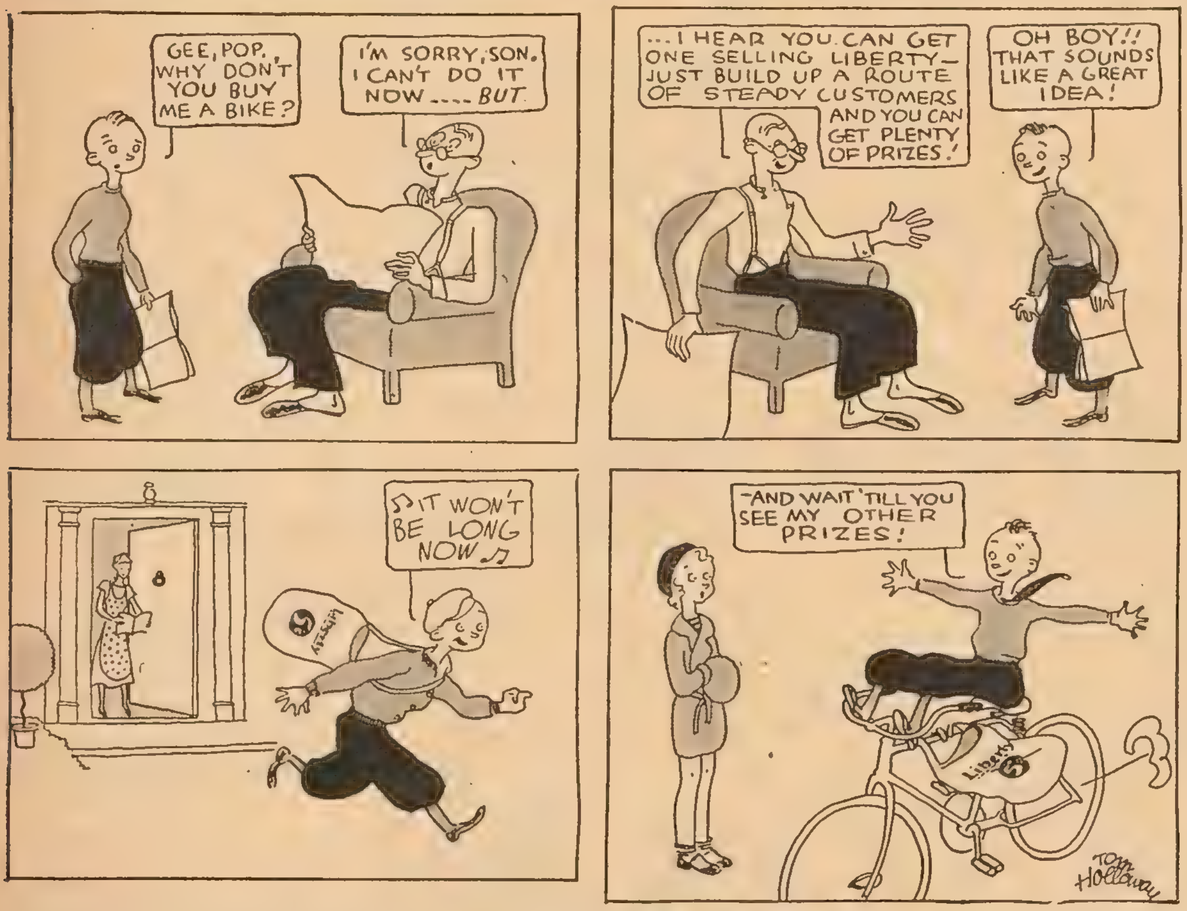
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY


GEE, POP, WHY DON'T YOU BUY ME A BIKE?
I'M SORRY, SON. I CAN'T DO IT NOW.... BUT
...I HEAR YOU CAN GET ONE SELLING LIBERTY— JUST BUILD UP A ROUTE OF STEADY CUSTOMERS AND YOU CAN GET PLENTY OF PRIZES!
OH BOY!! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT IDEA!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW
—AND WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE MY OTHER PRIZES!
Liberty
TOM HOLLOWAY

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division*, L 3-6-37
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....

BOYS! You, too, can win a bike or sporting equipment or a radio, or a movie camera or any of the 500 prizes in our Catalog—*absolutely free!* And at the same time, you make a nice cash profit for yourself.

Write *now* for information on this swell offer! Remember—it's all *free;* it's easy; it's *fun!*

delighted, bounded up behind him and gave him a playful sideways shove. Then she bounced into her house and prostrated herself on Jack's legs. It gave Jack a thought. He cared not one small whit for his father's money at this point. All he cared for was the curious job he'd created, and for Wynne. But Fifi had given him an idea. As the detective was leaving, he waved his hand—almost the way he used to when he was a producer. Parsons stopped and bent down to listen.

"Tell the old man," said Jack, "that I *will* accept money enough from him to produce one more artistic picture. I want to star Gloria Brown."

Parsons left. Good old Don Jack José Halcombe Castille turned to the bundle of sleepiness on his shoulder.

"That, my Twitchet," he said, "should fix her right!"

He began to laugh, but softly—wouldn't do to wake Wynne when it was so wonderful having her there. Even when, having escorted Parsons over the fence, Fifi came back and snuggled down beside him and showed signs of wanting to kiss, he didn't laugh aloud. But he thought aloud. He thought how perfectly Pollyanna everything was, and he thought he could probably buy Fifi for a hundred iron men if not less, and he thought he'd never, never, never sleep anywheres except beside Wynne, no matter what happened. He was, after all, terribly tired, and Wynne was, after all, a superb sleeper.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **UNCHARTED** by Webb Waldron. The Greystone Press.

The adventures of the interesting crew and passengers of a steamer detained for three days at an island port. It takes you three thousand miles away from your worries.

★ ★ ★ **ACROSS SPOON RIVER** by Edgar Lee Masters. Farrar & Rinehart.

A fascinating and candid biography of the author of the Spoon River Anthology.

★ ★ ★ **THE FORTUNES OF CAPTAIN BLOOD** by Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin Company.

More exciting exploits of the popular and romantic Captain Blood along the Spanish Main.

★ ★ **ONCE TO EVERY PILOT** by Frank Hawks. Stackpole Sons.

Great material on aviation and its great figures but not too well written and a little too technical. Intimate conversations between the author and such air stars as Jimmy Mattern, Wiley Post, Jimmy Allen, Eddie Rickenbacker, and Jimmy Doolittle.

★ **MURDER ON THE BLUFF** by Esther Tyler. Simon & Schuster.

An attempt to create a mystery, lacking skill and imagination requisite to convey any sense of conviction and excitement.

Machine Guns and Melodies

A Grim Tale of Today and a Romance Out of the Past Point Up Some Vivid Contrasts in the Things We Find on the Screen

by
BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE

THE PLAYERS: Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, Barton MacLane, Jean Dixon, William Gargan, Warren Hymer, Chic Sale, Margaret Hamilton, Guinn Williams, Jerome Cowan, John Wray, Jonathan Hale, Ward Bond, Wade Boteler, Henry Taylor. From an original story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Fritz Lang. Produced by Walter Wanger-United Artists. Running time, 82 minutes.

THIS would have high interest if only from the fact that it was directed by Fritz Lang, the canny Viennese who did that remarkable study of mob hysteria, Fury, as well as such interesting celluloid experiments as Metropolis, and M. But it has more than shrewd direction, possessing good acting and a provocative, arresting (no pun intended) story.

What does a young and reckless Dillinger think about as he races along a country highway? Death may lurk at the next turn, in those bushes, back of that tree. It surely will overtake him if he pauses. Here you see a boy guilty of murder, and in flight with his girl wife who is about to have a baby.

All this is tawdry, pulse-hurrying, grim in realism.

Director Lang studs the story with little flashes of reality, suspense, and haunting terror. Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney play the lonely, desperate lovers, clinging to a wisp of blood-stained romance, while society, machine gun in hand, is in hot pursuit—and they play the two to the hilt.

Unfortunately, the story is slow and overcareful in getting under way. The authors try too hard to show that the boy is a victim of his surroundings. They go back to point out how he has been three times sent to prison, mostly unjustly, how he is hounded as a jailbird, how the law plays with him as a cat does with a mouse. All this takes time and, for all the adroit direction and tense characterizations, it moves as slowly as the law itself.

There is a bandit attack upon an armored bank truck, with gas bombs and all the fixings of modern warfare. It is a breathless interlude in de luxe 1937 banditry.

William Gargan makes the role of a friendly prison priest stand out, and the late Chic Sale fades forever from view in a colorful bit.

Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda in You Only Live Once.

VITAL STATISTICS: Herewith rich-born Milord Walter Wanger makes his debut as a United Artists producer. Known as the most democratic executive in Filmania, he resents being "yessed"; likes to divide his time between visiting royalty and visiting intellectuals. Has taken the outcasts of Hollywood and raised them to bull-market value. Married twenty years to Justine Johnson, of Ziegfeld's heyday. Likes old vintaged wines, young vintaged beauties. Hopes to own all the radios, all the newspapers, a few magazines, the movies, and be President—and probably will. . . . Temperamental bemonocled Fritz Lang is of Vienna and soon to be of these United States. Lang got imported here because he made M, a psychological horror picture with Peter Lorre, so Krafft-Ebingly macabre and lip-bitingly realistic, Hollywood raved. In fact it liked it so much it didn't set him to making Westerns, but let him do Fury, a superior Hollywoodie. Lang acts scenes out himself. Is calm and peaceful one minute, in a lather of excitement next. Directs many scenes as if audience were the camera eye; insists on every actor feeling the scene before it's played; finds no detail or insert too small for him to meg; spent an afternoon getting two frogs to neck for a Sidney-Fonda love scene. . . . Sylvia Sidney's played for Fritz Lang before (Fury); got quite a kick out of troupe's amazement over Langian eccentricities; does quietly terrific imitations of him. . . . Very close-mouthed, this Sidney refuses to be interviewed; denies intention of marrying Schulberg, as he does her, but will probably do so anyway, Schulberg divorce coming through not long ago. As usual, she knitted sweaters between scenes, and gave them to her friends. . . . Like Sidney, Henry Hank Fonda rushed back from England to make this for their personal boss Wanger. Fonda stopped off long enough in New York to marry Frances Seymour Brokaw. Mrs. Fonda visited United Artists studio for first time the day Henry was making violent love to Miss Sidney on set, with Lang pleading for the stars to "feel the story action, feel the story action!" It took a little explaining to regain Mrs. Fonda's usual social composure for her. . . . Chic Sale suffered his fatal illness soon after completing role as rustic innkeeper, in which for first time in career he played himself minus whiskers or make-up. Lang had never seen him before; dubbed him a genius after first day's work. . . . Cameraman Leon Shamroy survived three plane crack-ups in silent aerial thrillers. . . . Red-haired Bill Gargan, now pacted by Wanger, returns to studio where he screen-debutted half dozen years ago as hard-boiled gob in Joan Crawford-Walter Huston's Rain. As a youngster Gargan's family wanted to see him as a priest, so they'll finally see him as one in this. . . . Three months taken to film this includes a lot of retakes.

★ ★ ½ APRIL ROMANCE

THE PLAYERS: Richard Tauber, Jane Baxter, Carl Esmond, Athene Seyler, Paul Graetz, Charles Carson, Marguerite Allan, Edward Chapman, Lester Matthews, Gibb McLaughlin, Ivan Samson, Cecil Ramage, Hugh Dempster, Spencer Trevor. Screen play by John Drinkwater, Roger Burford, Franz Schultz, and G. H. Clutsam. Directed by Paul L. Stein. Produced by Alliance Film. Running time, 80 minutes.

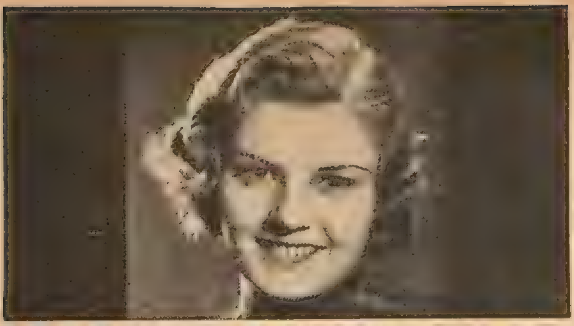
AN English-made romanticized version of Franz Schubert's life in Blossom Time mood. The celebrated Continental tenor, Richard Tauber, appears as the melodic genius whose songs will endure as long as music lives.

Vienna of 1820 is the background, and the cameras swing between the grand ballrooms of the city of waltzes and Schubert's shabby garret. Schubert loves the pretty daughter of a dancing master; but she, having no eye for posterity, has lost her heart to a stalwart handsome dumb dragoon. So poor Franz is left to his loneliness, his songs, and his destiny.

Mr. Tauber portrays the great musician as fat, frustrated, nearsighted, rather dull—until he sits at the pianoforte or opens his mouth in song. Tauber sings various Schubert melodies charmingly, but the romance is slow-paced, studied, and in spots a little dull. Paul Stein's direction lacks distinction; the camera work is none too inspired.

Jane Baxter is a pretty, shallow heroine; Athene Seyler makes the most of the role of a great lady of Vienna's golden era. But actually April Romance is all Richard Tauber.

VITAL STATISTICS: Richard Tauber is of Linz, Austria, and keeps a lovely home just a note's throw from the old Franz Schubert house. Has always been a keen student of the unlucky composer. Tauber started out as a composer; at eighteen was conducting an orchestra. Wanted to sing, but his paw wanted him to lay off warbling, learn composing. Tauber snuck off and sang him-



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self into a beautiful voice, parental forgiveness, and quite the tenorhood abroad, debutting about twelve years ago in Viennese operetta, sockoing London in 1931, making his name synonymous with song You Are My Heart's Delight. This is his first English talker; sings several of his own songs in this. . . . Much of the background is authentic Schubert haunt, so you'll be seeing real Vienna. . . . Jane Baxter was born a Forde in 1909 in Germany. Has been on London stage and screen since 1925. . . . Megger Paul Stein started as a Viennese actor. In time picked up a UFA megaphone and a pencil, writing and directing his own. Has had his fling at Hollywood, where he thinks every megger must sow his wild dreams before getting down to real work. . . . Frederick Lloyd's of London, but has been a cowboy, soldier, and actor before becoming a screenie. Has a shooting box in Scotland, where he goes to get away from first-nighters, fog, and traffic; yet in London he lives right smack over Piccadilly. . . . Charles Carson went to old Heidelberg and M. I. T., Boston, to learn to engineer. Having learned to throw up bridges, dams, and skyscrapers, he became an actor in 1919, and there doesn't seem to be any connection. . . . Gibb McLaughlin's Edinburrah educated. Has been in practically every British talker made, being considered a sort of movie luck charm. . . . Lester Matthews is a six-footer, a twice-marrieder, about the only actor in the cast who's been to Hollywood. . . . Edward Chapman's one of the best bridge players in London. . . . All I know of Cecil Ramage is that he was in something called McGlusky the Sea Rover.

★ ★ ½ WE'RE ON THE JURY

THE PLAYERS: Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, Philip Huston, Louise Latimer, Vinton Haworth, Robert McWade, Maxine Jennings, Frank M. Thomas, Colleen Clare, Billy Gilbert, Charles Lane, Charles Middleton, Jean Howard, Leonid Kinskey, Sarah Edwards, Hal K. Dawson, Edward Gargan, Earle Foxe. Screen play by Franklin Coen, from the stage drama Ladies of the Jury, by John Frederick Ballard. Directed by Ben Holmes. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 71 minutes.

HERE you have a murder used for comedy purposes. Victor Moore and Helen Broderick land on the jury, almost disrupt the trial, blunder upon the real solution to the crime while the vote on the guilt of the innocent prisoner stands at eleven to one for conviction.

The producers were a little afraid to go very far in satirizing the ponderosity of our judicial methods, the frequent fallacy of our lumbering court procedure. However, there are laughs in the jury-room activities of the slow-thinking realtor, J. Clarence Beaver (otherwise Mr. Moore), and of the society dowager, Mrs. Dean (Miss Broderick), who knows the harassed judge in his out-of-court hours.

All this is fairly amusing, and the solution to the murder has its surprise.

VITAL STATISTICS: Having headlined in vodvil and on the stage for thirty of his forty acting years, Victor Caspar Milquetoast Throttlebottom Moore has made good all over again for Hollywood. Born in Hammonton, New Jersey, Victor went on stage to avoid going into his paw's restaurant biz. Started as a stock juvenile, odd as his figure seems today. Went in for heavies later on, silk-mustachioed and all. Practiced sneering before mirrors, but says only person he ever scared was himself. In fact, his villainous delivery proved so corny, audiences laughed him into comedy, from which he's never departed. Was in original 45 Minutes from Broadway in part Cohan wrote for him; was also Chimmie Fadden. Never expects to go back on stage, says public deserves a rest. Hopes after five years to retire and make his way leisurely round and round the world. . . . All during her educative years Helen Broderick dreamed of becoming a great actress and so failed to fill her head usefully. Of Philadelphia and theatrical folk, Helen started with Ziegfeld as a chorus girl. . . . Phil Huston came through the Big Game unbroken and unbloodied, but got all banged up diving across table in jury-room scene to get Roy James. Phil's anxious to become a writer, but thinks he's too lazy and acting's more sociable, whereas writers have to go off in a dark attic by themselves and gloom with their souls among rejection slips. Met Ginger Rogers over some Wall Street bonds and decided stage was his forte. . . . After studying French at great expense for years, Colleen Clare finally has got her first chance to talk with a French accent. . . . Louise Latimer has knocked herself off writer Erwin Gelsey as a husband.

★ ★ DANGEROUS NUMBER

THE PLAYERS: Robert Young, Ann Sothern, Reginald Owen, Cora Witherspoon, Dean Jagger, Marla Shelton, Barnett Parker, Charles Trowbridge. Screen play by Carey Wilson from the story by Leona Dalrymple. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 71 minutes.

A TRUMPED-UP melodramatic comedy that falls down just south of spontaneity. Not that it isn't amusing at times, thanks to the smart work of Robert Young, a promising young actor who seldom gets a chance on a studio lot laden with talent, and the attractive personality of pretty Ann Sothern.

The plot? A playboy, heir to a silk-manufacturing fortune, wants to settle down after he marries a giddy little actress. He can't understand her strange and bizarre theatrical friends and draws the social line at jugglers and acrobats. She can't endure life in the suburbs, where the noisy crickets keep her awake at night.

Reginald Owen contributes a neat bit as our hero's bewhiskered cousin. Cora Witherspoon is excellent as the bride's gaudy theatrical mama.

VITAL STATISTICS: Plot situation based on California's three-day marriage banns posting law parallels Ann Sothern-Roger Pryor's own year-ago marriage problem. Having taken out a license to hitch on a Thursday, they found that intended Sat-nite nuptials had to be postponed till Sunday because of exact timing law requires. Unable to spend first married Christmas with husband Pryor, leading a band in Chicago, sentimental props, carpenters, juicers got together with director, volunteered to work nights and finish picture ahead of time, so's Ann could have a New Year's with Roger-boy. . . . Reginald Owen cannot mug in this, (a) because he's playing comedy for first time in many a menacing moon, and (b) because his usually sneering jowls are encased in a lovely full-bushed muff in which he is supposed to smuggle precious silkworm cocoons from China. Enjoyed part muchly, especially gag by which he was unable to marry gal because she wanted him to cut off his beard which was his fortune. . . . Debutting is Marla Shelton, a beauteous young Oke of Oklahoma, who started in business, was seen through a revolving door by M-G-M casting director while she was businessing around Max Factor's Hollywood make-up plant, and immediately snatched from Big Business to be signed as All-America Vamp of 1937. Marla's a strikingly dark personality known as a necktwister around M-G-M because everybody turns and stares after her when she swings that glamorous figure down the studio street. Her paw's a politician; Pat Hurley's her godpaw. She's twenty-four, unmarried, will vamp till ready for matrimony. . . . That silk dress that dissolves in water at pic's end and leaves Ann Sothern so embarrassedly you-know-how was rigged by dipping it into nitric acid, then drying it, then applying water to it. Any gagman will tell you how much of a laugh it will get.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Camille, Black Legion, Winterset, The Texas Rangers.

★★★½—The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing.

★★★—Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck.

HERE IS THE EIGHTH PROBLEM IN LIBERTY'S

$1,500 CASH PRIZE MAN HUNT

WHICH PRIZE WILL BE YOURS?

KEEP YOUR ENTRY UP TO DATE YOU MAY WIN $500

ON this page Liberty presents the eighth problem in the man-hunt game. When you have added this week's hidden name to your list of solutions you will need but two more to complete your entry. The trail draws near to the cash rewards! If you have kept up your entry during the preceding weeks, by all means follow through. To drop out now would void all of your work up to this point and would rob you of your chance for one of the cash rewards. Think of winning $500! Or any one of the other rewards for that matter! If you receive a prize check you'll be mighty glad to have followed the man-hunt trail to the very end. If you fail to finish and some one you know wins the prize that might have been yours, think how you'll feel. Find this week's hidden name and watch for the ninth problem next week.

FIND THE COMPLETE NAME OF ONE OF THESE:

NORMA SHEARER
GLENDA FARRELL
JESSIE MATTHEWS
CLAUDE RAINS
SYLVIA SIDNEY
PHILLIPS HOLMES
NEIL HAMILTON
TOBY WING
DON AMECHE
WALLACE BEERY
JEAN HARLOW
GINGER ROGERS
NELSON EDDY
PEGGY HUNTER

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
20 PRIZES, Each $10	200
100 PRIZES, Each $5	500

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.

2. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two groups of place names in the United States or in Canada. Each group will contain either the first or last name of a well known motion-picture player. Only one player will be named each week. You may find the player's first name in the second group of places and the last name in the first group, or vice versa.

3. Save all names until you have a complete set of ten at the close of the contest. Then send them in at the same time, as a unit, together with a note of not more than 100 words on the subject, "The article, story, or feature that I have liked best in Liberty during the ten weeks of this contest, and why."

4. For the entry with the greatest number of correctly discovered names accompanied by the best letter of preference judged on the basis of clarity, logic, and convincingness, Liberty will award a First Prize of $500. For the next best entry on this basis Liberty will pay a Second Prize of $200. A Third Prize of $100, twenty prizes of $10 each, and one hundred prizes of $5 each will also be paid on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. Address all entries to Man-Hunt Director, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 31, the closing date of this contest.

7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Avoid ornamentation. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Authorities used: Rand McNally Commercial Atlas, 1936, and United States Postal Guide, 1935.

NORTH DAKOTA

Alkabo, Ambrose, Atcoal, Rolla, Calvin, Clyde, Hannah, Leroy, Backoo, Hanks, Hamlet, Bowbells, Norma, Greene, Russell, Deep, Omemee, Hoople, Marmon, Temple, Carpio, Barton, Rugby, Maza, Garske, Adams, Vesta, Ross, Ray, Stanley, Roach, Lonetree, Knox, Harlow, Sweetwater, Inkster, Epping, Wheelock, Deslacs, Minot, Simcoe, Ramsey, Essex, Voss, Ardoch, Williston, Belden, Logan, Silva, Minnewaukan, Dahlen, Michigan, Gilby, Todd, Dow, Olive, Sawyer, Albert, Crary, McCanna, Mekinock, Schurmeier, Marley, Keene, Spanish, Wabek, Bergen, Balfour, Maddock, Flora, Oberon, Dore, Berg, Parshall, Ryder, Douglas, Ruso, Butte, Anamoose, Josephine, Alexander, Oscar, Max, Benedict, Martin, Sheyenne, Tokio, Pekin, Powell, Arnegard, Schafer, Harvey, Hamberg, McVille, Kempton, Ojata, Grand Forks, Raub, Roseglen, Skogmo, Bremen, Munster, New Rockford, Aneta, Thompson, Cathmere, Garrison, Manfred, Kloten, Tolna, Northwood, Holms, Reynolds, Elbowoods, Blackwater, Emmet, Fessenden, Brantford, McHenry, Sharon, Earl, Searing, Cole Harbor, Tutle Lake, Cathay, Barlow, Jessie, Finley, Zap, Expansion, Mannhaven, Mercer, McClusky, Guptill, Grace City, Mose, Kief, Blueshale, Oakdale, Pickardville, Denhoff, Goodrich, Juanita, Mayville, Grassy Butte, Killdeer, Werner, Krem, Underwood, Carrington, Cooperstown, Halliday, Falkirk, Chasely, Sykeston, Garland, Blabon, Glenfield, Roth, Trotters, Melville, Kensal, Helena, Revere, Shepard, Buxton, Hansel, Dodge, Stanton, Washburn, Hannaford, Walum, Luverne, Hope, Hatton, Mona, Mikkelson, Fayette, Golden Valley, Hazen, Edmunds, Colgate, Clifford, Arvid, Manning, Beulah, Still, Wing, Robinson, Goldwin, Vashti, Mortimer, Fairfield, Emerson, Wilton, Regan, Tuttle, Dazey, Walden, Page, Hunter, Bonnieview, Marshall, Evans, Hannover, Leal, Rogers, Erie, Arthur, Ayr, New Hardec, Yucca, Price, Baldwin, Buchanan, Faust, Vance, Amenia, Howes, Beach, Taylor, Harmon, Arnold, Dawson, Don, Spiritwood, Prosper, Kelso, Medora, Dickinson, Hebron, Nelson, Bismarck, McKinzie, Jamestown, Olga, Thelen, Judson, Sterling, Steele, Kloze, Alice, Fabian, Saunders, Hurd, Glova, Gaylord, Magnus, Sydney, Hastings, Fingal, Durbin, Warren, Mott, Willa, Stuart, Fallon, Hazelton, Alfred, Adrian, Dickey, Marion, Horace, Alden, Stanwick, Mott, Burt, Cannon Ball, Elliott, Forbes, Colfax, Mylo, Rhame, Shields, Linton, Wishek, Lohr, Kulm, Crete, Stirum, Barney, Jud, Bowman, Reeder, Paradise, Hull, Ashley, Ellendale, Newton, Ledgerwood, Ash, Haley, Haynes, Dale, Ludden, Forman, Cayuga, Hankinson, Wahpeton.

MONTANA

Eureka, Kintla, Babb, Fletcher, Demers, Alma, Korn, Scobey, Raymond, Rexford, Fortine, St. Mary, Gunsight, Baltic, Lovejoy, Genevieve, Midby, Stryker, Sundance, Rudyard, Harve, Harlem, Larslan, Plentywood, Dooley, Yakt, Olney, Browning, Family, Shelby, Farrell, Dowd, Coalridge, Wanso, Troy, Whitefish, Chester, Laredo, Dodson, Malta, Bowdoin, Volt, Dagmar, Libby, Coram, Williams, Lloyd, Wagner, Strater, Seips, Biem, Froid, Kalispell, Dupuyer, Conrad, Marias, Glasglow, Whatley, Brocton, Blair, Marion, Kila, Hervin, Verona, Phillips, Nashua, Macon, Popular, Sprole, Big Fork, Pendroy, Agawam, Brady, Hays, Content, Wiota, Frazer, Reserve, Manicke, Bynum, Collins, Loma, Hopp, Regina, Nina, Gidley, Mona, Muriel, Koyl, Dutton, Teton, Prairie Elk, Vida, Riverside, Elmdale, Girard, Enid, Rollins, Claude, Choteau, Kershaw, Fort Benton, Lane, Sidney, Bainville, Niarada, Big Arm, Allard, Bole, Power, Carter, Judith, Haxby, Axtell, Prichard, Polson, Vaughn, Geraldine, Everson, Legg, Richey, Retah, Taft, Murray, Camas, Pablo, Dracut, Winifred, Wilder, Davidson, Haxny, Andes, Kellogg, Burke, Eddy, Ashuelot, Great Falls, Little Crooked, Phon, Savage, Mullan, Sloan, Ronan, Gilman, Square Butte, Suffolk, Bervie, Rose Valley, Wallace, Plains, Augusta, Bickel, Simms, Fife, Madoc, Pownal, Christian, Haugan, Quinns, Paradise, Perma, Truly, Belt, Roy, Joslin, Jordan, Ulm, Henderson, Toole, McDonald, Dixon, Hogan, Ross, Dilo, Mink, Burns, Martiha, Flathead, Arlee, Hardy, Tindall, Edwards, Lindsay, Glendive, Cobden, Stark, Hudson, Kolin, Lewistown, Olanda, Woodrow, Stipek, Elmo, Tarkio, DeSmet, Lincoln, Moore, Heath, Jitney, Mosby, Hazel, Redwater, Missoula, Garnet, Johns, Barzee, Tyler, Kelley, Angela, Meredith, Been, Hayes, Iris, Finn, Bascom, Kinsey, Zero, Mildred, Dennis, Carlyle, Cyr, Florence, Hall, Helena, Stone, Emory, Gage, Ingomar, Tusler, Westmore, Victor, Clancey, Bennett, Harlowton, Gilbert, Franklin, Elso, Locate, Hamilton, Dempsey, Bernice, Townsend, Ringling, Bruno, Sanders, Howard, Ward, Brown, Anaconda, Buckey, Bew, Forsyth, Miles City, Mizpah, Willard, Darby, Buxton, Gibson, Tracy, Shepherd, Newton, Beebe, Webster, Knobs, Sula, Fishtrap, Dewey, Donald, Grace, Three Forks, Billings, Hardin, Lee, Alta, Wisdom, Norris, Bozeman, Livingston, Beehive, Busby, Olive, Sykes, Jackson, Apex, Ennis, Contact, Dean, Roberts, Boyd, Edgar, Birney, Duff, Wyno, Dillon, Cameron, Belfry, Wade, Wyola, Pinto, Biddle, Ridge, Terry, Dell, Lima, Grayling, Gardiner, Alpine, Chance, Warren, Decker, Albion.

Vox Pop

Let "Another Officer" Tell It to the Marines!

LONGVIEW, WASH.—If Mr. Whoozit, who signed himself Another Officer (January 16 Vox Pop), were qualified to criticize anything that General Butler might have to say, he would have the courage to sign his own name to his comments. *That* for him! For the benefit of those who read Liberty, I would like to analyze Another Officer's letter as follows:

I invite Another Officer to point out more modern men-o'-war than the U. S. S. Lexington, Saratoga, or Ranger.

As to straight shooting, it was my pleasure to be first sight-setter on a five-inch bag gun that fired for record eight shots, eight direct hits, in fifty-eight seconds. To emphasize the character of this marksmanship, this gun was one of four on a second-class aircraft carrier. Another Officer's remark as to the fighting ability of our navy is an insult even to his own mentality.

What General Butler has to say about our coast defense is true in every detail. If Another Officer will examine our stored coast-defense equipment, he will find that what he supposes to be deterioration is in reality cosmoline. If he will remove some of this he will find the muzzles—not "barrels"—in perfect condition. To Another Officer's slander against our antiaircraft equipment I wish to point out the five-inch rapid-fire antiaircraft guns of the Lexington and Saratoga. There is no more modern or effective antiaircraft weapon in existence today. If Another Officer will do some reading about the difficulties encountered by the clipper ships of the Pacific in effecting an Alameda-to-Manila crossing, he will have his answer to the question of how many planes we need to protect our shores.

Another Officer neglected to tell us that the picked men he saw taking twenty minutes to find a target were a bunch of rookies, or cadets. His statement that we cannot protect our shores is nothing but the result of an abject lack of information.

I would like to further General Butler's statement by saying that the United States could muster a well equipped army of three and one half million before any foreign power that would be likely to attack us could land a single man on our shores.

Why should we muster ten thousand men in Chicago? We have any number of expert machine gunners elsewhere.

Another Officer neglected to tell us whether he was an admiral in the Swiss navy, an adjutant in the Salvation Army, or a Minneapolis policeman. I suspect he is the latter and suggest that if he doesn't like the way we run these United States he should go back to Minneapolis.

As for Uncle Sam's war dog not having any teeth, I am just like the darky who said, "Boss, I would just as soon be bit outright as gummed to death."—*—John G. Gervais.*

"IN HOCKEY SIGNO VINCES"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—There's nothing like keeping the records straight. Dick Williams, in his well written (but, from a technical standpoint, slightly cockeyed) article on basketball (January 23 Liberty), asserts that the sport now pays "bigger returns than hockey" to Madison Square Garden.

Mr. Williams apparently has been listening to the puerile bleatings of Mr. Ned Irish. It may interest Mr. Williams to know that the Children's Hour (yclept basketball) programs in the Garden over a season's stretch gross in the neighborhood of $100,000, while hockey plays to $750,000 worth of cash customers.—*"Jersey" Jones, Hockey Press Representative, Madison Square Garden.*

WHICH WAY IS UP?

OLATHE, COLO.—Will the Vox Poppers settle an argument which my mother and I have had? In this section of the Rocky Mountain district the rivers and streams all run north; hence, anything north of you is "down" and anything south of you is "up."

Now, on my uncle's ranch there is an apple orchard north of the house on higher ground than the house. I say "up to the orchard" because I have to walk upgrade to get there. Mother says it should be "down to the orchard" because it is north. Who is right?

And by the way, I want to charge Eric Hatch for sewing up my sides. I split them laughing over his story Good Old Jack.—*Winona A. Smith.*

ANOTHER EXAGGERATED REPORT

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—In the January 16 issue of the "best of best" magazines, meaning of course Liberty, a very grave mistake was made. In the article Savage America, by Will Irwin, "Tom" Campbell was referred to as the "late" "Tom" Campbell. I would like to say that he is very much alive; in fact, he ran for nomination for governor on the Republican ticket in the primary election last September, though defeated.

I enjoy Liberty every week, especially Vox Pop.—*Frank Underwood.*

SKIP THIS, LADIES

BIGSTONE CITY, S. C.—We have just found one of the jokes that were so popular fifty years ago, and I am passing it on, as perhaps it will be remembered by your older readers and appreciated by some of the younger men readers. In order to avoid offending the sensibilities of a host of ladies whose friendship you value, we suggest that you print it upside down, so that any woman will find it easy to skip it. Furthermore, we suggest that you disavow all responsibility for it now and shift all blame on whatever male wrote it in about 1876.

Here it is:

If there's anything worries a woman
It's something she ought not to know,
But you can bet she will find it out somehow
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing
This poem she has already read—
We know that she would get at it somehow
If she had to stand on her head!

Sincerely hoping that it causes you no trouble should you decide it is printable in Vox Pop.—*R. H. C.*

FRACTIONAL FANNIE

TOPEKA, KAN.—Beverly Hills, or Fractional Fannie, or whatever his/her name is, is getting to be good. Three stars do not quite express it any more, so he makes it ***½. However, he erred, as '37 Gold Diggers should have been ***19/32, and Banjo on My Knee should have been *** 0.004107. Beverly, watch yo' decimal points.—*Zim R. Aicherman.*

WHY MEN WEAR BARRELS

PRESCOTT, ARIZ.—The article Why Be Polite to Women? by John Erskine (January 9 Liberty), I read with profound interest. The truth, if ever truth was written.

I am a woman—have never had much love or respect for my own sex, knowing their ways of cheating and chiseling.

Women have crowded men out of saloons, barbershops, taken their trousers away from them, and even crowded them from their own homes, so some other guy could sneak in. But when war is talked of they are all skirts. These women, the female bloodsucker type that demand men's rights, should be compelled to use their trousers to a good cause and shoulder a gun side by side with the men whose places they are trying to take.—*Mrs. S. P.*

LANGUAGE OF TODAY— TOMORROW

Pittsburgh, Pa.—The quotations appearing in January 23 Vox Pop, criticized by Sidney Daley in terms of "drivel," inspires comment to those of us who use and understand coined expressions and streamlined vocabulary.

Reviewing material in the language of yesterday becomes at times dull and monotonous but, written in tune with tomorrow, keeps one in step.

Letter writing likewise has donned a modern style. The student submitting his request for additional allowance and the data of his progress to the "governor" at home does it in current fashion. Instead of the usual "Dear Dad," etc., it's supplanted by "Hyah, Guy"; "Ooze me an extra pair of fins; the old psychology instep is the cluck in the gander heap." "Lugging the leather ostrich egg and keeping tops in the theme foundry is like trying to smack one of Dizzy Dean's hemstitched potatoes into the bleachers with an umbrella."—And so on and on.—*F. Clay Henry.*

THE COAST GUARD ANSWERS MR. PINKERTON

Neah Bay, Wash.—The personnel of the Coast Guard Station at Neah Bay read the story High Boat, by Pinkerton (January 9 Liberty), and really, we have read some interesting fish stories before, but this one seems to be too big to mount among trophies.

Although we were not aware that Uncle Sam paid us to look pretty, physical beauty would be an asset; but our photos don't seem to show it. May we suggest that the white-faced boy at the wheelhouse window who was pathetically gazing toward land, as the story goes, may have been an author searching for local color?

We who are familiar with the Coast Guard have never witnessed a case where a so-called puddle jumper was dispatched to face gales and heavy seas to perform rescue work when a standard Coast Guard motor lifeboat—which is self-righting, self-bailing, and as nearly unsinkable as any craft in the world—was available, as was the case in the years of 1923, '24, and '25.

It would seem that the author has failed to take into consideration that the place of which he writes would be an interesting place to investigate regarding the facilities for rescue work which have been present there since the year 1908.

It would also be interesting to note that the major part of the fishing fleet and the Coast Guard have a deep respect for each other and their ability to perform their different tasks.

We would suggest that the author confine his literary efforts to hunting and trapping stories, where he cannot hear the alleged whimpers of the Coast Guard, or else change his vocation to deep-sea fishing, where he will have an opportunity to better listen for such an absurd sort of noise.

Either through lack of knowledge or desire to heighten dramatic value, he has taken an unnecessary and unwarranted slap at a service that does not know the meaning of the words "*turn back*" when engaged in rescue work.—*Baaddah Point Station Crew* (*Semper Paratus*).

WILL ROGERS VS. BOB BURNS

Fort Smith, Ark.—In the January 23 issue of this grand magazine I find that Clara Beranger is trying to compare Bazooka Burns with Will Rogers.

Did Will Rogers rely upon silly happenings of fictitious backwoods kinfolks to make his philosophies amusing? No.

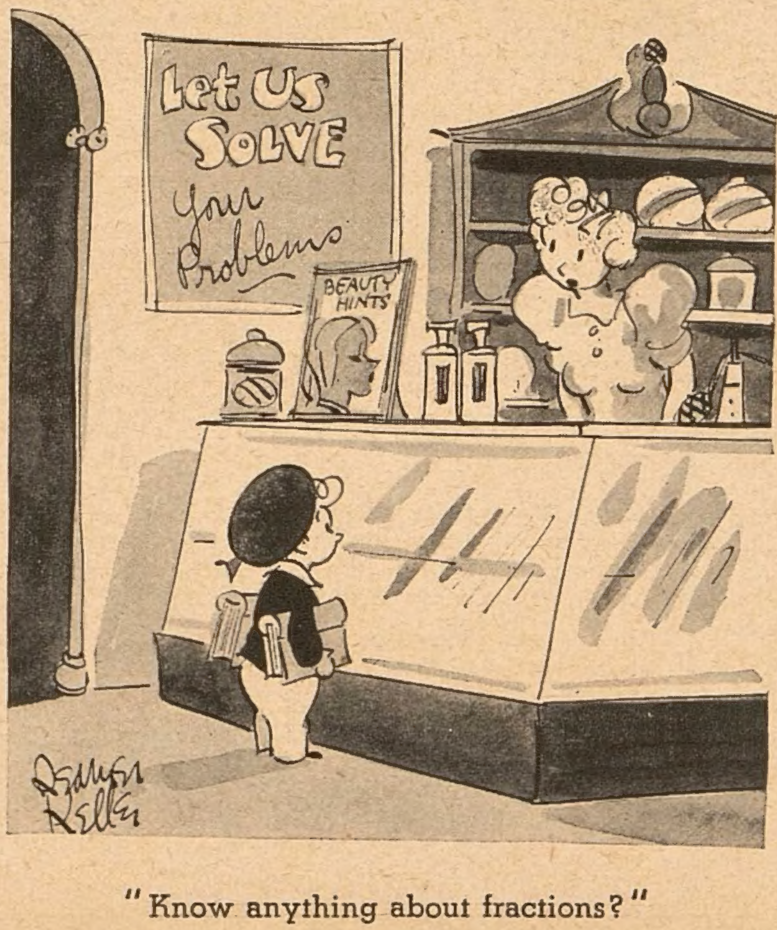
Does Burns use anything else? No.

Bazooka? *Bah*-zooka!—*J. P. D.*

Riverside, Calif.—That article written by Clara Beranger on Bob Burns is something that sticks in my craw.

I greatly resent, as I know other people do, a comparison of the supposedly great bazooka-playing Bob Burns and Will Rogers. That, to my mind, is practically sacrilege. Burns may be O. K. in his own funny way. In saying that he is a "logical candidate for the mantle of Will Rogers" the authoress takes in decidedly too much territory.—*Herbert F. Hoffman.*

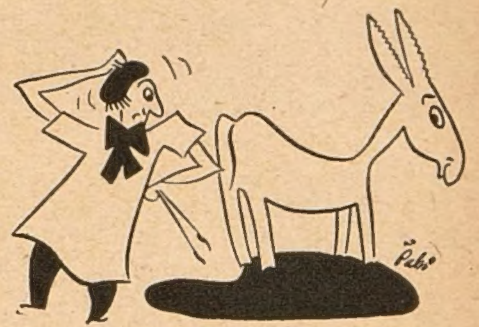
"HARDTACK"


Let Us Solve Your Problems
BEAUTY HINTS

"Know anything about fractions?"

COW TAILS ON HIS MULES

Cleveland, Ohio—I'd like to suggest to Will Graven, the illustrator of Hell Over Nicaragua, that a little study of natural history wouldn't do him any harm. I see he has hung cow tails on his mules, and the one he fastened to the white mule's posterior, as shown on page 18 of January 9 Liberty gives him dead away. I thought that critter's hind end looked funny for a mule!



Upon examination, Graven will find—if he's careful—that a mule's tail is no different from a horse's; only in the way it's barber-cued.

My, my! The ig'orance of some of these illustrators!—*J. Lucas.*

MR. COLLINS GETS A BERMUDA ONION

Miami Beach, Fla.—Mr. F. L. Collins states (January 16 Liberty) that "in the troubled days that followed the peace, when the king's overseas dominions were all too ready to leave the Union Jack, it is not too much to say that Edward and Edward alone saved the day for England" (does he mean "Britain"?).

As a foolish statement this wins the Bermuda onion. Canada had, and always will have, a high regard for Edward; but no king will ever hold Canada in the Empire. It is to Canada's own interest to remain in the Empire even if Britain should abolish the whole system of royalty.

We have outgrown the old idiotic adoration for royalty. We realize that said royalty is nothing but the head of a caste system and is out of step with modern times. It is adverse to sensible and thinking people, and the intermarriage of this so-called blue-blooded royalty of Europe is absolutely repulsive in these enlightened days. Ask Edward himself.

Some years ago, when all matters concerning the overseas colonies were handled through the Colonial Office in London by a pack of dunderheads (Dickens called them barnacles), there was talk of independence. We were tired and offended by being treated as a nation of little children.

But today we manage our own affairs, and we believe that it is to our interest and advantage to belong to the Empire, as already stated.—*Loyal Canadian.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

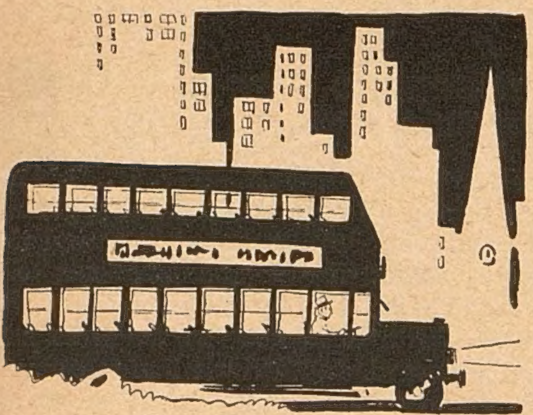
It Happened In

WAUKEGAN, ILL.—An argument over whether the British or American forces "won the World War" sent an American veteran to jail and a Scottish veteran to the hospital. Deputy Sheriff Thomas E. Kennedy said Jerry Lyon shot Jack Murrie after a row over who killed the most Germans and whose army won the war.

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO—Workers in the oil industry in Mexico included in their demands on employers that afternoon tea be served to all employees "regardless of nationality or sex."

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.— Roger Bramy filed suit against an air line for $6,500 damages, charging that the failure of the stewardess to have a supply of chewing gum aboard caused him to suffer from airsickness.

LONDON, ENGLAND—London police are seeking a man who missed his last bus home, borrowed a double-decker he saw standing near a garage, and drove himself home.



OAKLAND, CALIF.—Charging that his wife soaped the bathroom floor in the hope that he would fall and injure himself, John Cook sued for a divorce. The judge indicated a decree would be given.

HOW THIS BOLSHEVISM WORKS

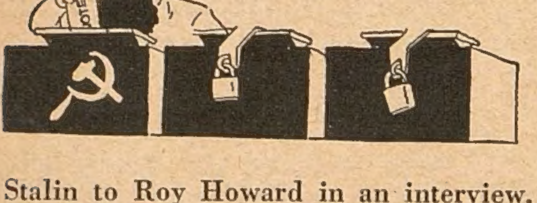
They say—

That they have under consideration a new Constitution, "the most democratic in the world," with general suffrage, secret ballot, freedom of speech, etc.

But—

"The Communist Party and its branches retain the exclusive right of presenting candidates for elections." From Labor, an official publication, of June 27, 1936.

"No other party than the Communist Party will be tolerated in U. S. S. R."



Stalin to Roy Howard in an interview, March 6, 1936.

"The modalities of dictatorship remain unchanged, based upon implacable suppression of adversaries and on terror." Krylenko, Commissar for Justice, quoted in Izvestia of February 12, 1936.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY TOM HALL

MARCHING DEAD MEN —IN MOROCCO!

Spain's Civil War, most atrocious of wars, does not end with Spain herself. At its outbreak the flames jumped the Strait of Gibraltar and it is in Morocco that they have been raging most infernally. "Loyalist" against "nationalist"—female furies against machine guns—the bloodthirsty Berbers hounding both. And the Spanish Foreign Legion in the thick of it all!

What is this like at first hand?

Terry Brennan (as a recent Legionnaire discreetly calls himself) well knows, and he has told Captain Blackledge, who will word-paint the whole picture, red-hot and terrific, in this smashing new serial starting in Liberty next Wednesday.

DISCRETION BE DAMNED by ELMER DAVIS

Check! The popular author of White Pants Willie begins a rapid-fire double love story under the New Deal, which runs the gamut of wild adventure and political intrigue between a Florida Keys town on relief and the hot-blooded explosive Republic of Olorosa. One of the most exciting and breath-taking novels Liberty has ever published. Don't miss it next week!

Other stories and articles by Rita Weiman, Edward Doherty, Scott Littleton, "Bill" Terry, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Upton Sinclair, Frederick L. Collins, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN **Liberty** ON SALE MARCH 3

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

There SHALL be light!
Bowman

FIGHT CANCER WITH KNOWLEDGE... Under this slogan the women of America are uniting in the first national campaign to fight cancer and its allies, fear and ignorance—uniting in a mighty effort to save human life.

Cancer can be cured if discovered in time. Perhaps as many as half the 140,000 persons who die of it each year can be saved by the spread of truth and knowledge.

March with us in this great Crusade!

WOMEN'S FIELD ARMY
American Society for the Control of Cancer
1250 Sixth Avenue, New York City

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP

Enlist in the Women's Field Army. Send $1 to the American Society for the Control of Cancer today. Seventy cents of your dollar will be spent by your State Division in cancer control work.

CBS
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE

You need this throat protection too!

. . . That only a light smoke offers

The stars of the radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you . . . be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delicate tissues of your throat. So follow the stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies.

a light smoke **OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"**

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